THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JAN. 16, 1926

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H.J. Soulen

Beginning **THE WILDERNESS WOMAN**—By Arthur Stringer

IDENTIFY THE GENUINE BY THE NAME ON THE FLAP

Contrast its shapeliness and trimness with the heavy, old-fashioned gaiters

Rain— *or* Snow

Smart Fashion Says Zippers . . . The best dressed women have definitely proclaimed Zippers the correct footwear attire for wet and slushy underfooting.

Here is a boot that not only provides a quick, convenient method of fastening and superfine quality but grace and youth in foot line—loveliness from slipper to frock hem.

Observe how it follows the natural lines of the foot, curves under the arch and obeys the dictum of the fashionable narrow heel.

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Society Brand CLOTHES

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cleansing delicate garments

THE saleswoman from whom you buy one of those perfectly enchanting new peach-bloom step-ins simply has to know how it should be washed. It is part of her job!

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"The soap I recommend for all silk lingerie—especially fine imported things like this pale blue Belgian nightgown—is Ivory Flakes. Ivory won't fade such colors or streak the silk. It is just right. We never have complaints about things washed with Ivory."

"Best for silk stockings"

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT

"Ivory Soap suds are the best thing to use for silk stockings. I wouldn't wash anything so delicate as chiffon stockings in anything else."

"These gorgeous fringed shawls," said another saleswoman, "are made of a very fine quality of crêpe de chine. *Don't* use anything but Ivory to wash them with."

"Ivory keeps blankets soft and fluffy"

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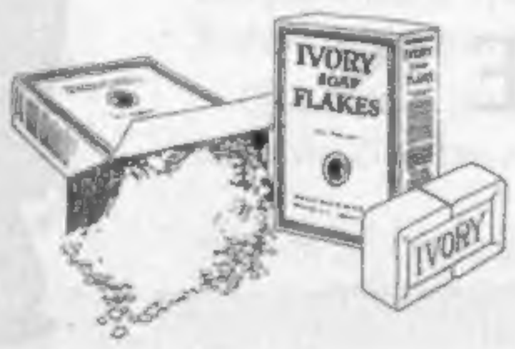

The conclusive test of a soap for fine garments:

Ask yourself:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

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THE WILDERNESS WOMAN

"Yuh Try Any More o' That Admirin' and I'll Cut Your Heart Out," She Said With a Ferocity That Took the Laughter Out of His Eyes

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BURKETT stopped short when he saw the low-roofed log cabin between the valley shoulder and the grove of pointed spruce. It looked out of place there, beneath the ramparting peaks and the towering minarets of white; as out of place in that northern hinterland as a house kitten sunning itself on the caisson of a field gun. But it was a home, Burkett saw as he stepped slowly forward again; a pioneer's home with a coil of blue smoke going up from its chimney and a pile of cordwood along its western wall.

His frown deepened as he stared at the open doorway, for on the step below this doorway he made out what was most unmistakably a black bear cub, comfortably coiled up in the afternoon sunlight. It was not until he shouted a friendly enough call in through the open door that the bear cub showed any signs of life. Burkett saw then, as the cub rolled over and retreated into the shadows of the shack, that it was tethered there by a chain, and he smiled as he proceeded to step in after it.

"Back up there," an unexpected contralto voice commanded from behind him. "This ain't no Siwash tepee."

Burkett turned about and saw a bare-armed young woman with a wooden water pail in her hand. He forced a laugh, piqued by the untempered hostility of her face, as he stepped quietly out into the sunlight again.

"Thank you for your graciousness," he said with an equally untempered note of mockery.

"Yuh mebbe don't know this to be a white man's house," retorted the woman as she strode past him with the dripping water pail.

"How white?" he demanded, as she promptly reappeared in the doorway, and he was rewarded by the flush that swept up into her swarthy cheek.

"Who t' hell are you anyway?" she asked as she faced him with squared shoulders.

The curtness of that challenge prompted him to study her more deliberately. And she was worth studying, he told himself as he inspected her with a provocatively leisured eye. Her skin was dark, almost as swarthy as a half-breed's, and her black eyebrows met over a small but pugnacious nose that showed a minute wrinkle or two as she squinted before the strong light. Her mouth was rebellious, with a full red underlip that apparently had the habit of squaring itself in moments of anger, and she had strong white teeth suggestive of the carnivorous young animal she must have been. Her figure, Burkett further noticed, was firm-muscled and compact, with a suggestion of latent strength in the full neck and the thick-boned shoulders that made her seem larger than she really was. Her hair was plaited, Indian style, and wound tightly about her head, and her hands were weathered and calloused and not overly clean. And it was plain that she resented that inspection, for there was a slumberous light in the eyes under the heavy brows, the eyes as dark as thunderclouds from which a flash of fire could break at any moment.

"Who t' hell are yuh?" she repeated, even more brusquely than before.

"That's precisely the question I felt justified in asking you," he said with his barricading smile.

"Then what's your business in this district?" she demanded, ignoring the bear cub that sniffed and licked at her ankles.

"I was supposed to be shooting grizzly," Burkett explained. "But I got lost in the hills and my grub ran low."

"It's damn few grizzly yuh'll find along this valley," she said with a sound lamentably like a grunt.

"I rather fancy I'm facing something much wilder," he casually observed.

It took time, apparently, for this to reach home.

"Yuh go t' hell!" she said with a quiet but unequivocal venom.

"I'd much rather step inside and confront something to eat," he remarked. He seemed to be quite undisturbed by her enmity, and it was plain that he had begun to puzzle her.

"If yuh eat our fodder, yuh eat it on the way out," was her slightly retarded ultimatum. And it was the woman's turn to force a laugh, apparently at the dissimulative air of fragility that hung about him.

"Is there anything funny about me?" Burkett asked as he seated himself on the end of the woodpile.

"I was jus' wonderin'," ruminated the girl aloud, "what a real Alaska grizzly 'd do with a cheechako like yuh."

"I may not be so much of a tenderfoot as I look," he said with the quietly authoritative smile that continued to puzzle her.

"Where d' yuh hail from?" she finally demanded.

"My office is on Nassau Street," he solemnly explained. "Near Pine Street."

"That's no plainer 'n mud to me," she acknowledged, still covertly studying his face.

"Didn't you ever hear of Nassau Street?" he asked, searching for a cigarette.

"No, I didn't."

"Perhaps you've heard of its more distinguished neighbor, Wall Street?" he queried as he struck a light.

"No, I haven't."

"Or a more or less infamous island known as Manhattan?" And he smiled as he added, "So named, I understand, by a well-known Indian tribe."

"I never heard tell o' that camp," retorted the girl in the soiled buckskin hunting shirt.

"A sojourn there might be of inestimable value to you," averred the thin-faced stranger with the cigarette.

"What 're yuh shootin' at?" she challenged, conscious of the persistent note of mockery in his voice.

"I was intimating that a visit to my natal city might result in undoubted educational advantages."

Her face clouded. But she stood silent a moment.

"What's the name o' your natal city?" she asked.

"New York," was his answer, and still again she stood silent.

"I'm a-goin' there," she declared with quite unlooked-for intensity. "Pop and me 're goin' there as soon as he closes the deal for this here Skookum Slope Mine."

Burkett's cigarette fell from his relaxing fingers.

"What's your father's name?" was his quick but quiet inquiry.

She hesitated for a moment; but there was a note of authority about the cheechako that she could not altogether overlook.

"Kadiak MacLean," she said, with a slight upthrow of the head.

For a full minute Burkett sat studying her in silence. He studied the youthfully morose face in the slanting afternoon sunlight, the eyes with the fire in their shadows, the belligerent mouth with the contradictory softness about the corners of the lips, the peach-bloom down on the tanned and darkened cheek, the lithe and compact figure so firmly planted on the boylike legs, half covered by their incongruous skirt of grease-stained Scotch plaid. And he was puzzled by both the sense of largeness and the sense of wildness which she imparted.

"So you're going to New York some day?" he ruminated aloud. And of the two, the girl was the more conscious of his smile.

"I sure am!" she said with her half-defiant head toss.

"That will be quite an event in the life of our little town," observed Burkett. He spoke solemnly, but some undertone of irony continued to pique her.

"Yuh figger I'll make consider'ble show o' myself mushin' down your main street?" she demanded. What she hated most in him, she vaguely felt, was his mockery, the mockery before which she once more experienced the inarticulate helplessness of childhood.

"You'll always attract attention," he conceded in a softened voice, as his eye rested on the line of the columnar neck that lost itself in the widening brown shoulder. "But I rather wish you were in my hands during your first week or two there."

"An' why d' yuh want me in your hands?" she said, with a contemptuous stare up and down his sparse figure.

"I might make things a little easier for you," he said, with a patience that was plainly coerced. "Can you read?"

She flushed hotly at that question.

"O' course I kin read!" And the weathered hands, he noticed, clenched vehemently at her side. "I kin read an' write. An' what's more, I kin keep my nose out o' other people's business."

He seemed to understand the source of her hostility, for his smile was almost a pitying one, and obviously she was not asking for his pity.

"What is your name?" he impersonally inquired.

"That's none o' your damn business," she promptly retorted.

"I suppose not," he agreed. "But would you mind telling me if you've been up here all your life? If you've been to other places outside this valley?"

"I was to Hazleton once," she replied, not without pride. "An' b'fore that I was to White Horse an' Dawson. An' I've been to Chilkoot an' Skagway an' Fort Selkirk an' Sylvester's Landin' an' Telegraph Creek. An' I was to Juneau, for I was born there ——"

She stopped short, suddenly abashed by his renewing ironic smile. And she was not entirely at peace with her own soul, since the visitations she was so valiantly enumerating had occurred in her far-off childhood. But she refused to see her spirit stripped bare by this stranger with the condescending eyes. And that determination to hold her own apparently lay behind the ferocity with which she added, "An' mebbe I ain't such a greenhorn as I seem to look!"

"Maybe not," he tolerantly conceded. "But that bigger city I was speaking about will probably change your viewpoint considerably."

"Well, when I mush East I'll do it without yuh breakin' trail for me," she said, with a return of her animosity.

"Of course you would," he agreed, and his laughter did little to allay her inward discomfort. "Why don't you like me?"

Their glances locked for a moment of silence.

"I ain't got much use for any bear hunter who smokes scented cigarettes," she retorted with a shoulder movement that was meant for a shrug of unconcern. "An' I'll bet an ounce o' dust yuh're wearin' silk underwear. An' yuh're too satisfied with yourself. An' there's something mean an' pinched-lookin' about yuh. An' what's more, I don't like your face."

Eyes as Dark as Thunderclouds From Which a Flash of Fire Could Break at Any Moment

"What's the matter with my face?"

"To my way o' thinkin'," she venomously averred, "it's plumb weak an' watery-lookin', an' it makes yuh look like a poodle pup."

He appeared to give this a moment's impersonal study.

"Apparently you're not much afraid of me," he suggested.

"I'm afraid o' nothin' in pants or shoe packs," declared the girl with the slumberous eyes, "let alone a thin-blooded dood who wears a gold ring on his finger."

"You've a lot to learn, I'm afraid," he asserted as calmly as he could, studying the offending seal ring with a new interest.

"I won't learn it from yuh," was the prompt retort.

Burkett sighed as he rose to his feet.

"Where can I find your father?"

There was a ponderable pause before the girl replied to that question.

"Pop's packin' in supplies from Little Bear Landin'," she finally explained, "an' I'm not countin' on him gittin' back b'fore tomorra mornin'."

"And that means you're alone here?" Burkett inquired.

The girl nodded.

"An' I'm goin' to remain alone," she asserted with a belligerency that prompted the intruder to take his turn at nodding.

"How long would it take me to get down to Little Bear Landing?" he asked, after a moment of silence.

"Two full days for a tenderfoot like yuh," she said as she cuffed the bear cub, clawing at her knees.

"You see," he complained with a somewhat wintry smile, "I've rather lost touch with my base and my grub supply, and I'm not equipped for sleeping out."

"Afraid o' the big woof-woofs?" she was impolite enough to ask.

"No, but I'm uncommonly tired and hungry."

Her face became less defiant.

"Well, I'll stake yuh to fodder an' a four-point blanket an' a spare skillet to fry your own sowbelly on," she finally conceded. "But if yuh try campin' inside a half-mile circle o' this shack, I'll sure put a rifle bullet through your mud-bee carcass."

Burkett essayed no reply to this second ultimatum. But when his reluctant hostess was busying herself inside the little oblong log house he kicked the bear cub as it nosed between his knees. And when Kadiak MacLean's daughter came out again with an abraded but well-filled Klondike bag her visitor was studiously busy at tightening his belt.

"This is very kind of you," he said, avoiding her eye.

"It ain't meant that way," she retorted, as his frown deepened over the unexpected bulk and weight of the proffered duffel.

"And you can rest assured that I won't break quarantine," he added as he shouldered the bag.

She failed to understand him, obviously, for her reply was quite without rancor.

"Jus' leave 'em with Soapy Clayson down t' the Landin'," she called after him.

Surrendering to a sudden impulse, he stopped and glanced back at her, and he found small consolation in the unexpected look of pity on her face. "Thank you for trusting me," he said with his repeated ironic politeness.

"I wouldn't trust yuh no more'n I'd trust a nest o' copperheads," was the acidulated farewell she flung after him.

But when he stopped and looked back, at the turn in the trail, he saw her still standing in the open doorway, shading her eyes with her hand and staring after his departing figure. She seemed strangely statuesque, in the thin northern sunlight, with the bear cub between her feet. She seemed remote and legendary, as uncouth and somber and oddly forlorn as the mountain peak that towered beyond her and caught its first softening tinge of wine glow from the lowering sun.

II

BURKETT not only slept soundly that night but breakfasted amply the next morning on the unexpected stores from the bottom of his Klondike bag. He was still regaling himself on split biscuit and bacon and berry jam, washed down with reviving hot coffee, when he heard a shout of wonder from the valley trail below.

He looked up to see Kadiak MacLean toiling along the narrow path, bent under the weight of his pack bags. And the man from the city, as the old prospector plodded toward him, studied that approaching figure with a newer interest. It seemed more the silhouette of a lonely toiler bowed with half a century of unrewarded labor than that of a man who had emerged, almost overnight, into the upper world of millionairedom. For Kadiak, as Burkett counted it up, would have close to a million dollars to his credit before the syndicate could claim full possession of the Skookum Slope property. But that, obviously, meant little to Kadiak MacLean. His cramped wilderness mind was incapable of thinking along the wider vistas of such figures.

He was probably the richest man between the Skeena and the Pelly, yet here he was meekly and unimaginatively packing a hundred pounds of duffel up an inland valley trail. And he would probably continue living like a cross between a Bedouin and a Dogrib Indian until the end of his days.

But there was something appealing about the old fellow, Burkett had to acknowledge, as Kadiak rid himself of his load and stood smiling down at the man beside the camp fire. There was wistfulness in the lean and leather face with the pebbled webs of wisdom in each eye corner, and a desolate sort of dignity about the thick-sinewed body in flannel and corduroy.

"I thought we was through with yuh," protested the old prospector as he sniffed at the aroma from the boiling coffeepot. "Or was yuh aimin' to git a back-door look at that noo claim o' yours?"

Burkett's laugh was slightly acrid.

"They told me I could get a crack at a grizzly down this valley," he explained, "and I was tenderfoot enough to believe them."

Some primitive instinct of commiseration prompted the old-timer to pass no comment on the obvious errors of a cheechako.

"That cawfee smells uncommon good to me," said Kadiak instead, as he stepped companionably closer. His eye narrowed, however, as he stooped to inspect skillet and pot. "Son, where'd yuh git this outfit?"

"Your daughter lent it to me," said Burkett as he motioned for the other to be seated.

"So yuh've seen Junie?" ventured Kadiak, with a hesitating look at his host.

"I've not only seen her," asserted Burkett as he dropped fresh slices of bacon in the skillet, "but I had the pleasure of hearing her order me out of the district."

The old man nodded his head.

"She'd do that, would Junie," he soliloquized aloud. "She's plumb set ag'inst any male human invadin' her home circle."

"She impressed me as being capable of taking pretty good care of herself." And again Burkett's acrid laugh brought a vague look of trouble to the older man's face.

"She's a bobcat, that girl o' mine, an' she's got a tongue like a bull whip. But her heart's sure in the right place. When yuh've bushwhacked an' broken trail an' bivouacked in these here northern mountains with a girl for twenty good years, yuh know the metal she's made out of. An' Junie may be rough-spoken to introodin' strangers, son, but she's the kindest spirited kid that ever grew up on this fringe o' nowhere."

"I realized that when she said something about putting a bullet through my carcass," ventured Burkett as he poured coffee for the other.

"She shouldn't 'a' done that," protested Kadiak with a head wag of disapproval. "Shootin' talk ain't seemly to a man who's traveled four thousand miles to buy out your pop an' better yuh in the world. But, yuh see, son, I've learnt that girl to keep all menfolks at their distance. Yuh've gotta do that along the trails we've mushed."

"Do you mean this girl of yours was born and brought up in the wilderness?"

"Son, I wouldn't call no thick-settled country like this wilderness," countered the old prospector. "Not like it was in the ol' days, when yuh wasn't pestered by 'em, white or red, for a month at a time. But that kid o' mine was born at Juneau, twenty years back. That's why we called her Juneau, Juneau Beaujolais MacLean, the Beaujolais bein' after her mother, who died afore she was three years old. I ain't sayin' I was soured, but I always was plumb fond o' solitood. So Junie an' me thereafter stuck to the outer fringe along this widenin' frontier. We prospected the Cariboo an' the Klootasin an' the Hootalinqua an' the upper Yukon an' Antler Creek. She's worked a rocker with me twelve hours a day on the ol' Snowshoe Claim, an' once she nursed me through a broken-leg lay-up on Sixty Mile Creek.

"Stranger, yuh don't know that kid o' mine. Why, when I'd made my first clean-up from the ol' Skuma Mine an' was packin' six or seven bags o' dust down to the bank, two slickers from Kettle Lake way got reckless an' tried to hold me up. They was doin' fine, too, until that girl o' mine put a bullet through one o' them road agent's legs an' sent the other stampedin' off in a hail o' lead, hell bent for leather. That was five years ago, but I guess mebbe he's still goin'."

Burkett, instead of betraying any undue enthusiasm over this recountal, merely remarked, "But the modern woman seems to need so much more than a knowledge of firearms."

"Yuh're right there, son," agreed the wistful-eyed old man beside him. "Yuh're plumb right, or yuh an' your comp'ny would never've got control of a territ'ry like this, fair rottin' with matrix gold. I ain't delooded none about what I'm handin' over to yuh an' your eight-figure hydraulic-minin' friends. I've wet-nursed the knowledge o' this pay dirt for nigh on three years an' I know what I'm handin' over to yuh, an' I admit yuh're payin' me handsome. But I've plumb got reasons for gittin' me paws on bank money that way. We've gotta trek out, Junie an' me. We're goin' to mush."

"I'd say that she rather deserves it," was all Burkett would admit.

"O' course she d'serves it," concurred the old sour dough with the wilderness squint to his eyes. "An' when she goes, she's goin' in style. For Junie, mind yuh, ain't no roughneck. She's plumb educated, that girl o' mine. She kin read an' write an' figger like a Dawson City bank clerk. She kin dress a deer an' tan a hide an' run a house an' do beadwork that 'd make a Kogmollyc squaw turn green with envy. She kin bake a batch o' bread that's light as a snowdrift, an' when she's tidied up of a night she kin sit down an' play a keeloon as nifty as them city girls kin strum a ukalaylay."

"What's a keeloon?" asked the indifferent-eyed Burkett.

"That's a Eskimo music drum made o' reindeer skin, a sort o' north-coast banjo contrivance I bought off a whalin' captain one summer I wandered down the Mackenzie." For several minutes the older man ate in meditative silence. "I had a missioner priest school that girl o' mine for two years," he finally resumed. "I packed in readin' books an' kept her well stocked with picture papers an' had promised t' git her one o' them radio contrivances afore we decided to mush out. But there's a limit to how fur a lone man can go along that line. I've done about all I could by Junie.

(Continued on Page 64)

Juneau Sat With Needle Poised, a Far-Away Look in Her Eye

SECOND DOWN

By ALVIN F. HARLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

That Night—What He Remembered of it—Was Cherished Throughout the Rest of His Life as a Secret, Wonderful and Somewhat Terrifying Memory

A SLIGHT frown shall we say marred Mr. Henry Byles' naturally swarthy, unnaturally florid, wattled and mottled countenance as he took his hat from the hall tree and heard his wife upstairs in her sewing room talking over the phone with her friend, Mrs. Gatling. That upstairs telephone had unpleasant associations in his memory. It represented one of those semioccasional instances when his wife—but let us go back and relate the incident decently and in order.

Mrs. Byles was simultaneously right on the verge of fifty in age and two hundred in weight. She frankly admitted that getting up and down stairs was more of a chore than it used to be. One of the things that irked her most was being called down to the telephone when she was up in her sewing room or boudoir, and then having to pant back up the long flight again after talking to somebody whose conversation often didn't amount to a hill of beans. For months—nay, for a year or two—she had, to use his own expression, pestered Mr. Byles most infernally to have an extension of the phone run to the second floor. She could see no logical reason why this shouldn't be done. They could afford it, goodness knows! A man who owned the canning factory and a good-sized slice of stock in the First National Bank, to say nothing of real estate all over town and in the adjacent country, stocks, bonds, mortgages and notes—mostly shaven—by the score, ought to be able to stand another dollar or two a month for a telephone extension, the way she looked at it.

But every now and then, when his wife particularly desired something like this, his ingrained stinginess and that latent resentment which one feels toward the person who knows too much about one combined to produce in Henry Byles a very pertinacious opposition. Whenever she pressed for a categorical statement on the subject, he argued that an upstairs telephone in an ordinary home was a frivolous extravagance, that he "didn't see any sense in it," and so on; but most of the time he merely side-stepped and ignored the question, sometimes even to the point of being stricken with temporary deafness.

The domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Byles presented that picture of passive endurance and neutrality which, after twenty-nine years, is about the only sort of relation possible between a man like the magnate of Circleton and a conventional, old-fashioned American wife like Mrs. Byles. As a rule Mr. Byles was emphatically the head of the household, but there were isolated occasions when Mrs. Byles displayed a meek, placid obstinacy in combating her husband's will which was so imperviously like a wall of polished glass against the groping fingers of his purpose that it left him completely and furiously baffled.

In re the telephone, for instance. Mr. Byles believed in the old-fashioned observation of Christmas, and celebrated it himself with large, showy gestures which didn't cost too much. On the Christmas morning just a few months past, when he came down to breakfast, he found his Yuletide gift from his wife in an envelope under his plate—a paper of some sort. Wonderingly he drew it forth and scanned it with eyes whose brows gradually lowered and drew together in a scowl. It was a receipted bill for the installation of a telephone extension to the upper floor of his home and a month's service in advance. She had had the work done two or three days before and kept the phone concealed from him. He could hardly bring himself to speak courteously to her, even when company was present, for two weeks afterward.

This morning Mr. Byles pulled his black felt hat down over his coarse black hair, called up the stairs "Going to th' office. Good-by!" and shuffled toward the side entrance of his mansion, while his wife, covering the receiver with her hand, called back "Good-by!"

In fair weather he was apt to walk the eleven blocks to his headquarters, but a sprinkle of rain was falling, and so he had ordered his man of all work, Eph Nuckolls, to drive him downtown. Eph was waiting in the porte-cochère with the moderate-priced car when Mr. Byles came out—that porte-cochère where once John Crenshawe's carriage and horses had waited; for Crenshawe had built the home—a large, ornate frame affair of the late Cleveland period—and lived in it until Byles, who held a considerable quantity of Crenshawe's paper, had acquired it by foreclosure some seventeen years ago. Crenshawe had later died at his brother's home somewhere out West; a good-natured, visionary sort of chap, with some flashes of business genius, but not practical like Henry Byles.

The light automobile listed and groaned slightly as Mr. Byles hoisted his overload of protein into the tonneau. He gave Eph an order to stop at the new building on the way down—a three-story edifice with galvanized front whose first floor was destined to be the home of Ed Brummitt's Model One Price Clothing Store. The building was under roof, and the rain had therefore not interfered with the work inside. Mr. Byles looked about the storeroom keenly and pointed out certain possible economies to the contractor.

"Well, I dunno," said the latter in dubious reply to these suggestions. "Brummitt's kickin' like a steer a'ready. He was here jest a few minutes ago. He was specially sore about the ceilin' and them changes you told me to make in the lobby. Says you're cheapenin' the whole job—ain't livin' up to the agreement."

"My lawyer says I'm within my rights," declared Byles.

"Brummitt says that may be so, but you're violatin' the spirit of the contract."

"Huh!" said Byles with a short laugh. "If he wanted spirit in this lease, he ought to 'a' had it written in. Ed Brummitt always wants the earth with a fence around it. I can't afford to build him no Crystal Palace for the little rent he's goin' to pay me. I s'pose he'll be in to see me today, a-raising Cain."

By such means it came about that Henry Byles, though perhaps lacking the genius to make him a great railroad executive or the head of a trust, was yet the biggest and wealthiest man in Circleton. There are many such as he. He had won to his eminence by clutching every dollar that was wafted his way and by pinching the other fellow whenever he got him between the jaws of the forceps. Eager young aspirants are hereby informed that this way lies an infallible road to success—one particular brand of success, that is. There is no need for specialization, no need for enrollment in correspondence schools. Adhere strictly to the two principles mentioned and you cannot fail.

The magnate presently went on a few doors farther and, climbing a flight of stairs, reached his office in the Byles Block and attacked his morning mail. About an hour after his arrival Charlie Smoot, his gangling, thin-necked secretary and general factotum around the office, entered the sanctum with a card in his hand. The great man looked at the card and saw that the caller whom it represented was none other than Richard H. Tedford, representative of the Protect the Investor Association. The name of the organization titillated his curiosity, and he bade Charlie admit the stranger.

Mr. Tedford proved to be a slender, efficient-looking person of forty, with a clear skin, regular features and a keen blue eye. His wavy hair and clipped mustache were just beginning to be slightly sprinkled with gray.

"You are familiar with the work of the Protect the Investor Association, I suppose, Mr. Byles," said the caller, after greetings had been exchanged.

Mr. Byles disliked to confess ignorance on any business subject, especially to a New York man, but he saw no way out of it, so he admitted, "Well, no, can't say as I am."

Mr. Tedford raised his eyebrows slightly but made no comment, and proceeded to explain.

"The object of the association," said he, "is indicated by its name. Stock swindling, Mr. Byles, has been carried to such a pass in America that it became necessary to make a stand against it—an organized stand. The greatest trouble is that swindlers nowadays are learning more and more how to put over their crooked stuff and still stay on the right side of the law. The association keeps itself informed on all promotion activities in the country, especially those in oil, mining stocks, radio and others that are being so fraudulently exploited nowadays, and it maintains an investors' advisory service on these matters. It has spent a great deal of time in looking up the full history of past swindles and the men who pulled them off, and has been able in many cases to assist the victims in recovering their money."

Mr. Byles waited silently, with a slightly reminiscent look in his eyes.

Tedford cleared his throat and went on, with a touch of apology in his tone: "Several years ago you had an unfortunate experience with a stock-promotion scheme—the National Annealed Glass Roofing Tile Company, I believe it was called."

Mr. Byles' splotchy face had turned an even deeper red. That was one of the sorest spots in his recollection. He had almost literally been flattered into that scheme by the smooth-tongued promoter—flattered by the promise of the honor of bringing a big new industry to Circleton and of being its president. The tile had looked like a great invention to him too—until afterward. The loss of the fifteen thousand dollars he put into it had almost plucked his heartstrings out by the roots; but even worse, if possible, was the humiliation before his fellow citizens of having been outdone by an outsider. He felt his face tingle yet as he thought of the remark which had reached his ears as made by old Pres Hoskins, one of the most notorious ne'er-do-wells in the town, but one with a knack of saying things that folks remembered.

"Th' ain't nobody so smart," said Pres, "but what they's somebody still smarter. Hank Byles is cute enough to skin Circleton, but he ain't cute enough to even match pennies with the big-town fellers."

"I am sorry to bring up unpleasant recollections, Mr. Byles," said Tedford gently, "but I'm doing it in the hope of taking a little of the sting out of that memory for you. It's just possible," and he leaned forward, looking into his hearer's eyes as he spoke slowly and impressively, "that we may get some of that money back for you."

A slight glitter came into Mr. Byles' muddy eyes; but, "I'm afraid that's a dead horse, mister," said he. "I couldn't make a criminal prosecution stick on that greasy scoundrel's hide, and he'd played his cards so well that a civil suit didn't help me either. It dragged on for two years, and he and that slick lawyer of his—but I reckon you know all this if you've done all the investigating you say you have."

"Yes, we have a pretty full memorandum of the trouble you had with Albeck," admitted Tedford, "and I want to say frankly, Mr. Byles, that it's no discredit to you or your business judgment that he got the best of you. Fellows like that study these schemes of theirs for years and make them water-tight, and some of the shrewdest men in America are taken in by them. Honest business men today have simply got to organize to fight such pirates."

He leaned forward again and said in a lowered tone, "Mr. Byles, do you know where Albeck is now and what he's doing?"

Byles shook his head. "Lost track of him as soon as the suit was over," said he, watching Tedford with growing interest.

"He's in New York City today," said Tedford slowly, tapping staccato emphasis on the desk as he spoke, "and he's flourishing like the well-known green bay tree. In other words, he's got a sockful of money—and some of that money's yours, Mr. Byles."

"It ain't doin' me any good at present," commented Byles.

Mr. Tedford smiled appreciation of the grim humor. "We'll see that some of it does do you a bit of good. This chap is still promoting, dabbling in realty and what not, and has some of New York's topnotchers for his pals and partners. Right now he's trying to walk a straight line, but that's pretty hard for a fellow who's done zigzag stuff all his life, and every now and then his foot slips. We've got a record of practically every slip."

He leaned back and crossed his legs with an air of satisfaction. Byles sat bolt upright, with hands on knees, fingers turned inward and elbows bent outward; his solemn countenance, thick, clumsy body, white shirt without vest, and dark coat and trousers completed an appearance which Tedford noted amusedly as slightly froglike.

"I dare say you don't realize how thoroughly we have gone into this thing," Tedford went on. "Like the fellow in the song, we've got a little list, and most of the chaps like Albeck who have bad-smelling pasts are entered on it. We've got what the French would call a *dossier* on each one of them, which means a more or less complete record of his career: the crooked deals he has been mixed up in, number of times he's been indicted or in jail, and so on; and when we pull that on a fellow he shrivels up like a piece of bacon on a hot griddle. It would astound you if I could show you the amount of detective work that's gone into those records; months and months of gumshoeing and dozens of letters written about one man. Believe me, we keep those records in a big fire-and-burglar-proof vault too.

"Now, here's the point I'm coming to: We both know that his transaction with you was a flimflam, though he was too smooth to get caught. Our organization has since found out things about it which even you and your attorney didn't know. And we've got some embarrassing dope about other transactions which we can pull on Mr. Albeck too. With the high-class connections he has now, it would be disastrous to his plans if the truth about some of his past deals was made public.

"Our proposition is this: That we approach this man, and holding our club over him, make him come across with at least a portion of the money he swindled you out of. I see what you're thinking—that this is a sort of blackmail. Well, so it is; genteel blackmail, I call it. What harm is there in holding a club over a man to make him right a wrong?"

Mr. Byles wagged his head emphatically. "If that feller had what was coming to him," said he, "he'd get that club across the head instead of havin' it just shook over him."

"Decidedly! Now, the point is this: If our organization recovers some or all of your money from Albeck, are you willing to give us a share of it in payment for our services?"

"How much do you want?" was the blunt question.

"Fifty per cent."

The capitalist seemed in danger of apoplexy. He swelled visibly and his face became empurpled.

"Good Lord!" he roared. "You don't want much! It's my money you're goin' after—not yours! Remember that, young man! Why, you fellers are mighty nigh as bad as Albeck!"

Tedford maintained a calm demeanor under the assault. Doubtless he had experienced the like before.

"It may seem high at first, Mr. Byles," he interposed, "but I know that when you consider the circumstances you will agree with me that we are not asking too much. In the first place, we have spent hundreds—yes, I will be perfectly frank with you and say that we have spent fully two thousand dollars in looking up this man's record. This doesn't take into account the work of our attorneys, whom we keep on a large annual salary, and who have been called upon frequently to pass upon some matter connected with him. Nor does it take into consideration the immense overhead of our business—the years of costly labor and research required to build it up—nor the great amount of clerical help and office rent necessary to keep it going, nor the free service we are compelled to render to the public through the newspapers and business magazines and often to poor clients—frequently widows and orphans, Mr. Byles—who need our advice and assistance. A self-supporting corporation can't be entirely philanthropic, you know; that's self-evident. In order to get men capable of running a business like ours, we must pay good salaries. Otherwise they'd work elsewhere. Remember, sir, that if I hadn't come to you, you would never have had the ghost of a chance of recovering a cent of that money. If we get back five or six or seven thousand of it for you it'll be just as if you'd picked it up in the road."

In the secret chambers of his heart Mr. Byles knew that this was true, but the wrench of dividing such a sum as twelve or fifteen thousand equally with anyone was almost unendurable, and he fought stoutly against it. He argued that 10 per cent should be quite sufficient for such service. Tedford laughed at that. For another half hour they wrestled, and twice or thrice Tedford seemed on the point of rising and ending the interview. At length, however, he showed signs of yielding slightly.

"Well, I'll give you my very last word," said he. "It's unusual in a case like yours, which has cost us so much to work up, but I think the good will of a man of your standing will be valuable to us, and so I'm going to make a concession. Give us 40 per cent of what we collect from Albeck, and we'll call it a deal."

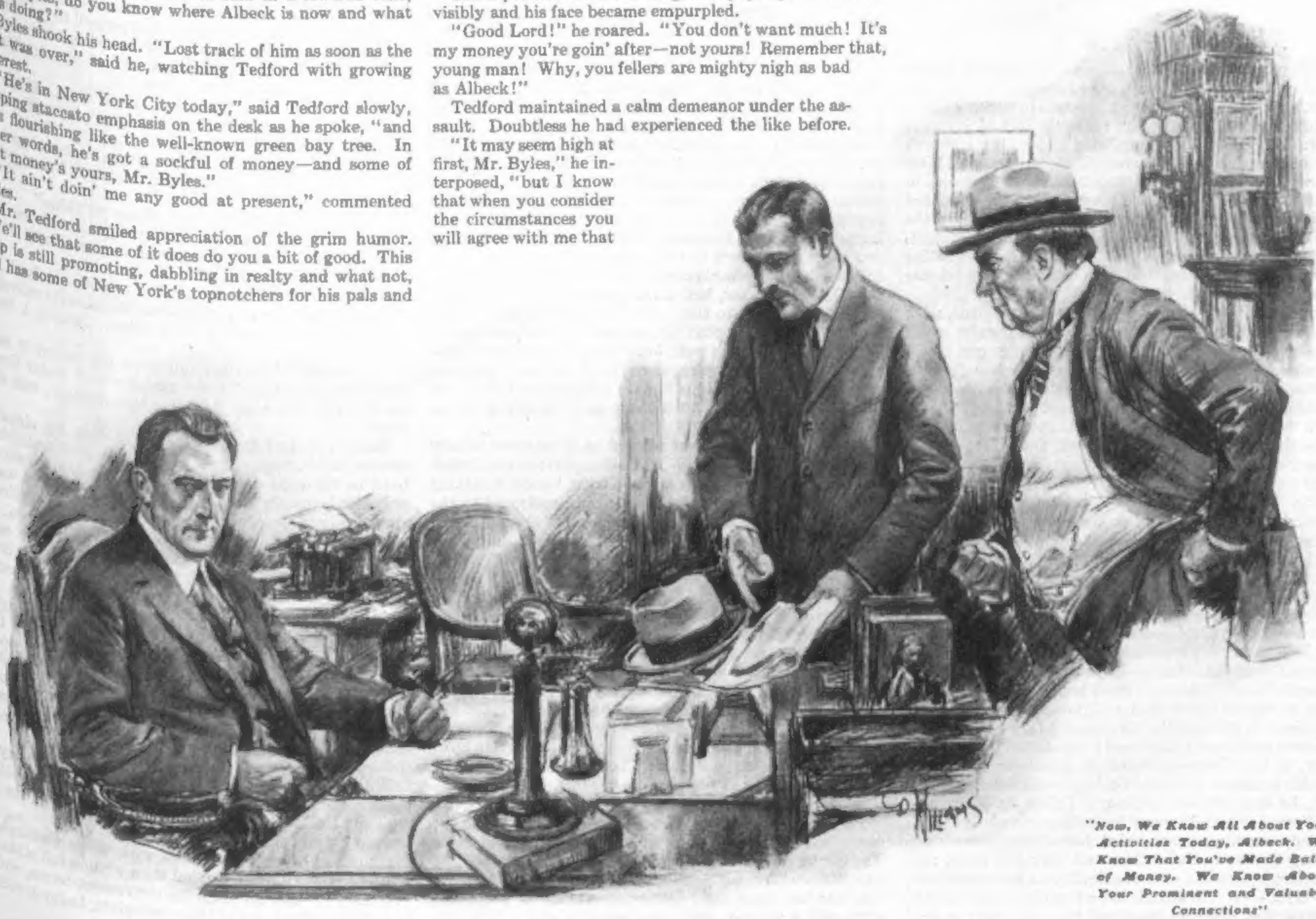
"That'd be six thousand dollars in your pockets just like it'd dropped off a Christmas tree," mourned Mr. Byles. "How'll I know I'm going to get my money?"

"You can come right along and help us collect it from Albeck if you like," offered Tedford.

There was no possible objection that could be made to that.

"But of course we'd want a contract to protect ourselves," stipulated the P. I. A. man.

(Continued on Page 40)

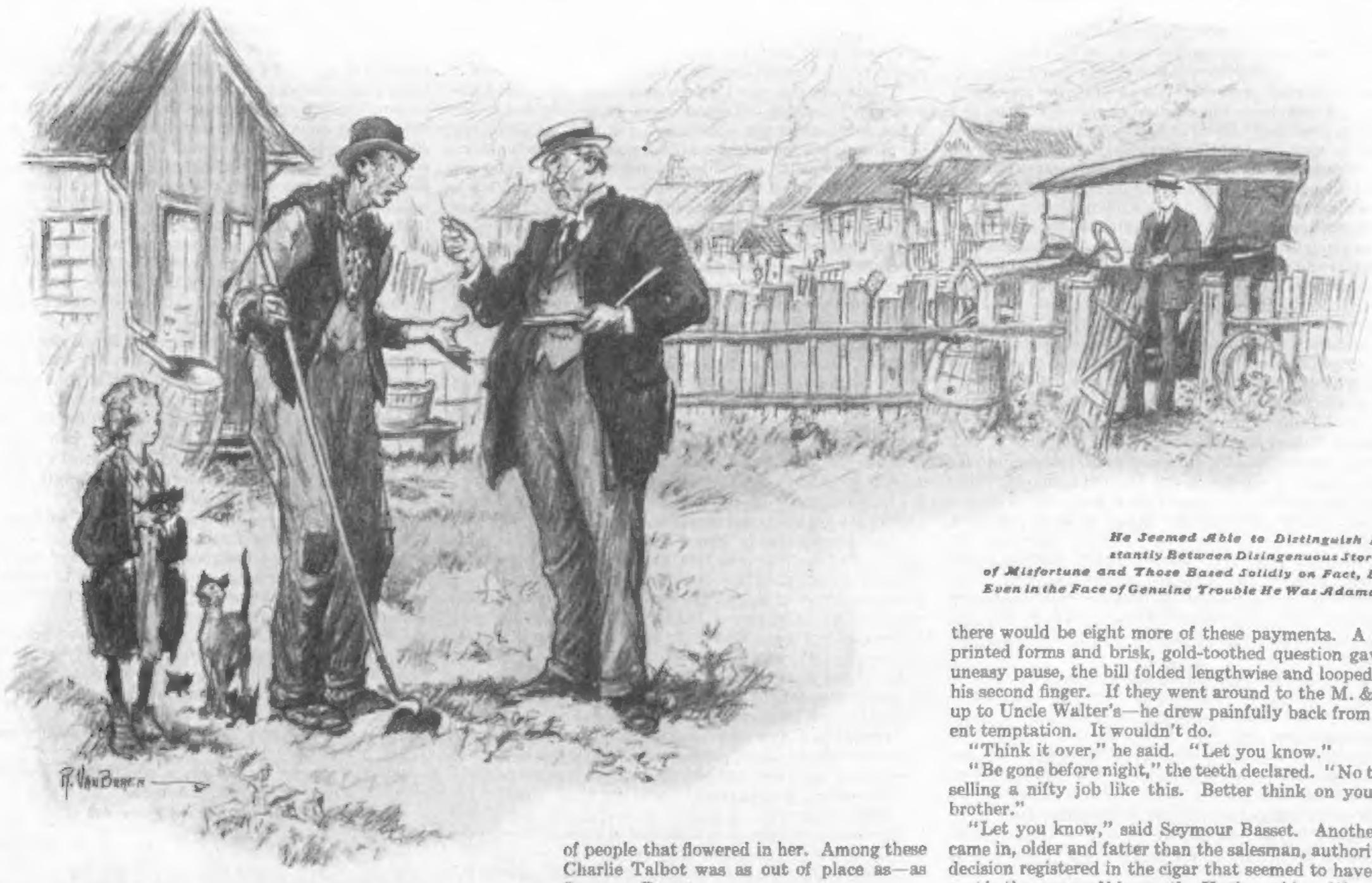


"Now, We Know All About Your Activities Today, Albeck. We Know That You've Made Bales of Money. We Know About Your Prominent and Valuable Connections"

EASY

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



He Seemed Able to Distinguish Instantly Between Disingenuous Stories of Misfortune and Those Based Solidly on Fact, But Even in the Face of Genuine Trouble He Was Adamant

THE powers of darkness had masked their pitfall cunningly, had baited it with their favorite lure, had dug it, with wily malice, across the path in which wisdom and virtue and innocence would lead the feet of Seymour Basset. Temptation lay in wait for him within a stone's throw of the bank itself, where, still under the formidable proximity of D. P. Farquhar, the victim's guard was down. Disguised as accident, shrewd premeditation had painted on the cardboard sign the very figures graved upon the single bill in Basset's pocket, and in the very nick of timeliness had brought across his field of vision the motivating enticement to which, since Eden, saint and sage and sinner have alike succumbed.

Seymour Basset's eye beheld her, at the moment, with an approving pleasure wholly natural and seemly, a girl pretty by birth rather than attainment; a nice girl, nicely clad, whose smile went past him with a curious suggestion of unstudied friendliness and whose gloved hand rose and moved in a jolly little gesture of amiable greeting. Basset had no warning that she was present in the rôle of Eve. Manifestly there was no artifice or guile about her, and her unconsciousness of Seymour Basset's existence was so visible and total that it woke in him a certain faintly resentful self-pity.

Passing, he paused before a shop window, and under false pretense of inspecting its unseen content, twisted a sidelong glance back at the bait.

There was no hint of barb. She had crossed the sidewalk to the curb and was now in the act of entering a car, not the chaste, dignified limousine which Seymour Basset would have viewed with philosophic resignation, but a battered, tinny little rattletrap affair driven by a young man whom Seymour Basset knew and whom, until this instant, he had negligently liked. Charlie Talbot kept a highly temperamental account at the M. & M. and Basset, not infrequently constrained to inform him of its inadequacy or overdraft, had secretly admired his amused insouciance.

Now, as he witnessed the adroit departure of the disreputable runabout through the impatient traffic of Seneca Street, he disapproved of Charlie Talbot as heartily as D. P. Farquhar himself would have disapproved. He shook his head, frowning; that—that four-flusher, overdrawn this very day by twelve dollars and forty-five cents, running around town in a car, associating, on false pretenses, with—with —— He abandoned a fumbling quest for the adjective that decently described that girl and the kind of people that flowered in her. Among these Charlie Talbot was as out of place as—as Seymour Basset.

Even more out of place, Basset decided on reflection. Charlie Talbot had no Uncle Walter, for one thing. If he sometimes deposited respectable sums in that account of his, it was only to scatter them in a flurry of checks easily recognizable, to the trained eye, as pacifying appeasements of creditors who did their debtors small credit, to quote the august pun of D. P. Farquhar on the subject—tailors and florists and jewelers, a theater-ticket agency, sundry other improvident young fellows under grave suspicion of playing poker for more than they could afford. No, sir, when you came right down to brass tacks, Seymour Basset, in spite of the unfavorable contrasts drawn by Uncle Walter and D. P. Farquhar, had a lot more right to drive a car and offer lifts to—to that sort of girls than any Charlie Talbot. Very likely that car, already on the brink of exhaustion, hadn't been paid for. Come to think of it, one of Talbot's most nearly regular checks was made payable, wasn't it, to that dubious finance corporation that D. P. Farquhar had refused to tolerate as a customer of the M. & M.?

Why, if Seymour Basset wanted to drive a car on any such uneconomic basis—— The thought found lodgment in his brain precisely at the moment when his eye, forsaking the agreeable image in the plate glass, penetrated to the painted sign hung from the radiator cap of the bedizened flivver in the window space beyond. The hook sank painlessly but deep in Seymour Basset's soul. Twenty dollars! His fingers in contact with the folded bill in his pocket seemed to read its figures, compellingly identical with those of the laconic sign. He had a dim feeling of predestiny. Maybe it was mere coincidence that he should have seen Charlie Talbot with that dented little teakettle of his just at the very place and moment where and when this infinitely more desirable flivver was exposed for sale; maybe it was nothing but blind chance that had prompted the venders to fix its price at just exactly that figure, that had brought Seymour Basset here with the precise sum in hand and available, but you couldn't be sure. A lot of people believed that fate managed these matters. It might be—it might be meant.

He found himself beyond the window giving ear to the eloquence of an earnest man with a great many gold teeth. The flivver was denominated as a "job," and the word had an esoteric charm for Seymour Basset's ear. Much stress, too, was laid upon the twenty-dollar phase of the affair, with only a slurred, dismissing mention of the fact that there would be eight more of these payments. A pad of printed forms and brisk, gold-toothed question gave him uneasy pause, the bill folded lengthwise and looped about his second finger. If they went around to the M. & M. or up to Uncle Walter's—he drew painfully back from insistent temptation. It wouldn't do.

"Think it over," he said. "Let you know."

"Be gone before night," the teeth declared. "No trouble selling a nifty job like this. Better think on your feet, brother."

"Let you know," said Seymour Basset. Another man came in, older and fatter than the salesman, authority and decision registered in the cigar that seemed to have taken root in the corner of his mouth. He thrust himself brusquely upon the interview, a swift inspection of Seymour Basset visibly thawing an ice-colored eye.

"Over at the M. & M., aren't you? Sure. Knew I'd seen you there." He glanced at the pad. "Basset—Elmwood Place—" it seemed to Seymour Basset that there was rebuke in the flick of the eyes at the salesman—"let's see, you're some relation to Walter S. Basset, aren't you?"

"My uncle," said Seymour. "Live with him."

"Sure." The bill was whisked neatly from between Basset's fingers and the cigar jerked commandingly at the salesman. "Check, Izzy."

"Look here." Seymour Basset's doubts revived. "I wouldn't want you to go bothering the bank for references or anything, or Uncle Walter either. Maybe I better not ——"

"Forget it." The cigar dismissed the matter of references magnificently. "Know you, don't I? Drive the job right out if you want it. Sign here, brother, and she's yours."

Basset's fingers trembled slightly, but his signature seemed satisfactory. The car rolled with glorious lightness back to the wide doors at the rear; on investigation it proved adequately supplied with gas and oil and water; air was administered gratis to a drooping tire; the license plates could be returned as soon as he secured his own.

The thought disturbed Seymour Basset faintly as he drove gingerly along the alley toward the formidable traffic of Seneca Street, the falsetto music of the flivver orchestrated by a deeper drumming of pulses in his ears. He hadn't figured on that license. It would be necessary to draw on the balance in the savings department for that. And he'd have to find some place near home to keep the car, too; it couldn't possibly be sheltered in Uncle Walter's garage without a lot of troublesome explaining. Even the thrill of possession and mastery dulled a little as Seymour Basset remembered the original destination of that twenty-dollar bill.

With a reviving consciousness of overruling destiny, he realized that for the fourth time he had been prevented from reaching Uncle Walter's office with the money for the first payment on that life-insurance policy.

Something always interfered with those excellent intentions. Once it had been that show window full of snappy overcoats for sale on absurdly convenient terms, and he had really needed one of those collegiate, baggy-trousered

suits that had thwarted his good resolutions a month later. Even Uncle Walter admitted that you had to dress well if you wanted to succeed, and D. P. Farquhar's ukase to that effect had been posted on the bulletin board at the bank ever since Seymour Basset had been working there.

They could hardly blame an ambitious young fellow for buying that set of books, either, even if it did prevent his taking out a policy for the moment. One of these days when he got around to reading those ten volumes of Better Business, he'd collect a big profit on that investment. Still, when you thought it over, there was something funny about the way that insurance money always got itself spent on something else. Next month he'd attend to it without fail. Look at all the car fares this job would save. Fourteen cents a day, over three dollars a month, a sixth of what it was costing him to buy the job! Clear saving as soon as he'd made the last payment.

The traffic thinned as he reached the wide placid bosom of Maryland Avenue. He was able now to spare an occasional glance at the sidewalk, to indulge in daydream dialogue:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it's a matter of life and death and there's no train till too late. Could you drive me to Buckport?" No, there wouldn't be gas enough for that. Make it a bit nearer, Druckersburg, for instance. "My father's been hurt in a motor accident and "

"Certainly, madam." Let her see right off that he wasn't one of those fresh Alecks like Charlie Talbot "Get you there in forty minutes. Don't be alarmed if I let her out—there won't be any danger."

It was all so convincingly acted that Seymour Basset's finger, artlessly affected, touched the gas lever impulsively. He brought his gaze back from the sidewalk in time to see the flivver leap forward like a hungry beast; he twisted the wheel almost in time to avoid the little man who scuttled across his path—almost but not quite. A fender, musically insecure upon its fastenings, caught a lifted foot. The wispy figure fell headlong, rolling on the asphalt. A curious silvery jingle filled Seymour Basset's ears as he braked to a standstill and leaped down; a coin that rebounded from his toe rang on the pavement. Mysteriously, out of nowhere, came small, shrill boys, a converging group of elders, a vast ominous policeman at a pounding canter. Seymour Basset's heart climbed down a step from the top of his throat as he saw that his victim had risen to hands and knees, snatching frantically at scattered dimes and quarters, a high thin voice admonishing the helpful boys to leave that there money alone.

An injured glance twisted up at Seymour Basset's breathless inquiry. "Hurt? Ain't had time to find out yet. Pitch in and pick up this here money."

Basset obeyed. Seated on the curb, the little man counted a double handful of coins that remained to him. Only when it was evident that a deficit of forty cents was permanently irreparable did his attention transfer itself to damages upon his person. These, permitting further diminution of the pressure at Seymour Basset's larynx, proved slight; bruised knees and elbows, a torn trouser leg and coat sleeve, a spirit still aggrieved as to the missing forty cents. The policeman turned his attention balefully upon Basset.

There was an ugly moment when the absence of a license card foreboded arrest. A new voice broke in upon Basset's fervently incoherent expostulations. His first throb of relief at Uncle Walter's imposing presence, at the note of command in the brisk, efficient speech, at the adequacy and authority that radiated from the square jowl and the imperial eye, gave way to a freshening sense of disaster. In some ways it would have been better to have been arrested. As it was—he squirmed unhappily under the gaze that had instantly subdued the policeman; he achieved an account, faltering but, under cross-examination, sufficient to enlighten Uncle Walter's percipiency as to his possession of the flivver. There was a dreadful pause. Then:

"Take this man home," commanded Uncle Walter. "I'll think this over. Come up to see me as soon as you get back."

The crowd divided to give him passage. The abashed policeman gestured almost furtively with his night stick to bid Seymour Basset carry out the order. Even the victim seemed overawed. He climbed painfully to the seat at Basset's side, twisting his neck to observe the departure of Uncle Walter's glittering sedan.

"Your uncle, hey? Walter S. Basset! I want to know!"

There was a kind of reverence in the tone that awoke a fellow feeling in Seymour Basset. He started the car with a sense of temporary escape in the society of another culprit fugitive. The little man now introduced himself and mentioned his address, far over on the East Side. Seymour Basset's glance at the printed card informed him that Mr. Earl Tweedy represented a certain insurance company, and the discovery deepened his feeling of a comforting fellowship in disgrace. In spite of its lordly name, this company was one of those concerns that Uncle Walter mentioned with a contemptuous downward twist of lip, and to which he applied such adjectives as cheap-John and jitney and piker.

Seymour Basset had absorbed some breakfast-table knowledge of its tactics, and was now enlightened as to Mr. Tweedy's pocketful of dimes and quarters. He could also understand the respectful tone, natural enough in a man who went about peddling hundred-dollar policies to washerwomen and day laborers and further demeaned himself by collecting in person their petty weekly premiums. An agreeable sense of superiority warmed him; in Mr. Tweedy's society he felt an unfamiliar and stimulating importance.

It was clear that Mr. Tweedy, instead of bearing malice over that collision, regarded Seymour Basset as an acquaintance cheaply bought at the price of a few bruises and that unrecovered forty cents in cash. Aware that this attitude was based on his relationship to Uncle Walter and therefore somewhat insecurely founded, Seymour Basset nevertheless enjoyed it. He had encountered few people whose looks and voices held envy or respect.

"Ain't with him?" Mr. Tweedy's tone rose at the information that Seymour was not identified with Uncle Walter and the Mammoth Life. Basset achieved an explanatory shrug without taking his hands from the wheel. He mentioned the M. &. M. almost with nonchalance, but Mr. Tweedy was unsatisfied.

"M. & M. 's a high-grade bank," he admitted, "but it ain't like being with Walter S. Basset and the Mammoth. I should think ——"

"My uncle's notion," said Seymour, accurately enough, omitting to add that his job at the bank represented Uncle Walter's fifth and outspokenly final endeavor to find suitable employment for a kinsman whose disabilities were the sole shaming blot on the shining escutcheon of the house of Basset. He avoided a disturbing premonition as to that impending interview in Uncle Walter's golden-oak study.

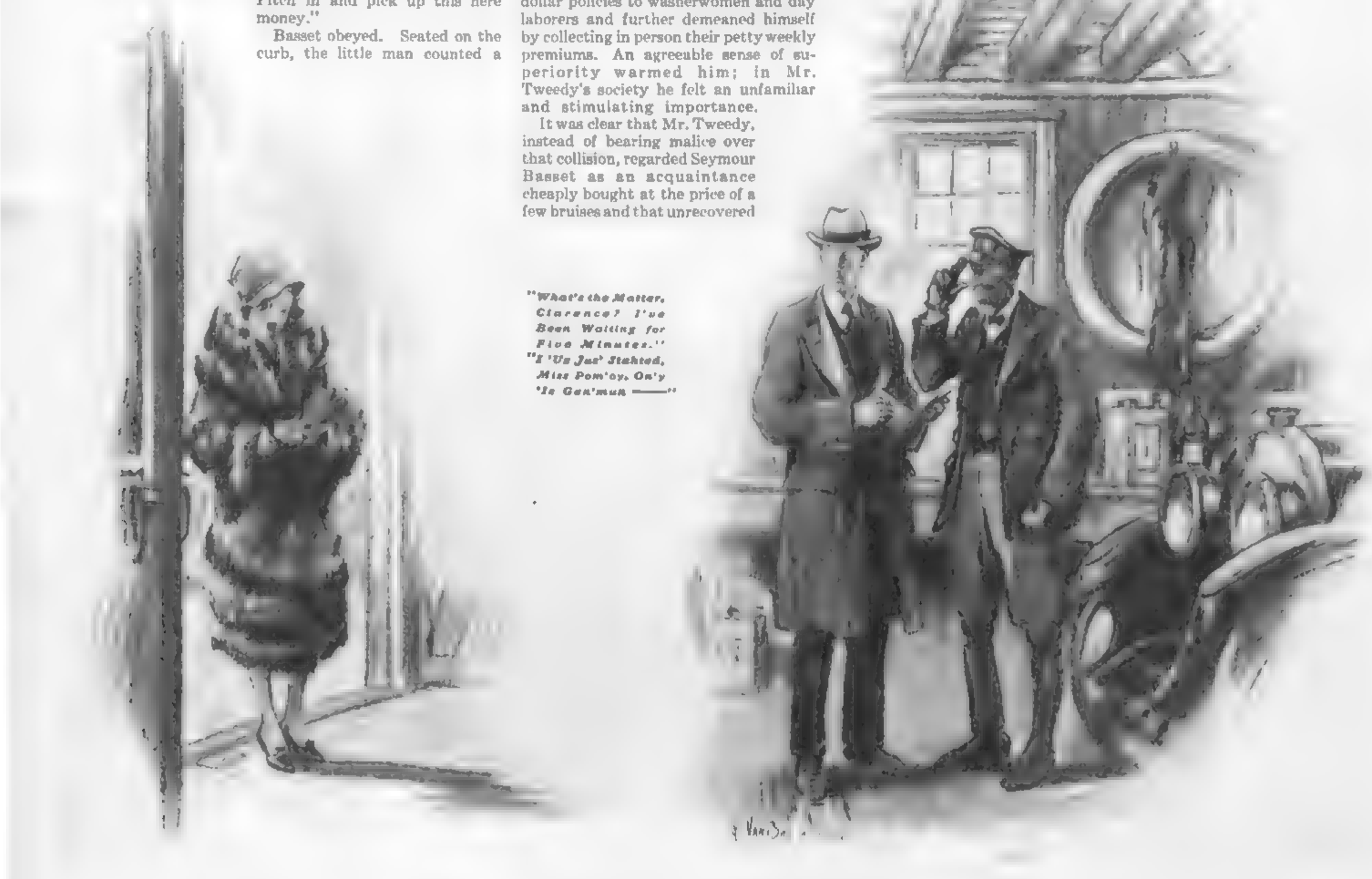
"Guess you got to do what he wants," conceded Mr. Tweedy. "Terrible pity, all the same. That there Mammoth ——!" He sucked in an eloquent breath. "No wearing out shoe leather collecting nickels if you work for them folks! Sell 's much 's ten thousand to a single party and never need to worry a minute if he's going to lapse on you."

He drew wistful comparisons as the car jolted over the Genesee Street cobbles. Seymour Basset listened with vague sympathy. Mr. Tweedy looked pathetically inadequate to the tasks he described, tramping around a route that seemed to cover Binchester's sprawling bigness from end to end, wheedling dimes and nickels out of people who practically had to be sold their policies every week.

"Be different if I had one of these here gas buggies," said Mr. Tweedy. "Can't seem to get enough ahead to buy me one." He inspected the abbreviated bonnet reverentially. "Guess you must 've give 's much 's two-three hundred for this here one," he suggested.

"One-eighty," said Seymour disingenuously. Mr. Tweedy ticked his tongue against his teeth. The wistfulness of the sound stirred Basset's sympathy. The sinfulness of buying things on the installment plan, heinous in Seymour Basset's case, seemed possible of extenuation in

(Continued on Page 78)



"What's the Matter, Clarence? I've Been Waiting for Five Minutes."
"I 'Us Jus' Stahted, Miss Pom'oy. On'y 'Is Gen'mun ——"

The First Three Acts the Hardest

By Katherine Sproehnle and Roi Cooper Megrue

SOME years ago there was a playwrights' club in New York which met almost continuously in two rooms of an old brownstone house in the Forties. Among the members were Austin Strong, Thompson Buchanan, A. E. Thomas and the male half of this article, and in the opinion of the members it was a very exclusive organization indeed. People were continually trying to get in, but there was a stringent test to be passed. Each aspirant was asked one question: "When did you first feel the urge to become a dramatist?" If he answered at all, he was ineligible.

In spite of this harsh and cynical dictum, the idea, the little stock in trade, the bunch of bananas, the four chickens which the playwright must have to start his business, are more or less a matter of chance. The seed of a play grows in some middle ground between application and inspiration. It is just as unpractical for a would-be playwright to say to himself, "I'm a great strong man. Playwriting is a splendid occupation. I have nothing particular to say, but I want to write a Broadway success. Therefore I will write a Broadway success," as it is for him to draw the mauve velvet curtains, light the candles and sit down to wait for the aforementioned urge.

George M. Cohan, Famous as an Actor and Playwright

Once an idea has pierced its fragile green shoots through the ground of consciousness, the playwright must decide—granting the major premise that it seems a good idea whether this sprout is actually a dramatic idea or a novel idea. There are chasms between them that no box office can bridge. An idea that can be developed to brilliant clarity in the leisured pages of a book can die of malnutrition in the brief confines of a play.

A Play in Parentheses

IT IS now or never with the dramatist none of the restful dull spots or elaborate qualifying characterization and descriptive passages that are permitted writers of prose. A novelist can cheat in interest to the extent of three or four dull chapters and the reader will keep on to a brighter spot. Let there be, however, a dull scene or two in a play and the response of the audience becomes physical in its uneasy shifting and outbreak of coughing The dramatist has no two or three or more sittings in which to put over his effect; he has but two and a half hours to make the audience his. So great a part of a good play can never be presented in its actuality to an audience; so many of its scenes must be played offstage and yet have the development seen by the audience suggest the unseen motivation.

A distinguished American novelist wrote a play recently that fell flat. The trouble with it was that it was all in the parentheses. He had action, color, life and all the attributes of a good play in his script, but it was between brackets in the shape of stage directions and description. Taken for home reading, these passages, together with the few words permitted the actors, would have made an intelligible evening. On the stage, the lines were so lifeless and the implied characterization so vapid that the first Saturday night after the opening saw the electricians taking the bulbs out of the theater's electric sign.

We can only answer your very fair question of "Why did the manager produce the play?" by another time-honored one: "Why do any managers produce any play?" and get on with the business of play-writing.

Granted then that the playwright has a workable dramatic idea. It should be said, perhaps here, that this article is concerned primarily with normally successful dramatists who manage to make a living at their profession, not the wistful aspirants of the hinterlands who send their scripts—and maybe good, too—from office to office until both they and the scripts have become gray in the cause.

Methods

DEVELOPING the trailing clouds of thought into an actual solid fact which will sell out the second night with a celerity that causes seats to be placed on sale for four weeks in advance—the maiden's dream of all playwrights—is the next step. Methods of work are as varied as temperament. Whereas one writer will tell you it is only possible to create by a system of bankers' hours, another will be just as vehement in asserting that this business can only be conducted by lack of system, by waiting for signs from heaven.

Some are amusingly didactic in demanding a regular régime of irregular hours. George M. Cohan, for instance, says that he'd never buy a play that was written in the daytime. Mr. Cohan is himself famous for writing plays as he goes along. He has been known to assemble his company on a bare stage for the first rehearsal with a mere smatter of script in his hand instead of the usual neatly typed bundle of parts to be distributed to the cast. As a result his plays have a delicious flavor of impromptu that is half their charm. Each audience gets a feeling of freshness, as if they were looking in on something being done especially for them. The only difficulty about this method is that it's only good if it's good; and there is only one Mr. Cohan.

In direct contrast is Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, the famous English dramatist, author of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and Iris, which are still played and still move with the breath of life. Pinero leaves nothing to the moment of production, to the stimulation of seeing what the actors for the parts are like. When a play emerges from his tortured study it is finished. He works very slowly polishes, fusses, fumes. He has it typewritten innumerable times in its various stages of completion. After that he has it printed as if it were a novel, corrects the galley proofs, then the page proofs. Finally the play is put in rehearsal and not a line is changed after that.

Sir Arthur says that he knows not only his own business but his own faults best, and if they haven't been corrected in the constant straining and restraining

Channing Pollock Going Through His Mail

Totem-Pole Girls in "Rose-Marie"

processes his plays are put through, then they never can be. Changing lines at rehearsals is adapting the author's character to the personality of the actor, he feels, and next time the play is done there will doubtless be quite a different actor and the part will become so much deadwood. Luckily for Sir Arthur, there has always been a next time, and his plays have graced library shelves as well as the boards of the theater for more than thirty years.

Channing Pollock, whose great success The Fool has left few hamlets in this country unvisited during the past several years, believes in letting a play stew in its own juice. We asked him the other day how he went about his business of being a playwright—and a nice little business it turned out to be for him. To quote Mr. Pollock directly is an illuminating way of describing how one set of wheels goes round.

"An Englishman once said," said Mr. Pollock, "'The way to get a lawn is to plant grass, and then water and roll it every day for two hundred years.' That almost describes my method of writing a play.

"With me, 'genius is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration.' In the days when I turned out librettos, sometimes a comedian would ask me for a new speech or an extra chorus. Immediately after such a request I retired from active life, and years afterward, when the show had run its course and all its actors were old and feeble, I would return with the line or verse."

Play Ideas

"PLAYS usually are in my mind eight or ten years before they reach the notebook stage. It is only when my fly paper has been thickly spread that the ideas I want adhere to it. All that time, knowing what I shall need, I am observant of that kind of people and things. I read and think with an object in view; and, adopting a new metaphor, when the job is done I have enough parts left over to construct a dozen more cars.

"I began work on The Fool in 1902, and on my new play, The Enemy, in 1897 or '98. My next play, which will be called Mr. Moneypenny, may not be written for another five years. In my notebooks are five or six other plays in various stages of dormancy. I think of them, and when I encounter an idea I know whether I can use it or not, and pigeonhole it with one play or another. When the pigeonhole is crowded and I must write or burst, I write!

"At this stage of the proceedings I make a list of essential scenes—scenes necessary to telling my story—and then arrange and number them. Then I set aside a big envelope for each scene and mark it with a corresponding number. Into each envelope goes every memo that has to do with that scene. While each scene is being written, the contents of that envelope are before me. Afterward unused material may be moved up to another envelope or destroyed.

"When I am satisfied with the order of scenes, and what they bring out—the hardest part of the job and that requiring most skill and the most highly developed instinct—I begin on dialogue, roughing out every speech in pencil, and when I am satisfied with it, putting it upon the typewritten page. Thus I am able to fuss as much as I please with a line, and yet get a general idea of the whole by having a clean typed sheet in front of me. When the first manuscript is finished, I cut every unnecessary syllable, subjecting each to the test: 'With what could I dispense if I were sending this play over the cables at twenty-five cents a word?' Then the manuscript is copied and ready. The actual writing takes about three months of nine-hour days, beginning at eight in the morning and knocking off at five in the afternoon."

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, the English Dramatist

Rol Cooper Megrue, the Author of Many Stage Successes

Jesse Lynch Williams, who won the Pulitzer play prize a couple of years ago, put in two years of sheer and uninterrupted agony on that play before it was ready for production. When he was done, it was a major operation for him if one of his lines had to be cut.

As a rule, playwrights must be at least amenable to Boucicault's axiom: "Plays are not written; they are rewritten"—that simple sentence which seems to writhe in letters of fire over every bare stage during the long hours of rehearsal. If they are too emotional about their plays, they had better write them to be printed, thence to rest in untampered quiet in the sanctuary of bookshelves.

A word here, incidentally, about the place of the printed drama in the theatrical world. Just as there is a distinction in the novel idea and the play idea, so is there a difference in reading and acting plays. Authors, drama leagues, clubs and art theaters are continually flying into passions of rage because the people do not show their appreciation of the really worth while by box-office transactions.

Frosts

ART is dead and producers are mercenary villains—not that it isn't, frequently, and not that they often aren't—they say; but they are not fair in not realizing that ideas, however good, in the form of dialogue do not make a dramatic production.

An idea of beauty, worked out with masterly skill, may be a frost because it is not enough *of* the theater. That sort of play, in book covers, in the secrecy of one's own library, may be a brilliant success

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A Scene From "The Student Prince"

COLLEGE DAZE

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

The Next Thing I Remembered Is Howdy and Jump Yelling, "Beat it!" the Girls Screaming, and the Judge on the Floor Fighting Off Kiddy and Directorum, Who Were Trying to Fasten Onto His Pants

YOU will probably be surprised, Mr. Waghorne, to hear from me at this point; but I am going to explain everything to you as president of Kelliher University, including why I must ask you to address your reply to George Rogers, Pearl City House, Pearl City, Wisconsin, instead of to my former name and address of Leroy Squinch Lucas, Belver College, Belver, this being the name and address given by me to your gentlemanly representative, Mr. Wayburn.

And I would not feel I was doing the right thing by you, President Waghorne, if I did not inclose you the full and complete reasons of why I am now hiding in this distant state and city; so that is why I am going to explain everything, and, President Waghorne, you will probably be surprised.

It was a little over two weeks ago, the morning after our basket-ball game with Linnaman College, that, leaving Convocation Hall, I had the following conversation with Howdy Hagen:

"Hello, Squinch," he said.

"Hello, Howdy," I replied as usual.

"Got a comb? I left mine at home."

"Here is one, Howdy."

"Have a hellhound, Squinch."

"I am not smoking, Howdy, being as I am in training."

"Oh, one never killed the cat that laid the golden eggs."

"Well, I will smoke one, but no more."

"Squinch, listen to this:

"She busted the table across his head
And called the neighbors and then she said,
'He was my man, but he treated me wrong.

"'A runaway marriage was what we had,
But it's turned out most peculiar bad.
He was my man, but he treated me wrong.'

"Jump Carter was over at the house last night with his guitar, and I made up about fifty, some of them even better than those."

Well, President Waghorne, you probably know just how interesting it is to listen to a college student go on and recite all the different verses he has made up to the tune, "He was my man, but he treated me wrong." And it is worse when the party is on the style of Howdy Hagen, having a nervous temperament, and the longer he goes on the more excited he gets and the less you can tell what he is going to do next. At the same time, what worried me most was not so much this fact as another. By the way Howdy had started the conversation I knew he was going to wind up by asking me to do the right thing in some matter. And a minute later I saw that such was indeed the case.

"Let me put a question to you, Squinch—Have you dated up any of the dames for the Freshman Hop?"

"I am not going to the Freshman Hop, Howdy."

"Oh, I guess you want to do the right thing by the old college. It would not look right if old Squinch Lucas, Belver's star athlete, was not among those present. Besides, there is a dame in the class who is beany about you."

"That is too bad, Howdy," I said in a firm voice, "because I am not beany about any dame whatsoever, and I have no intention of going to that Freshman Hop."

Our conversation ended here, but I went on home with a weak feeling in the knees, not only because I had a suspicion of who this dame was, but also because I had learned by experience that if Howdy had made up his mind as to what he wanted me to do I would have the greatest difficulty in not doing same.

It was in the middle of the next algebra class that I received a small three-cornered note reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. Lucas: I was at the game two nights ago and it was simply thrilling the way you made baskets. I have never been so thrilled in my whole life except last fall when you made the winning touchdown against Carewe College. If you knew how much pleasure it gives me to say this, in spite of the fact that we have never been formally introduced, you would excuse me for the very great liberty I have taken in writing this note.

"Sincerely, LILY LEGONIAN."

As I regarded the name signed I saw with increased weak feelings at my knees that I had been right.

I did not look around at Miss Legonian—a town girl—at the time, and, in fact, tried to leave the classroom without speaking to her. But, as she was nearer the door, she left first and, standing outside in the corridor, dropped her algebra just as I passed. At first I hoped somebody else would pick it up, but, nobody making a move, I had to do it myself.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lucas," she said.

"Please do not mention it."

"No, I must thank you, Mr. Lucas. So many boys today do not care whether they aid a girl or not, so it is a pleasure to meet a real gentleman who is a celebrated athlete into the bargain."

"Oh, that is all right."

"No, Mr. Lucas—oh, I almost said Squinch!—I must tell you what I sincerely think, because that is the kind of a girl I am, and I hope you will pardon me for writing that note; but if you knew how much I wished to express to you my sincere sentiments I know you would excuse me."

Then when I did not say anything she went on in a bright way:

"Did you ever see my dear little dog, Kiddy? You would love Kiddy. He broke his leg two years ago, but hardly anybody would notice it now."

The conversation now ended, because the classes were going back to Convocation Hall and I went with them, feeling that at last I knew the worst. During the rest of the day I kept away from Howdy, hoping against hope, but at six P.M. he caught me coming out of baseball practice.

"Hello, Squinch."

"Hello, Howdy."

"I have fixed everything up for you, Squinch."

"What have you fixed up, Howdy?"

"Have a hellhound, Squinch."

"I am not smoking, Howdy, being as I am in training."

"One never hurt anybody; besides, this is a new brand; you will like it."

"Well, I will smoke one and no more."

So I took the cigarette and smoked about half of same. Then I remarked with a sick feeling, "What have you fixed up, Howdy?"

"I have fixed it up so that you can take Lily Legonian to the Freshman Hop Friday night."

"I am not going to the Freshman Hop, Howdy."

"Listen, Squinch, this girl is beany about you."

"That is not my fault, Howdy."

"Besides, she is just the dame for you. She may be only a freshman, but she has been in that class for the last three years. She is practically twenty-one."

"I am sorry, Howdy," I said firmly, "but I am not going."

"Squinch, let me ask you a question. I know you want to do the right thing by the class. Now what I want to find out from you is do you want to do the right thing by the girl—yes or no?"

President Waghorne, I would have given hundreds of dollars, if I had had same, to be able to reply, "No, I don't want to do the right thing by anybody." But that has always been my weak point. Whenever a party has remarked, "Don't you want to do the right thing by such and such a person?" I have always been troubled by my conscience to such a point that I have been forced to answer yes.

Well, on this occasion I stood Howdy off for about fifteen minutes, because I knew I had no business promising what he requested. But he kept on repeating, "Now, Squinch, don't you want to do the right thing by Lily Legonian—yes or no?"

I knew I was doing the wrong thing, President Waghorne, but after a long struggle I gave in with the response, "Well, Howdy, yes, I want to do the right thing by Lily Legonian. I will take the young lady to the Freshman Hop."

And I guess you can appreciate how I felt, President Waghorne, when I state confidentially that though I am now officially a freshman at Belver College and aged nineteen years old, in reality my profession for the past sixteen years has been being an athlete at various colleges, and thus I am thirty-five years old and I am not interested in any little college girls whatever, and the reason is I am a married man and have been secretly in that state for the last nine years.

II

YOU may blame me for having got married, President Waghorne, but I can simply reply that after a man has been going steady to college for seven or eight years the time comes when he has got to have a place where he can lock the door and be himself.

You get tired of passing day after day yelling:

"Rizzer-racker, fire-cracker!
Siss -boom -ah!
Rah! Rah! College!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

and singing:

"We are going to win tomorrow,
We are going to win tomorrow,
We are going to win tomorrow,
As we go marching on."

And you get tired of listening to professors give moral talks in chapel about lives of great men and not smoking cigarettes. And for all the good done by these moral talks I would remark that I have listened to more than two thousand of same, and where am I today?

And you get tired of taking part in long conversations as to merits of various little college girls, and always having to steal the clapper off the chapel bell, and having your hair combed straight back, and wearing funny hats, and year after year studying algebra. And as for this latter subject, it is not taught as well today as fourteen years back, and I view present educational conditions with alarm.

And that is why when, nine years ago, I met a sensible working girl I took her before a justice of the peace and had him perform the necessary operation; and I do not think any reasonable man can criticize me for doing same, because I was driven to it because I had to have somebody to talk to.

Then, as you have doubtless been informed, last fall directly after we had won the interstate championship I was met by your gentlemanly representative, Mr. Wayburn.

"Well, Lucas," Mr. Wayburn said, "colleges are all right, but everybody these days is getting a university education, and any young fellow who wants to do the right thing by himself and parents has got to fall in line. Kellner needs men like you and you will find President Waghorne much interested in athletics. Personally, as chairman of the alumni athletic board, I can guarantee you will have no trouble about paying your way and putting money in the bank besides. I guess you know what I mean."

I suppose it would have been better if I had come out in a frank manly way and stated to your gentlemanly representative, Mr. Wayburn, all the facts in the case—about how in the past sixteen years I had attended thirteen different colleges in the same number of different localities, changing names according to circumstances, and letting myself be called Ignatius Irish Martin or Willy Dutch Schmidt or Olaf Swede Larson, depending on the state where I was.

And also I might have told him that in all these sixteen years and more various athletic a.'s had been paying me a neat living with the exception of my first year at Wallins H. S., where all I got was my room.

But being embarrassed, all I remarked was, "Yes, Mr. Wayburn, I would like to have a university education with money in the bank besides," and then put his card in my pocket, where it got lost, and that is why I am writing you at present.

Well, President Waghorne, there are the facts in my career, and having related same I will now go on with the story.

That night after the conversation with Howdy I spent some time walking up and down the street trying to work up enough nerve to return home to the flat. When I came in my wife was already there and cooking supper.

"What kept you so late?" was her greeting remark.

"Basket-ball practice," was my reply. "Also I was doing some algebra problems."

"Well," she said in a pointed voice, "stick to basket ball and algebra, because if I ever catch you carrying on with any of those little college girls there will be trouble."

III

I WILL not make the grave charge, President Waghorne, that my wife is jealous, but I will state frankly that she does not like to see me going to parties with little college girls ten years younger than herself. Consequently, when these said little college girls have practically forced me to go to dances with them I have had the world and all of trouble explaining things at home. The result has been that such simple statements as, "I will not be able to come back before twelve P.M. tonight because there is secret practice," or "I am going out with the boys to work a few algebra problems," have always been followed by long and painful discussions.

That is why in the present case I thought it would be better to come out at once and state in a frank manly way, "I am going to the Freshman Hop because I cannot avoid same." And that is what I did.

"All right, Hen," she said, such being my baptized name, "then you can take me along with you."

"I would like to," I said with a forced laugh, "but I think I had better go alone, because if we are there together everybody will conclude that I must be married to you or something. And as I have never heard of anybody in college being married except professors, I think same is probably against rules and I would lose my job."

"Then don't go," she said.

A long controversy followed, and in the end the best I could get out of it was permission until eleven P.M.

"And remember," she said, "if you are not home then I will come and get you."

Nobody Making a Move, I Had to Do It Myself

"Don't do that," I requested, remembering incidents that had happened twice before, once at New Southwestern College and once at Ryeport College.

"You can count on me," she replied with a hollow smile.

From then on, President Waghorne, my life was simply a series of unpleasant conversations. In the first place, in spite of having been told I was going alone, my wife kept jabbing away at me with suspicious insinuations. And in the second, Miss Legonian was always waiting for me in the corridors to ask me what the algebra lesson was or why I didn't call around at the house, because she was crazy to have me see her little dog by the name of Kiddy, and so on. And as often as I stopped to think about the difficulties which would arise on the hop evening at 10:30 P.M. when I would have to be taken suddenly sick, I would get all confused. During the entire week the only decent thing that happened was the morning of the hop, when I pocketed thirty-five dollars, same being part of my share of the official basket-ball pennant concession.

President Waghorne, I am not going to describe that Freshman Hop, because, the same as all educated men, you have probably gone to any number yourself. In my case I can merely say that this one started wrong from the beginning. Miss Legonian insisted on taking her little dog Kiddy along and kept asking me what I thought of this animal, and thus, as you can readily understand, from this time on my conversation was simply a series of falsehoods.

But the worst of all was between dances, when she would say, "Let us get Kiddy from the dressing room and go out on the balcony and look at the stars." And then after she had got me out there she would continue, "I certainly do enjoy dancing with you. I will tell the world you know how to dance. Kiddy wants to kiss you. Why don't you let him?"

And every time I got into the men's dressing room Howdy would pull me over to one side and sing some new verse he had just made up, as follows:

"Squinch loves Lily and Lily loves Squinch.
Hey, Mr. Referee, stop that clinch!
He was my man, but he treated me wrong."

And the longer the evening went on the more lighthearted and excited Howdy got. But in my case the longer it went on the worse I felt, and at 10:30 P.M., when I got to the dressing room for the purpose of being taken suddenly sick, I was not very far from actually being in that said state. As usual, Howdy was there jumping around like a flea.

"Get on your hat and coat, Squinch."

"That is what I am going to do, Howdy. I am feeling a little sick."

"Stop kidding. You and me and Jump and the three girls are going to take a ride in the old bus and then come back for the last few dances."

I objected the best I could, but all I could get from Howdy was, "Don't whimp, Squinch. You know you want to do the right thing, and if you keep on feeling sick we will drop you off where you live and take Lily home. Put on your coat."

When I accepted this offer, President Waghorne, I thought two things. First, that by going in Howdy's auto I would thereby see that Miss Legonian and her dog Kiddy got home all right; and second, that perhaps it would be more logical to be taken suddenly sick in an automobile than in a dressing room. And that is why I finally said, "Yes, all right." But once in the car, what was my surprise to find that, instead of making any efforts to take Miss Legonian to her home or myself to mine, Howdy was turning down Kendall Street and

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Howdy Had Pulled Out His Automatic and Was Pointing Same at the Judge's Stomach as He Sang the Next Verse

SHOOT THE MOON

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

I WAS being wafted along the Ocean Drive by my young friend, Mortie Leonard, supersalesman of the Halcyon Shores Development Company, when I saw what was probably the most amazing combination in a state not noted for congruity. It was a prim white house, New England to the last clapboard, surrounded by a moat and shadowed by a coconut palm. Incredible combination of the medieval, the tropics and Concord, Massachusetts.

"I think all this Florida light has done something to my eyes," I cried to Mortie Leonard. "Do you see something fantastic at our left?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I don't see anything but Miss Griswold's place. Looks just the same as usual to me. Pretty cute and neat, what?"

"I beg your pardon. Is she a friend of yours?"

I observed that even before my outcry Mortie had begun to slow down, and now he came to a full stop where the hibiscus hedge ended and the driveway curved up to the house. He removed his smart panama and ran a tender hand over his sleek hair.

"Yes, Miss Atlanta is a kind of pal of mine. You know, ma'am, she's a wonder, that lady. So kind of innocent, and yet —— Look here, how much would you say that property of hers is worth?"

"Don't ask me! You know, the other day you said to me that something was worth ten and a half and I thought you meant hundreds?"

Mortie grinned engagingly.

"Ma'am, you've said it! We've got so used to big money down here we just take it for granted everyone is thinking thousands. That's the trouble with us; we've become such wise guys. Big money and easy money does something funny to you. It makes you believe everything and nothing, if you get what I mean. F'rinstance, we often urge someone with money burning in his pockets to shoot the moon—take a chance, you know. But we're so wise we only half believe he can hit anything. And when someone brings down a chunk of the moon and a star or two besides, like as not we call it sucker's luck."

"Is that the kind of luck Miss Griswold had?"

"Well, she certainly did shoot the moon once in her life. And look at what she brought down!"

I gazed entranced and fascinated at the results of the unknown lady's marksmanship. The plot was of some acres. It was on a famous scenic drive, it lay between two developments that were advertised on the billboards of twenty states. Two huge new hotels towered in the background, the bay lay in front; on the left was a brand-new country club, all over mauve awnings and Spanish bell towers; at the right was a lagoon, a sort of Grand Canal with pseudo-gondola mooring piles, and with a millionaire's yacht being towed slowly up to the new yacht basin in front of the two hotels. In the midst of all this scenic lavishness stood the New England house, in its neat integrity of glistening white paint and green shutters. The blue moat infolded its lawns and terraces, and mirrored in the moat stood the palm tree.

The coconut palm is of all trees the most willfully absurd. Its long tapering trunk, as smooth as a gray rat's tail, refuses to grow straight up as a proper tree should grow, but takes to itself a languishing curve that gives it an air of flaunting indolence. Something there is about that tree perverted and alien, to eyes accustomed to the self-respect of apple trees, to the dignity of elms, to the whispering delicacy of silver birches.

And yet all her life Atlanta Griswold had longed to possess a palm tree. Had she seen some such tree in a school geography when she was a child, when she sat conscious of chilblains and hearing the sleet on the window? Or had her mother poured the longing into her veins with the milk from her breast?

Atlanta's mother had come from Salem. Atlanta's grandfather had been a sea captain spending most of his days in outlandish ports, coming home only to beget another child and to leave on the mantel strange ornaments of ivory and jade and on the wall pictures of palm-shaded temples. There had been a certain mulberry teapot which Atlanta's mother brought with her to Vermont when she was married. When she was a child, Atlanta loved to look at this teapot, especially when the snow had come and made the Griswold family prisoners on their bleak farm.

In the Evenings, When Mortie Leonard and Atlanta's Niece, Marcia, Strolled Over the Bridge, the Mulberry Teapot Had, in a Manner of Speaking, Come True. Even to the Palm Tree

The teapot had a tree on it which Atlanta called a palm, though it was probably a West Indian ailanthus, and a humped-up bridge over which two lovers were fleeing toward a tropical forest.

Years later Atlanta was to describe from memory this bridge, and an architect was to build it for her over the moat. In the evenings, when Mortie Leonard and Atlanta's niece, Marcia, strolled over the bridge, the mulberry teapot had, in a manner of speaking, come true, even to the palm tree.

"Come on in and meet Miss Atlanta," urged Mortie Leonard.

I had seen a slender girl come out of the house with a watering pot in her hand, and I accused Mortie of being not wholly disinterested in his invitation. But I allowed him to turn the car into the driveway; I was curious to see if the place was as wildly incongruous within as from the outside. We had not proceeded a car's length up the drive before my amusement turned to something like envy. For it was plain that here was the snug harbor of a contentment so innocently happy that it breathed from each polished shell bordering the little paths, from the doorway of the house, from the sparkling windowpanes and the velvet lawn—even from the languishing and alien condescension of that coconut palm.

When I had been duly introduced to Marcia Griswold, I apologized for my intrusion, and she smiled.

"Oh, auntie will love to see you. One of the things she likes about this place is that people can drop in so easily. The other day a car with a Vermont license broke down in front of our gate and she went right out and invited the people to supper. You see, until we came down here, she had lived all her life on a farm so far from the highroad that she had to go up to the attic to see anyone passing. This is quite different, isn't it?"

Different! Beyond the flaming beauty of the hibiscus hedge the masts of the millionaire's yacht could be seen moving up the Grand Canal. From the doorstep could be seen all the world passing by, on the highway, on the silver-stippled sapphire of the bay. Now and then a breeze brought to us a faint tinkle from the teatime music in one of the great hotels. Different!

Atlanta Griswold had been born and spent nearly fifty years of her life on a New England farm, at the bottom of a valley so dark and chill that summer was shorter there and winter longer than elsewhere. The snow drifted so deeply in the branch road to the farm that from Thanksgiving to the middle of April few teams attempted it. Often for weeks at a time the farm was a frozen prison.

By the time Atlanta, the youngest of four, was sixteen, Martha had married and left the farm, Lily had gone to live with Martha, and Joshua was founding a family of his own in the village. It was taken for granted Atlanta should stay at home and take care of the old folks.

Atlanta accepted her destiny patiently. She had one consolation in her mother, whom she adored; and the two of them, like two castaways on a lonely island, made for each other what color and life they could. On Sunday afternoons, when the work of the house and the farm was done and Eben Griswold slept heavily on the sitting-room lounge, Atlanta and her mother would walk up the hill behind the house and watch the smoke rising from the chimneys of the four houses and the store at Parson's Crossing. They could not see Poultneyville, where Martha and Lily and Joshua lived, for it was six miles away around the shoulder of another hill.

Sometimes when the weather was exactly right, Martha and Lily or Joshua would drive up to the farm. Often on these occasions Atlanta and her mother would steal a glance of patient endurance at each other. For Martha and Lily and Joshua were like their father, divided into three parts. They were domineering, selfish, and on Joshua's part unbearably pious. They meant well, but they were constitutional naggers.

These uncomfortable traits came out in them in full force later, when, after her mother's death, Atlanta had committed the astounding crime of going through, as they put it, her grandfather's legacy.

This legacy was in all a matter of some eleven hundred dollars, to be divided equally among the four grandchildren. At that time and in that locality it was a sum to sit up nights thinking about. Long before their grandfather had drawn his last breath, Joshua, Martha and Lily had decided what they were going to do with their shares. Martha meant to salt hers away until her son was old enough to go into business; Lily, who had married not so much a husband as a house, intended to paper and paint throughout; Joshua knew exactly how he could well apply his two hundred and fifty dollars to his business.

In his secret mind he meant to have more than that. He owned a cheese factory, from which he was wringing slowly but surely the foundation of a small fortune, and he could use some more money nicely. He was a trifle dubious about his ability to persuade Lily to invest her inheritance

in the cheese factory, but he was so certain of Atlanta's share that he had already spent it on paper.

The day the final details of their grandfather's affairs were settled, and the money actually put into the waiting hands of the grandchildren, Joshua broached the subject of Atlanta's share with his usual calm assumption that being a man and being right he had merely to put his wishes into words.

Atlanta received in silence his kindly offer to shoulder the trouble of investing her share. They had gathered at Martha's after the funeral. The four sat alone about the base-burner in Martha's dining room. Atlanta wore a black cloak which had been her mother's, greenish at the seams and clumsy over her meek, slender shoulders. They all looked at her with a sort of pecking expression, as if she were not really one of them—the way fowls look at a strange bird that alights to eat out of their dish.

There must have been about Atlanta at that time—she was a little under thirty—some slight resemblance to a dove.

She was small, smooth-haired and timid in her quick, deprecating gestures. And about the gray iris of her clear bright eyes there was a ring of black which gave them sometimes the oddest expression of wildness. That expression was in them now as she looked steadily at the glowing isinglass of the stove

"Thank you, Joshua," she said faintly; "but I haven't made up my mind what I shall do with my money."

With that the wind of their words blew about her. At first a mild, incredulous squall, then rising to a gale. She didn't mean to keep her money with her in the farmhouse, did she? Yes. But it could be stolen. She might be murdered in her bed. Worse still, she might hide it and forget the hiding place. Or she might be persuaded by some unscrupulous person to invest it, and lose it entirely.

Amidst all the uproar, she said nothing. She grew a little smaller inside the old cloak; once the corner of her mouth twitched, and they did not know whether she was going to cry or smile; but when she left them she carried the money, every cent of it, in her old wallet, buttoned into the tight basque of her dress.

They kept at her at intervals for weeks. Then she affronted them all by going on a visit to an old school friend, a girl named Jenny Rand, who had become a school-teacher in Boston. Martha and Lily and Joshua were thrown into a state of frantic concern—not for the safety of Atlanta, who had never been in a city before, but because, as they told one another, they knew she would squander that money.

"All that money!" they said. "She never stops to think that when father dies and the farm is sold she will have to make her home with us. And then a little nest egg like that would come in very handy for her clothes and all. Her keep will cost quite a lot, with sugar and flour so high, to say nothing of her clothes. We can't expect the farm to bring much, run down as it is and four miles from a decent road. And, of course, 'Lanta won't be able to earn anything. She will just be costing us money all the time. And now she goes and squanders grandfather's legacy on a trip to Boston!"

The thought of anyone, even their own sister, squandering money was more than they could bear. Each one of the three was prosperous enough, judged by the standards of their community; but the effect of their meager early life was always with them.

To part with money was painful in the extreme, and to waste it was an unforgivable sin. It outraged all their instincts.

Therefore, when Atlanta returned from her visit they went up to the farm at once. They were united in one idea—to find out how much of her inheritance Atlanta had left.

She appeared astonishingly refreshed by her vacation from them and from the farm. She moved about the kitchen preparing dinner with her quick lightness. She chirped on about the wonders of Boston and about her friend Jenny, who seemed to Atlanta to lead a most interesting life, though she was a lone spinster living in a boarding house.

Joshua could not wait until dinner was over. He began tactfully leading up to the subject of Atlanta's money by speaking of the need of more vats in his cheese factory. The business was expanding. He looked at Atlanta benignly. He might be prepared, he said, to pay 2 or maybe even 3 per cent, if Atlanta wanted to invest. He had not mentioned the matter of interest before.

Joshua's father suddenly laughed. Laughter from him was so unusual that the sound was necessarily rusty and not particularly mirthful.

"You can save your wind, Joshua. Atlanta ain't got any money to invest."

"You don't mean to tell me you've spent all that money!" Joshua exclaimed, turning upon Atlanta.

Atlanta, shrinking behind the remains of the large platter of chicken and biscuits and gravy she had prepared for this family reunion, looked for a moment as if she were turned to stone from terror, then slowly she nodded her head.

Joshua and Martha and Lily all broke out at once, while their father kept right on eating, with a sour smile. But how could she have spent two hundred and seventy-five dollars, they demanded, in a two weeks' visit? How had she spent it? What had she to show for it? Or perhaps she was just lying to them and she had it tucked away somewhere, just to be spiteful

"No," whispered Atlanta, looking down at the chicken wing on her plate, "I spent it—all."

"I never heard of anything so perfectly wicked!" cried Martha, her face crimsoning. "When you have a nephew who may want to go to college! Tell me at once, 'Lanta Griswold, how you spent that money!"

There was a deep silence in the room. All the little objects at which she and her mother had tried to warm their spirits—the colored print of a clipper ship, the ruffle of Turkey red along the mantel, the gilt paper cornucopia full of spills, the mulberry teapot—they all looked down at Atlanta in this most harassed moment of her life as if they would breathe courage into her. She lifted her eyes, she looked at the mulberry teapot.

"I spent it," she said in a clear voice, "for something I've always wanted. And you can ask me and ask me, but I shall never tell you—never!"

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Joshua Made a Strangled Sound. His Hands Trembled. "She's Crazy!" He Cried. "She's Always Been Queer"

The Franco-German Economic Entente—By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN you dispassionately analyze the fundamental cause of the unofficial state of war that has existed in Europe since the Armistice, you discover that it has not been so much a question of security on the right and left banks of the Rhine as balances on the right and left sides of the business ledger. The roots of the stupendous struggle that shook the world were partly laid in commercial rivalry, and it is with coördination for big industrial production between the once bitterly embattled peoples that the formula for permanent peace is now being written.

No revelation of the new Europe emerging from doubt, suspicion and hostility is quite so significant as the growing Franco-German economic entente. The agreement to work together in potash—it is nothing more or less than an air-tight world control of this vital product—is functioning, and will be followed by a close accord between the steel masters, who have already practically come to terms. Only the delay in formulating the commercial treaty now being shaped has stood in the way of a final consummation of the deal. It means that a monster Continental steel trust is in the making and it bodes no good for England. Nor shall we escape its consequences. Combines in chemicals and textiles are among the possibilities of further cooperation between France and Germany.

One of the Great French Steel Works of the Wendel Group

PHOTO, BY HENRI MANUEL, PARIS

At Left—Senator Henry Lémery

United They Stand, Divided They Fall

IN THIS miracle, for such it is when appraised in the light of the events of the past ten years, you have concrete evidence of Europe's return to sanity. What is equally important, it implies that the capitalization of economic problems into political issues, the principal obstacle to reconstruction since 1918, is becoming a lost art. Furthermore, it shows that in the end economic necessity is the supreme stabilizer.

The case of the German and French steel interests is one in point. Both are in the dumps. To achieve anything like normalcy, they must work together or suffer greater disaster. This grows out of the fact that the coke essential to French steel production is in the Ruhr, while the ore that the Germans require is embedded in Lorraine. Before the World War both were under German sovereignty. Today they are in different countries, with a tariff wall intervening. Hence any procedure other than coördination will spell ultimate suicide.

Before we go into the specific explanation of what the Franco-German commercial understanding is, it may be well to make a brief survey of the events that formed the approach to it. The three principal postwar problems have been reparations, security and debts. Behind the failure to solve them lay two basic reasons. One was the series of handicaps on economic expansion laid upon defeated Germany. The other was the attitude of France expressed in incessant waving of the bloody shirt. Everybody understood and sympathized with the French fear of German reprisal and felt that she should receive compensation for the ravages of conflict. They also realized that to get this indemnity she must permit Germany to work.

The fundamental trouble lay in the Versailles Treaty, which was uneconomic and therefore unsound, because it was framed by politicians and not by business men. It was a declaration of war rather than an instrument of amity. The time and effort that should have been expended on some honest attempt to bring about harmony and production were devoted to recrimination on the one hand and side-stepping on the other. It became a fifty-fifty proposition, because French intimidation was matched by German evasion of obligation.

In her exasperation France took the drastic step of occupying the Ruhr. This adventure in resistance, as it has been well termed, failed of its primary object, because you cannot dig coal with a bayonet. But the Ruhr invasion did bring about one far-reaching result. It made the Dawes Plan possible. With this historic piece of conciliation, the whole reparations tangle was put on a practical basis. Hence the Dawes Plan set up the first milepost in the journey of Europe toward reconstruction.

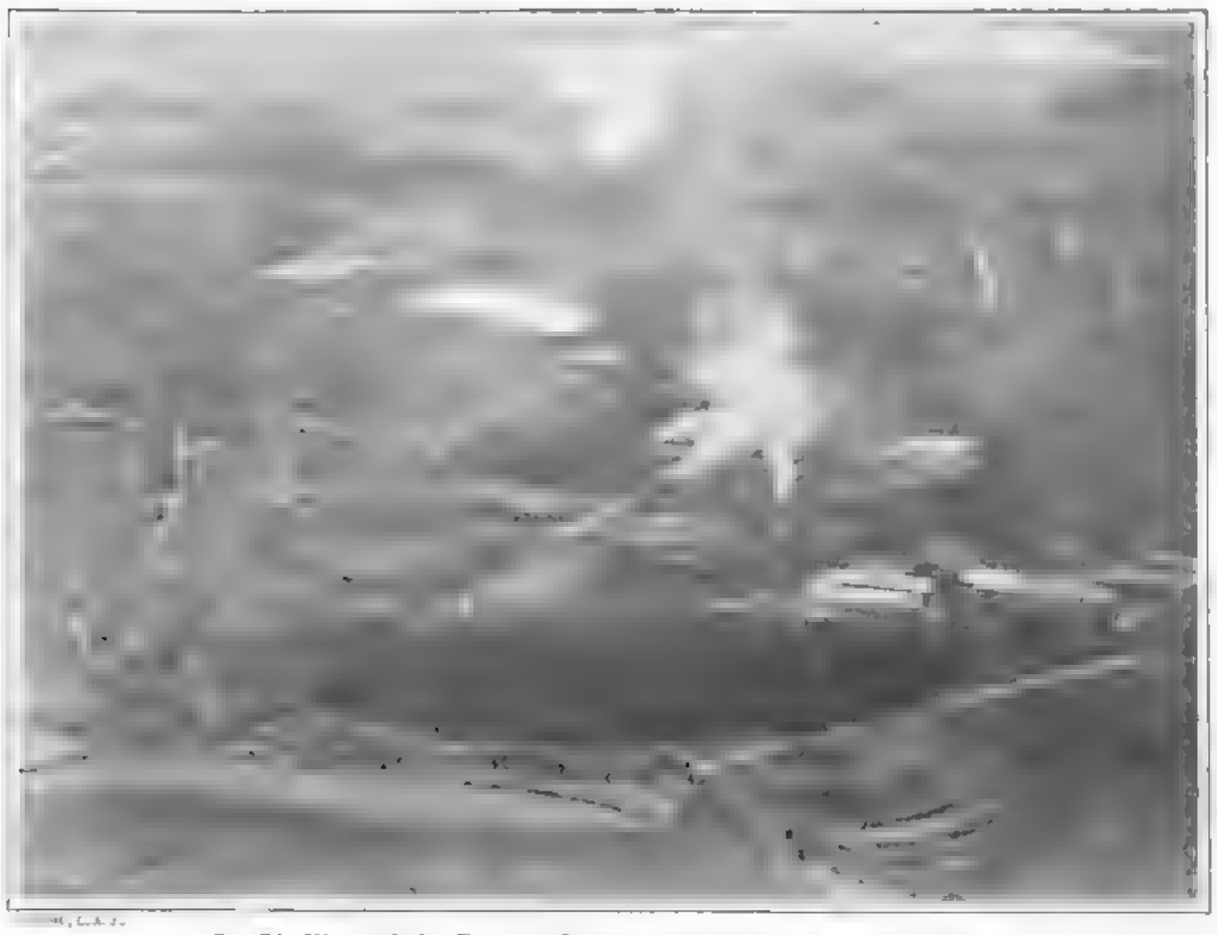
The Need of Mental Disarmament

ECONOMIC stabilization was still frustrated by political complications. The nebulous thing called security obscured reason and befogged advance. It was impossible to arrive at any conclusion, because pride plus politics—they are an unholy alliance—always intervened. Everywhere was need of mental disarmament. Slowly concession developed. One of the first symptoms was the evacuation of the Ruhr, a big step forward. This was followed by the British decision to clear out of Cologne. Then came the Locarno Pact, which did for the larger political aspect precisely what the Dawes Plan achieved for reparations. The second milepost on the highway to normalcy was reared.

There remained the interallied debts. Happily they caught the spirit of give and take which marked the two preceding operations for accord. England set a precedent, and, as most people know, Italy and Belgium have also made satisfactory arrangements for funding their obligations. Inevitably France will come into the fold. With the debt atmosphere cleared, the third agency for order will assert itself.

I have dwelt upon these three eras of progress, first, because they have brought about the state of mind and action which lift Europe out of the Armistice period and bring her into the era of real peace. The war wounds are healing. The second reason is that the steps toward peace that have been outlined were the prelude to the Franco-German economic entente now to be disclosed.

In a German Potash Mine



An Air View of the Famous Creusot Works, the Krupps of France

This article, however, must fall into two sections. One will deal with the increasing community of commercial interest between the French and the Germans, the other with a still stronger cohesive movement in Germany. Not since that heyday of American consolidation in the late 90's, when New Jersey was literally the mother of trusts, has the business of merging had such an impetus as of late in the republic over which Von Hindenburg rules, where the trustification movement is in full swing.

Although the French and German steel makers began to get together almost immediately after the Peace Conference, the potash interests have been the first to score. In this all-important product you have the pioneer evidence of an economic entente between the two nations whose traditional hatred was responsible for the World War. As such, it is epochal.

But there is still another reason of peculiar importance to us. Anything that concerns potash is of interest to us because we are among the largest consumers. Our imports of potash in various forms aggregate more than $10,000,000 each year. The potash combine therefore touches the remotest Yankee home.

The Interior of the Krupp Motortruck Warehouse

Before the World War Germany had a practical monopoly of potash. Her deposits were located in Germany proper—that is, in various German states as they were prior to the Franco-Prussian War, and in Alsace, which was one of the prizes of that struggle. In consequence there developed in the old empire the Kali Syndikat, which means Potash Syndicate. It expressed the highest form of the German combine. I might add that the Potash Syndicate was one of the former Kaiser's particular business pets, and it was generally believed that he shared in its profits. In fact, it rivaled the German steamship lines for a place in his regard.

Postwar Competition In the Potash Market

UNDER the German law creating the Potash Syndicate, both prices and production were fixed by a Potash Council. Until 1914 this council was the arbiter of the potash domain, because practically all the world's natural potash deposits were under its control. It bore the same relation to potash that the Nitrate Producers' Association of Chile still bears to nitrates.

Through the Versailles Treaty, Germany lost both Alsace and Lorraine, which meant that potash control became divided. At once complications developed. Under the old order most of the Alsace output was routed down the Rhine. This was a minor trouble, because the German monopoly was now smashed. For the first time competition arose.

The French product began to invade the American market under a reduced price, and there was alarm in the German end of the business. Between 1919 and 1923 the French exportation of the basic potash content to us rose from 26,700 tons to 72,000 tons. During this same interval there was a considerable slump in the German market and many shafts had to be closed down.

The German end of the industry labored under handicaps that were unknown prior to the World War. In the good old days when it enjoyed imperial favor there were many privileges and prerogatives, including easy taxation and freight rebate. Now all this was changed. Freight rates in the Reich were higher and the tax burdens under the Dawes Plan pinched profits. Moreover, French potash was getting government aid because the republic was eager to encourage an infant industry.

Various natural advantages, however, rested with German potash. Potassium sulphate can be manufactured at German works without the use of sulphuric acid, while in Alsace it must go through a sulphuric-acid process. In Alsace the deposits are clogged with clay, which requires more labor for extraction. The Alsatian mines have to be timbered, while the German deposits rest in rock. Coal from the Saar is used in Alsace, while the German mines can use the cheap lignite produced in the neighborhood. Again, the freight haul from Alsace to the seaboard is greater than from the German works to the North Sea ports. What operated against profit in both wings of the industry was that each was duplicating the other's efforts and engaging in long hauls, when, through coöperation, the world could be easily divided up between them.

As early as 1923 the Germans made overtures to the French for some arrangement to work together. It was not a peculiarly happy time for Franco-German harmony, because the French had gone into the Ruhr, but that eternal leveler which is necessity operated to bring them together, and a preliminary conference was held on neutral soil at Basel, in Switzerland.

Subdividing the World on a New Basis

THE reason why the potash interests could confer was that in both countries they are highly coördinated, which is not true of industry generally in England. This meant that a few men, representing all interests, could sit around the table. In Germany the potash mines are still organized under the Potash Syndicate, while in France the Société Commerciale des Potasses d'Alsace runs the Alsatian show. A very small group of mines owned by the French before the war is embraced in the Kali St. Therese. The real force of the industry, however, is represented in the Société Commerciale.

It was not until August, 1924, that the first working agreement was reached at Basel. Three previous conferences had gone on the rocks because Germany had been willing to offer France only a 15 per cent share in the market. By the terms of the final understanding the United States market was divided up so that the German share was 63 per cent and the French 37 per cent. This arrangement was made on the basis of business done in 1923. Thus the prewar potash monopoly was restored so far as we were concerned.

The 1924 convention was merely preliminary to the larger pact now in force. On May seventh last representatives of the Potash Syndicate and the Société Commerciale met in Paris, and under the auspices of the French Government made a new agreement, which is to run until May, 1926, when it is to be made permanent. Under it the world is subdivided on a new basis. Though the American quotas agreed on at Basel remain practically the same, the rest of the world is put on a 70-30 basis, Germany getting the major end of the business.

The pact does much more than allocate markets. It also eliminates geographical duplication except in the United States. France will serve those countries which are most accessible

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An Air View of the Great Krupp Plant at Essen

SPLENDOR AND GLORY

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"She Was Telling Mr. Samson That She Would Attend to Something, Not to Disturb Claudia"

"YOU'RE a couple of - of loathsome cowards," Stukely said, "and I'll never forgive you! You go off an' leave this ghastly female on our hands! I don't think it's Christian, or ladylike, mother, or any of those things. I think it's poisonous. I think it's reptilian!"

Norah Fancher bent her head under its furred little hat and kissed her son on his nose, telling the annoyed baby, "Don't be scared, bunny rabbit. It's just Uncle Stukely being literary. Was he sleepy? Did he want to bite everybody? Does the nasty light get in his eyes? Did he ——"

"Don't," said her brother, ripping at his collar with a thumb, "make a public ass of yourself, Norah! Of course he's in a bad temper! You take a baby out in a snowstorm, after dark, and show him a railroad station an' expect him to like it! And I hope it's a blizzard when you get to Hot Springs and that Uncle George has forgotten to get rooms for you at the hotel and that nobody looks at your new clothes!"

Mrs. Kent gently produced a sighing scream of protest that mingled with the train's whistle, approaching through lazy snow. She said, "Stuke dear, I'm not running away from Cousin Claudia. We promised George that we'd come this week and—and we're going, and I don't think this weather's good for Junior. And certainly Claudia won't stay for more than Sunday when she knows she isn't convenient. But we're not running away, dear."

"Mother," said Norah, "don't tell such perfectly abominable lies. Of course we're running away from the old hag!"

"Norah!"

"We are," Norah said placidly, altering Junior's position so that he glared over her shoulder instead of at its burden of furs and olive cloth. "I never could stand Cousin Claudia. It used to make me bilious just to see her come into St. Philip's when dad was rector. She's a terrible person and her skirts always ride up in front. It's indecent of her to plant herself on us. Her books are trash and she hasn't the intelligence of a moribund muskrat. A woman who'd name a book The Coast of Sin ought to be lynched, anyhow! . . . Yes, precious rabbit, we're going to get on the train, and you can bite the conductor if you're good. Kiss Uncle Stuke. Don't then, you little fiend! . . . Stuke, do see that Joe rubs some more salve on his chest tonight. Of course it's no good inviting you to try to make him wear woolen underthings. He'd much rather die. But do make him take his awful medicine. And don't let him tease Cousin Claudia too much. She might die and leave us out of her will."

Mrs. Kent moaned "Norah!" fluttering in her wraps; and an attentive group of young men, waiting to look at the night train to New York, shifted their blurred faces above collars of Mackinaws and sheepskin jackets. But the train checked Norah's free meditation, sliding up with its windows as mysterious as eyes of a veiled woman, and Stukely involved himself frantically in the business of getting his mother, Norah, Norah's luggage, Norah's baby's nursemaid and the baby up the snowy steps of the car. He dropped his nose sheepishly somewhere on his nephew's face and was smitten in the right eye for his sentiment, wrenched an ankle on the step and stood in a flurry of orders from his sister as the train creaked off. He was to see that Joe gargled his throat, and to kill Cousin Claudia's maid, and to see that Joe —— Her last wish trailed incoherently from the snow that descended past raw lamps of the little platform and lighted the committee of youths who met trains on behalf of Gossetville, New York. These watchers now gave Stukely their complete attention, while a snowflake expertly found the crevice in his evening shirt and trickled delicately down his bare chest underneath the linen. Stukely said "Hell!" and at this sign of humanity the young committee forgot his dinner jacket and the staggering fur coat that Uncle George had sent for his twenty-first birthday; five villagers advanced upon him and three of them said at the same minute, "Hey, Stuke, you're in the paper!"

"I? Us?"

"Yeh," said the son of the town's best garage; "here, in this column. See? There!"

Stukely crowded himself under the nearest bulb and wished that the ancient custom of wearing masks in public had persisted. He would certainly blush if the New York papers had found something about Cousin Claudia. Yes, there it was! He began to blush, reading:

"The town of Gossetville yesterday was the scene of unusual excitement. Mrs. Claudia Wasson, author of The Coast of Sin and other novels, is visiting her relative, Dr. Gavin Kent, the former rector of St. Philip's Church, whose country estate is just outside the village. Among Mrs. Wasson's baggage appeared a small camel, reported to be of tender years, which managed to escape at the station, and it occupied the waiting room for some moments before it was lured out by Stukely Kent, the well-known clergyman's son. The animal was adopted at Los Angeles by Mrs. Wasson, who became attached to it while it was performing in the film version of her novel, Passion House. Mrs. Wasson is the widow of Charles Benjamin Wasson, the railroad manipulator, who died in 1920, and before marriage was Claudia Kent, daughter of the Rev. Archibald Kent, the well-known reformer."

Stukely turned up the collar of his coat and said over the barrier of gray fur, "Thanks—well—thanks." His blush was making his ears tingle. He murmured, "It's a rotten night and—an' it looks like more snow," and stalked off to his family's car.

"Hey, don't you want to take the paper home?"

"Oh, no, thanks," said Stukely, and shut himself in the driving seat. The car sullenly refused to start, and he dreaded having that paper offered to him again while he kicked and chewed a lip until the chilled engine stirred and it was possible to get swiftly up the street, past windows of happy homes in which publicity was unknown. This was nearly as bad as his sister's marriage notices: Daughter of Eminent Divine Weds Marine, and Norah Kent Marries Marine Sergeant at City Hall. But that was suffering for your own family. This camel was nothing but a second cousin's pet, and what a second cousin! And Joe Fancher's suggestion about a likeness between Cousin Claudia and the camel kept coming up in Stukely's heated mind whenever Mrs. Wasson nodded her long neck; and then her maid, or whatever Miss Cadigan was!

The lights of Gossetville bobbed past and the slushy road took his attention for five minutes from Mrs. Wasson, so suddenly embedded in his father's house, with trunks stacked in the hallway, and Junior fairly turned out of his white nursery so that Miss Cadigan could have a room to herself. His indignation heated Stukely's ankles. About half New York reading that Stukely Kent had chased a camel with a silver bell on its neck around a railroad station!

And then a drifting pity for the camel wavered up in his being. The camel simply wasn't enjoying its transfer from Los Angeles at all, and it might miss its friends out there, and the pleasant sports of supporting Bedouins in films, and all the little luxuries of residence in advertised sunlight. They had palms in Southern California, and it might miss palms; and Joe Fancher, even, didn't understand camels, although he had helped to water a circus that played in Eutropius, Missouri, when his Presbyterian father preached there. No, the camel was a perfectly innocent agent in yesterday's scandal. It had only wanted to stretch its buff legs, and it had gone into the waiting room of the station because it was cold outdoors. Indeed, for a camel, it had behaved very well.

He somehow found himself liking the camel a good deal, and whirled the car under dim white gates of the barnyard with an intention of glancing into the new barn and seeing how the stranger was bearing up. But his rising amiability collapsed; innumerable shadows jammed in the doorway of the fresh barn, and when he came out of the garage again the mob had increased. Dull glows of pipes and cigarettes flecked the groups. There was an insistent gabble of adolescent voices, and several cars were large shadows in the aimless maze of wet snowflakes. The camel had callers. In an electric second, Stukely began to hate the camel heartily: the whole county, with strays from Poughkeepsie and Carmelsville, would be killing time here until Mrs. Wasson took her absurd pet away!

"Oh, Mr. Kent," a thin-wrapped woman gasped beside him, close to the pump's austere shape, "I was wonderin' if Mrs. Wasson'd write her name in this. It's Passion House. I like that lots better than The Coast of Sin."

"Do you?"

He felt the failure of his answer at once. Probably his voice wasn't built for sarcasm, for the woman said quickly, "Oh, lots! I don't like stories about Amurrica anyhow. I think novels about Europe are more kind of cultivated, and I always did want to go to the Riv'era and see Nice."

This was a dried clerk from the village furniture shop, he saw, and wondered suddenly if it was all the gaunt women in all the villages from here to Seattle that made up the five hundred thousand buyers of Passion House and the three hundred thousand who had already purchased The Coast of Sin.

"I think Cousin Claudia's gone to bed, Miss Magruder."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of intrudin'," the old maid panted. "But if I could bring my copy up tomorrow —— Thank you an awful lot."

Stukely nodded awkwardly, and then was startled by the superb boom of the Rev. Gavin Kent's voice inside the barn's hollow size. The clear, ecclesiastical barytone rang through some inches of timber with the nicety of a trip hammer, ticking off words: "Will all you lads have the goodness to go home and let this long-suffering animal go to sleep? Alphenius, Joe told you to lock up an hour ago. The camel's only a few months old and it needs sleep. Good night, and tell your friends that this is not a zoological garden." A leakage of boys commenced swiftly from the lighted door of the barn, and virgins giggled. Stukely shoved his way against the press and came upon the hired chore boy, Alphenius Puddy, backed into a corner of the long barn below a naked bulb, with Doctor Kent's right index finger vibrating close to his nose.

"You were distinctly told to lock up, Alphenius. I heard Joe tell you. I'm really ashamed of you, my boy. Just because a camel has nine stomachs, it isn't inexhaustibly fond of society."

"No, sir," said Alphenius, blinking up at the black tower of the old clergyman's height; "only but Mis' Wasson's hired girl says mebbe they'll take it away Monday. 'N' all these guys wanted to see Achithophel, an' ——"

"I beg your pardon? Achithophel?"

"It's what Mr. Joe says his name is," Alphenius argued; and added, informatively, "It's in the Old Testament."

"I know. Ahithophel is the preferred pronunciation, Alphenius. Very well then, I strictly forbid you to show Ahithophel off any more tonight. Lock up and run home, sonny. . . . Oh—ah—did you say that Miss Cadigan said that they might leave Monday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you," the beautiful old man intoned, as though a bishop had flattered him. "Good night, Alphenius."

Alphenius gracefully departed, bearing with him a jingling sound and a torn wedge of wrapping paper that carried in red ink the statement: "IT COSSTS FIVE CENTS A LOOK." Bits of this placard still clung to the wall of a low box stall. Some of the morning had been spent in ripping down the new wood of the inclosure because Cousin Claudia's pet needed light, and now the suddenly christened Ahithophel was staring over the barrier at the electric bulbs while his lower lip quivered and the silver bell hung to his neck vibrated in a doleful little rhythm. Doctor Kent stood gazing with his useless eyes at this guest, and finally said, "You poor beast!"

"I was just thinkin' that, daddy."

"Stuke? I heard the sounds of revelry by night and came down without my glasses. But I can see that Ahithophel isn't happy. And while I've never approved excesses of sentiment about animals," he beautifully pronounced, "I must say that Claudia shouldn't have brought the wretched creature East in such weather. Is it true that Claudia's face has been -ah —lifted, as the beauty specialists call it, or is Joe just teasing me?"

"Well, it's not so wrinkly as it used to be, pop. Of course, she's painted so heavily that it's hard to tell. I think bein' a widow has gone to her head. Her clothes ——"

"My dear boy," the Rev. Gavin Kent intoned, "you didn't know Wasson. He was one of those extraordinary survivals of the Jehovah husband, as some clever woman called them in the 80's. He thought his wife shouldn't be seen or heard or gazed upon by men. Of course there was never much temptation to gaze long at poor Claudia. Well, she graduated from her father's keeping—the old egotist wouldn't let his wife and daughter wear low dinner dresses into Wasson's glacial atmosphere. From a reformer's household to the keeping of a wealthy miser —— I'm not at all surprised that she's blossomed out in all the apparatus of the moment. She never had a chance to in the old days. A belated flowering, poor woman, and just in time to make herself utterly absurd. . . . A camel! Good heavens! I'm sure that I hope Uncle Archibald can see her from another sphere."

Stukely said, "I never heard you talk about Uncle Archibald, sir."

"Uncle Archibald," the slim clergyman intoned, "was an awful thing. He had a remorseless desire to make everybody virtuous. His family spent its time spraying his throat with emollients after he had shouted at audiences -er -raised hell through the floor, as Joe says. He understood nothing whatever about Christianity, but the chance of screaming threats at numbers of people was too much for him. He was one of those psychological cases that tend to bring the clergyman into disrepute. He was extremely ugly."

"I can remember bein' scared of him when I was a kid," Stukely nodded.

"Precisely. I assume that his dreadful exterior made him socially unattractive. He turned wolf in the name of morality and went about suppressing things. He was an insupportable nuisance! I can remember dear old Bishop Fortescue asking him, 'Well, Archie, what sin have you discovered this week?' His egotism was appalling, and he had no more humor than a boiled egg. I must add, of course, that he was very generous. He made a great deal of money lecturing and gave it to societies for suppressing things to the last penny. I honored his consistency," the fine voice boomed, "as I deplored his limitation. Claudia has inherited his technic."

"Huh? She's no reformer, dad!"

"Not consciously, sonny. But she has his technic. Her miserable novels are written on the old, time-worn patent of talking scandal about the rich. After all, nine-tenths of the women who read novels are women in poor or merely middling circumstances. Claudia's delicious pictures of wealthy bounders and their wives throwing champagne bottles at one another in marble swimming pools in Florida are ah meat for the hungry. Pictures of a real-estate agent in a cheap suburb quarreling with his wife after five cocktails of homemade gin wouldn't have half the allurement. Uncle Archibald's lectures on sin were always handsomely attended by women."

"Poor Claudia has picked up enough cheap gossip in her wanderings since Wasson died, and left her about one-third of what she's supposed to have, so that she can turn out The Coast of Sin or Passion House without much mental exertion. She always wanted to write. And now she writes," he mused, rolling a cigarette on his thin silver case, "and great is her fame! . . . Well, Ahithophel, it's too cold to gossip with you any longer. Good night, and sweet dreams of Araby!" The camel's neck poured over the barrier and his lips took the cigarette nimbly from Doctor Kent's thin fingers. The old man stepped back and said amiably, "You know your stomachs better than I do, my dear sir! All that I can hope is that you don't howl for help in the middle of the night. The hired men sleep clear across the road at Puddy's house. You'll have to ask Erasmus to rub your tummy."

Erasmus, the red bull, grumbled in his box stall at the other end of the barn as Stukely turned out the lights. Ahithophel shuffled his heart-shaped feet in his litter and gave out a faint coughing noise.

"Wonder if he's warm enough, daddy."

"We can only hope so. Miss Cadigan thought he would be. Miss Cadigan is rather an oddity for a servant. I suspect her of being some shrewd middle-class English girl who finds it easier to be a lady's maid in the States than to try to be a lady and starve in a London suburb. She types Claudia's manuscript, I gather. Claudia's very generous—one of her nice traits. The girl will probably go home, when Claudia dies, very well off indeed."

"Cousin Claudia'll live to be a hundred, pop."

"Hardly. Joe's more observant than you, old man. He noticed her irregular breathing at once. Her heart's been leaky ever since her child died in 1894. . . . Who's shouting?"

Joe Fancher was wailing in falsetto, tuned down by his cold, and the forlorn "Hy-o-o!" came crooning through snow from the house as Stukely opened the door that faced the frosted garden. He had a frantic hope of some relief, and hurried his father up the flagged walk to the pillared porch urgently. Mrs. Wasson might have decided not to stay over Sunday, or she might have been summoned to New York; but Joe was quite alone in the green living hall, crooning hoarsely to himself while he paced out some incoherent dance step on the stained oak floor beside the fireplace.

"What were you howling about, for the love of ——"

"I was all lonesome, guy. 'N' that limy hen came scuttlin' down outa where Cousin Claudia's gone to an' sorta kinda scared me 'N' then a very rude fella called on the telephone an' I told him Cousin Claudia was stabled for the night, nor would I rouse her out. On which he got all uproarious. Yeh, he used words, babe, that I haven't heard since that war we had in France. I told him to go learn him some manners outa the next swill pail he came by. 'N' he spoke mean to me. I'll tell you what he said, ace, when the rev'rend's in bed. He spoke like Jasper Whibble's Cousin Dan Lacy useda encouragin' his mules mendin' road out in Eutropius, Missouri, when daddy preached there. Uh-huh! Dan Lacy once spoke to a mule that was kinda young so rough that it took colic an' died next mawnin'. . . . Where's the maple sugar, kid?"

"Up in the attic—I mean, what's left of it. You've eaten all there was in the pantry."

"Cold in the head an' maple sugar go together wiv me," Joe murmured, trailing his bright feet around a small stool. "When poppa preached down in Gawgia, grandmamma useda give me sorghum an' lemon juice for colds. Dreadful stuff it was too. . . . Did that worthless wife of mine

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He Would Certainly Blush if the New York Papers Had Found Something About Cousin Claudia. Yes, There It Was!

UNITED WE STAND

They Went Out Into the Country and Talked to Farmers' Wives, Capable and Intelligent Women Famed for Their Cookery

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"WHO makes the best pickles in Westminster?" It was Adam Kidder who put the question to the finance committee of the Westminster Savings Bank.

"What's that got to do with bankin'?" asked Eli Ware.

"Livestock got anything to do with banking?" Adam countered.

"Calc'late so."

"Wheat got anything to do with banking?"

"Consid'able."

"Why?"

"Farm products."

"What are pickles?"

"Why, pickles is a kind of canned fruit," said Eli, "and they appertain to wimmin."

"Farm product, aren't they?" Eli scratched his head.

"Mebby so, but not from a bankin' standpoint."

"Could be, couldn't they?"

"Don't see it."

"Um—if the pickle crop sold for as much as the wheat crop?"

"Pickles," said Eli, "hain't sold. They're et."

"Wouldn't figger punkin pies was a farm product, would ye?" Floyd Streeter asked.

"Nor layer cakes?" added his brother Lloyd.

"I figure," said Adam, "that anything coming from a farm which can be sold for money ought to get consideration from this bank."

"What ye tryin' to git at, Adam?" asked Pliny Butterfield.

"I'm trying to get at financing our farmers. We know how to finance a railroad or a factory or a store, but a farmer always gets the tar end of the stick, and he's most important of all."

"We take mortgages on his farm," said Eli.

"And rotten financing that is."

"You got some far-fetched idee agin," said Eli grumpily.

"I've an idea, but it's not far-fetched. It's mighty close by. It'll be the biggest thing ever happened to this town, and maybe to the county, if I can get it to spread so far."

"Spit it out," said Pliny. "Let's have it."

"It all depends on this bank. The bank's got to finance it and extend credit, the same as you extend credit to the lumber mill."

"Wa-al, what's this here notion?"

"I want to turn the town into a factory," said Adam.

"I knowed it 'ud be crazy," said Eli. He snorted his disgust.

"Into a factory," Adam went on imperturbably, "where every man and woman has a share and where all the profits go to the folks who do the work. Not where the owner gets them and the workers get days' pay."

Eli parted his thin lips wide and emitted a roar.

"Socialism!" he bellowed.

"No," said Adam, "coöperation."

"A skunk smells the same if you call him a tomcat," said Eli.

"But he don't catch so many mice," Adam replied.

Pliny Butterfield was interested.

"What you cal'late to make in this here factory?" he asked

"Pickles," said Adam, and permitted himself a smile. "Pickles and canned tomatoes and jellies and preserves."

"Sounds kind of female," said Pliny.

"The men'll be in it too."

"How?"

"Garden truck and wheat and pigs."

"Ye don't manufacture pigs," said Eli.

"No, but you manufacture the fat on them. And you manufacture garden truck and wheat and potatoes just as much as you manufacture chairs and clothes pins. What's farming but the manufacture of food? Produce comes as the result of labor, don't it? You got to plow and harrow and fertilize and tend and dig and mow and thrash, haven't you? What different do you do in a factory?"

Pliny waggled his head.

"You got a way of speakin'," he said. "Hain't never thought of it jest so."

"Then think of it now," said Adam.

"How would you aim to work it—if we agree?"

"Our factory's built," said Adam. "So we hain't got that cost. The fields are there and the farmhouses are there. All we got to do to start is to get the workers and equip 'em."

"Equip 'em with what?"

"Uniform tools," said Adam.

"Everybody got to hoe with the same size hoe?" demanded Eli.

"No, but everybody's got to can with the same size can, and paste the same label on the front of it. And they've got to have the canning implements."

"My wife got along splendid with mason jars for consid'able many years," said Floyd Streeter.

"Yes, and stewed on the kitchen range. That's all right for home use, but we've got to raise production."

"I don't aim to have no wife of mine peddlin' canned fruit," said Lloyd. "It's to eat. We want to eat it to home."

"To be sure. Can all you want for home use and sell the surplus. That's why every kitchen must be equipped with home-canning apparatus—for quantity production. Make a big factory of the county, a scattered factory. Instead of having five hundred women under one roof making pickles, have five hundred under their own roofs."

"Who'd you sell the stuff to?"

"We'll make a market," said Adam. "The thing works two ways. It gives a source of income people have never had before, and when it succeeds it will increase crops—profitable crops."

"How?"

"Well, there's tomatoes. If our women see they can make money canning tomatoes, why, they'll grow more of them, won't they? Regular farm stuff is not so good on these mountain farms. But specialties will go. I tell you it's time we did something for our farmers."

"I calc'late you'll have to prove it to us," said Pliny, "before you git anything out of us."

"Then I'll prove it," said Adam.

He went out of the meeting, not discouraged, for he knew well the men he had to deal with, but determined. In the store across the road—that fine department store he had created and of which he was one-third owner—he consulted catalogues. Having satisfied himself, he drove to the railroad station and sent a telegram ordering a dozen canning apparatus complete. Then he drove up the hill to Eli Ware's house. It was not to see Eli, nor would he have been welcomed by the old man as a social caller, but to consult with Damaris, Eli's daughter.

"Smarter 'n a steel trap," he had characterized Damaris months ago, and nothing had occurred to change his mind. It was an attribute which made the girl more attractive to one of his peculiar sort than her beauty or her charm or the fact that she was college-eddicated. Though, one may be sure, he did not hold these other things negligible.

Damaris was sitting on the piazza when he came, a trim, modish, desirable figure. Her greeting was self-contained, for she, too, was of Westminster, where hearts are not worn on the sleeve.

"Did they see it?" she asked.

"Don't seem as though," he answered

"Then we'll have to prove it to them," she said firmly.

"Aim to," said Adam. He was sententious when the ordinary man would have desired to exhibit himself to best effect in conversation.

"What's your plan?"

"Who," countered Adam, "are the twelve best cooks among farmers' wives?"

Damaris puckered her eyes and considered. The list she finally gave was one with which Adam could agree.

"Just ordered a dozen kits," said Adam.

"And now you want people to use them?" He nodded. "Let's drive."

They went out into the country and talked to farmers' wives, capable and intelligent women famed for their cookery.

"We're just asking you to try it out," said Adam. "Won't cost you a cent. Nothing lost if it don't work out—you'll still have your canned truck. A man's coming out from the factory to show you how to use the apparatus."

Out of the first six approached, four were willing to make the experiment. Within a few days, by the time the kits arrived, a dozen kitchens were ready to receive them. Women about Westminster are industrious, and a week later Adam found himself in possession of five gross of assorted fruits and vegetables.

"Now we'll see," said he to Damaris, and laying aside his other concerns, he took train to Boston. His first call was upon the buyer for one of the biggest and best-known grocery stores in the city.

"I got something special," he said. "Aim to sell the best, don't you?"

"Yes. We buy only the most select, nothing but the best brands, nothing but the freshest."

"How if you could sell canned things and give a guaranty they were put up by farmers' wives in their own kitchens, and out of their own gardens?"

"Couldn't get enough to bother with."

"If you could?"

"No use talking about the impossible."

"Um—be interested in five gross of such?"

"Possibly for a specialty."

"How if you could get steady delivery?"

"It might be interesting, but it's impossible."

"Maybe so, maybe not. To your advantage if it was?"

"I'm inclined to think so."

"Goes farther 'n you think. Suppose it took in garden truck, selected and in special packages, delivered fresh every day, special trade-marked, and eggs and maple sugar?"

"It's just a dream. It couldn't be managed."

"Um—suppose it could?"

"We'd be a customer."

"Got samples," said Adam. "Want to try 'em?"

"How much?"

"Fancy stuff—fancy price," said Adam. "When we get going I aim to have special labels. Print on 'em a guaranty the contents was put up in a farm kitchen by a farm wife, and there'll be a place on the label for the woman that puts up the fruit to sign the guaranty. Get the idea? Everybody who buys gets a personally signed guaranty by a farmer's wife in her own kitchen. They'll read that Mrs. Wiggins put up this and Mrs. Buckle put up that, and so on."

"It can't be done."

"But if it can?"

"I'll buy every ounce of it you can turn out."

"How about these five gross?"

"Take them—for a special feature."

"Cash," said Adam succinctly.

This was the real commencement of Westminster Home Products. A small beginning it was, but of promise. Adam went home with something like a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, which he distributed without delay to a dozen delighted wives

"Talk it up," he said to them. "Keep talking it up."

They did talk it up. On Saturday afternoon, when the farmers drove into town with their families, Adam was kept busy explaining.

"Can't expect too much first off," he told the women, 'but if you get behind it there's no limit."

"But I can't afford a canning kit," said one of the first women to visit him.

"You can so," said Adam. "Got a scheme. No cash down; pay as you can. Join the association and that'll entitle you to a kit and to have your truck sold. Twenty-five per cent of the price you get for anything you sell goes to pay for the kit till it's all paid for "

"Then I'll take one," said the woman.

And so it went: woman after woman, kit after kit. Each signed a contract with the Home Products Club, a contract which was in effect a promissory note. Adam ordered the kits in a gross lot, took his contracts to the bank and deposited them as collateral. The bank advanced the money; and no member of the finance committee but Adam realized the bank was doing as he had asked—was financing the new enterprise.

"But how's this here club goin' to run? Who pays the expenses of it?" a canny woman asked

"You do, and Mrs. Brown does, and everybody does that's a member. The club will buy from you at a price and pay cash. We'll sell for more. At the end of the year the club will declare a dividend of what's left. So you get a profit on what you make and then you share in what profit the club makes besides."

The Home Products Club was organized and incorporated. It became an entity, not a great or important entity at the start, but one which grew and developed in ways unforeseen in the beginning. It outgrew the small storeroom Adam hired for it, for the daily shipments increased. A mail-order feature was added and advertised in the city papers. If you lived in Boston you could write the association and order eggs. You could order that a dozen be

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And Then Came the Time of Thaw and of the Sugar Harvest! Jap Began to Run

BEAN PORRIDGE COLD

By THE OLD DOG

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

LAST June a young man who was finishing his senior year at Harvard stopped me as I was coming out of a lecture room and asked if I would listen to a paper he had written, summing up, as he was about to graduate, his impressions of the university. He was a healthy, able-bodied chap who did not look like a chronic grouch, and I consented gladly. A few days later he turned up with a manuscript some ten thousand words long and read it through to the bitter end. I use "bitter" advisedly, for it was one unbroken growl of discontent and disappointment. Though he was no failure from an academic point of view—his scholarship record was above the average—he was leaving with a sense of depression. The nub of his criticism was that he had been consistently informed during these four years, but seldom inspired

It Was Possible to Sit for an Entire Academic Year in the Front Row Directly Below the Eyes of a Professor, and Then to Meet Him in the Yard Without Receiving as Much as a Nod of Recognition

Of course, one must take into account the fact that destructive criticism is the natural attitude of the youth of today. It is both easier and more dramatic to smash a pane of glass than to set one. Furthermore it makes more noise. Admitting also the tendency of youth to exaggerate, and to color opinions with petty personal considerations, there remained still a basis of truth in his conclusions. The same note runs through many of the undergraduate publications; a spirit of rebellion against what the more imaginative element feel to be the cold-blooded methods of modern education.

A Baedeker of the College Curriculum

AT THE beginning of this college year, the Harvard Crimson undertook the daring experiment of giving a confidential guide to some forty courses listed in the official register. The criticisms were all written by editors of the paper who had taken the work, and were in each case "a purely personal opinion based on the reaction of an undergraduate to the subject matter and the methods of instruction of the course under consideration." The editors stated further, anticipating a charge of flippancy, that it guaranteed that the comments "were written and are being published, seriously and sincerely, with a desire for the improvement of the courses of instruction at Harvard College as the guiding motive."

Here are a few samples of the courses of which they approved and some others of which they did not approve. Of one of the larger courses in science it says:

"Although —— is technically the most human course in college, the way it is taught deserves no such high praise. Not that it is inhuman at all, for it is one of those mediocre courses which are at once the curse of the university and the backbone of its moderately high level of instruction. There is a bewildering mass of miscellaneous facts to be mastered, which from their very nature cannot be too systematically coördinated. The course will provoke enthusiasm from those few who have a decided bent for this sort of thing, and from the rest the semiboredom with which the majority of students always regard a course so conducted as to demand much memorizing at the expense of creative thought."

Of two courses in comparative literature, it comments thus:

"These courses are listed for undergraduates and graduates. This indicates an exceedingly faulty estimate of Doctor ——'s character on the part of the English Department. Although still a young man, he has already pursued scholarship to the point of pedantry and shows so great an enthusiasm for the mechanics of literature—bibliographies, card catalogues and philological dictionaries—that he seems to have lost any love for literature itself. Doubtless a valuable aid to graduate students in their highly technical researches, Doctor —— possesses none of those qualities necessary for a teacher of undergraduates. To an undergraduate he seems no better fitted to be a teacher of English than is a genealogist to be an historian."

An English composition course calls forth this favorable verdict:

"English —— will be conducted this year by Mr. ——. Mr. ——'s genius is not of the incisive, analytical order. It lies in his extraordinary capacity to help those whose aim is to become proficient in the art of composition.

"Mr. —— has an ideal temperament for a teacher of composition. A link of sympathy unites him with those who have an ear for words or poetry. His judgments are well considered, sage and just; his criticism is subjective, inspiring and invariably kindly.

"Nevertheless those who have little interest in writing would find his course dull, for he exhibits nothing that is flashy, as a more objective and less lofty spirit would be prone to do. His humor is quiet, his satire gentle, yet they are all the more refined for being so. And not the least of his recommendations for his course is that Mr. —— is before all things courteous and innately gentlemanly."

A Rare Gift

OF AN extremely popular course in English literature, the comment is this:

"The enthusiastic and sincere applause, prolonged far beyond the requirements of mere courtesy, which invariably terminates the last meeting of English, is sufficient commentary on the merits of the course. As for Professor ——, who gives it, all the undergraduates who have heard him will acquiesce in the restrained tribute with which President Lowell accompanied the award of an honorary degree last June: 'A scholar in our own modern tongue, an author and teacher with a rare gift for making delight in literature contagious.' Somewhere along in the middle of the course the average member suddenly wakes up to the fact that he has acquired a genuine enjoyment in literature and is immediately filled with gratitude to the man who has brought to light a new part of his nature and increased many fold his capacity for enjoying life."

These comments may be somewhat warped by undergraduate prejudices, but they do reveal an ardent appreciation of the human element in teaching and a bitter hostility toward the pedantic.

To some extent I have experienced this reaction myself during these last three years in college, although my needs were not those of the man of twenty. I have taken courses under fourteen different men, presenting some of the most popular subjects offered by the university, in a half dozen different fields. This by no means offers sufficient material for an exhaustive survey, but my impressions are fairly representative.

It goes without saying that every one of these men knew his subject and was keen about it—keen to the point where he honestly believed it to be the most important in the catalogue. Indeed, this conviction results in a tendency for each department to overemphasize the value of its own field and so demand a larger share of the student's time than is justifiable from the point of view of proper coördination. There is real rivalry for those hours which the undergraduate is supposed to devote to outside reading. But a student can make no worse break than to give as his excuse for neglecting the assigned reading of one department, the fact that he was overburdened by another.

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They Fought Like Brave Men

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

OCT 31, 186– Friday. tonite father brougt home a new duet for Keene and Cele. it had a funny name Alla Compagna Damfiano. nobody knows what it meens. i think it is the name of the feller whitch wrote it. i copied it cairful wird for wird. it is the pretiest duet i have hird. it goes like this:

too too, too too, too too doo
too too, too too, too toodlede doo

first both Keene and Cele wood sing together and then Cele wood sing a line and then Keene wood and then both wood. it was bully. father says it is prettier than oar the brite and sparkling waters. but i dont know about that. oar the brite and sparkling waters goes like this:

doody doody doodily doo doo
doody doodily doodily doo doo

whitch is verry diferent you know, then after a few more lines Keene sings aloan: doodily doo doo with her voice going up and Cele ansers, doodily doo doo with her voice going down. then they both sing together and Cele plays the piano jest like rocking a boat.

gosh i had ruther play in a cornet band with Bruce Briggam.

i forgot to say that i was the first one down in the speling mach today. i spelt dress drees. i gnew better but i put the double ee in the rong place

Nov. 1, 186– Saturday. today was prety cold but sunny this afternoon. Luke Manix wanted me to go nutting again today. i got out of it by saying i had to saw wood. so he went with Marco Bozzaris Wadley. so i had to saw wood most a hour befoar the Chadwick boys come up for me to go and plug blackbirds with sling shots. so i went but we dident get enny. we broak a window in Gilmans barn and we cood see old man Giddings and Pat Gilroy come out of the barn and look up and down the street and holler at sum students whitch was way acrost the feeld and most haff way down to the libary building. then they went in shaking there heads.

we dident meen to brake the window. we was in the corn feeld and when we missed the blackbirds we jest happened to brake the window. Honest that is so. but old Giddings and Gilroy dident see us and we desided to keep hid.

November 2, 186– Sunday. brite and fair of coarse. went to chirch. Beany felt better today and maid up 3 faces each one wirse than the other. it is almost as eezy for Beany to maik up faces as it is for Pop Clark. Fred Boutell and Jimmy Gadd dont have to.

last nite me and father went down town to by things. we drove Nellie down and hiched her in front of Kelly and Gardners store. well we went into old Getchells store for sum nales and into old Tom Conners for a salt fish and Eliot and Dudleys for sum molasses and into a lot of other stores. evryone likes to see father and hear him talk. wel old Tom Conner sed to me how is the boy whitch saved a nothers boys life and i sed i dident save his life i only helped him out of a tree but he sed i know better than that and i am proud of you and i felt auful ashaimed for i hoaped they had forgotten it.

well when we got into Lane and Rollins store there was old Francis and Dan Raulet and old Perry Molton and old Joe Hilliard and Old Gim Odlin the xpressman. well father sed mister Francis did you get my letter and old Francis sed yes sir i did and father he sed i wood like to speek to you a minit and old Francis he sed you can talk rite hear and then father he sed I xpect you understand that i was to blaim in the matter and old Francis he sed yet sir boally to blaim and father he sed not boally to blaim for you had augt to have gnew that a boy of 13 coodent maik up sutch a ridiculus story and if you had given him a chanct to explane you woodent have had to whip him. so i think you are to blaim two for that and for nerely braking a little girls heart by accusing her of lying.

then old Francis sed when a boy speeks litely of serius things like deth i think he had augt to be whiped and father sed i am not finding falt with that but you had augt to be sure befour you atart in and old Francis sed dont you think ennyone whitch will tell sutch a story as that boy told augt to be whiped and whiped soundly and father he sed i gess i will have to agree with you and then old Francis sed then you agree that you had augt to receeve as sound a whiping as i gave your boy and father he sed yes i admit it and old Francis sed are you willing to get it now and father he sed now is the acceptd time and old Francis wauked out into the middle of the store and father throwed his hat on the counter and was out of his coat quicker than i ever see it done in a circus and old Francis he sed what is this are you going to resist and father he sed you bet i am going to resist. i am going to resist like the devil and the boys of your school are going to have a 6 weeks vacation and jest then old Joe Hilliard begun to laff and slap father on the back with one hand and old Francis with the other and the other men laffed and sed it was the best goke of the seson and old Francis laffed and father did two although he laffed as if it come hard and then we went home, but father dident say a wird to me on the way home but onct or twitct he hit Nellie a crack with the whip and sed to himself what a chanct what a chanct if it hadent been for Joe Hilliard.

after i went to bed i heard him talking to mother and hird them laffing and i hird mother say why George Shute i woodent have it happen for ennything and Aunt Sarah she sed well i dont feel jest that way about it myself.

November 3, 186– Monday. Almost as warm as summer. Skinny Bruce went in swimming with Tady Finton. they sed it was bully. they went in after dinner and before school. nothing mutch hapened but a few lickings. i escaiped today. saw Beany and went down to Ed Toles.

November 4, 186– Tuesday. dont tell but there is going to be a prize fite. Fatty Gilman has challenged a stewdcat named Stoderd to fite. he and the stewdcat had sum wirds about a girl whose naim i have no rite to divulg. but they is bad blood between them. the fite is going to be to a finnish. Fatty is too fat and he has got to train and we are all going to help him. he cant eat pie or cake or ennything sweet and he has got to give up sweet firn cegars or corn silk or rattan and has got to run a mile a day and box and rassle evry day to get him tuff and hard. before he does this he has got to taik caster oil for 4 days. we are all betting on Fatty. but Poz Chadwick says he has got to taik train oil insted of caster oil. he says train oil is maid for jest that.

November 5, 186– Wednesday. Fatty drank a pint of train oil yesterday and felt pretty meen today. he sed it

(Continued on Page 118)

Then Old Francis Jed Then You Agree That You Had Augt to Receeve as Jound a Whiping as I Gave Your Boy

MAN ALONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY P. R. GRUGER

She Was Frightened at the Suddenness With Which Her Sense of Well-Being Had Turned Into a Distress That Threatened to Suffocate Her

XIII

AS THE months slipped by, Torquay resumed gradually the habits of a regular routine, so that the summers, when they came, were robbed of their terror. The Pine Tree Glassworks were growing by leaps and bounds, and demanded more and more of his attention in proportion as his father grew older. Already there was no better-known brand in glass than the simple outline of the lonely tree beside the oyster-shell mound, and the very name of Damon was forgotten in that steadily widening world which lived by and for the glass container in every shape, form and quantity—particularly quantity. The Strayton quality went without saying; it was above criticism, and no little part of its excellence was the by-product of Torquay's unceasing research.

As for his consuming ambition to discover a formula for unbreakable glass, it was as far from realization as on that day when he had first voiced it to the foreman of the Hetney Glassworks and been called a fool for his pains in almost the same words he himself had used years later to Malcolm in the moment of his abysmal failure. Even so, Torquay never wavered in his quest. What is more, it had become such an integral part of his life, it is possible success would have been disastrous to what peace of mind he had attained, so narrow was the pedestal on which circumstances had forced him to rear his entire existence.

There was never a time when he was without a list of combinations to be tested out in the trial tank at the abandoned glasshouse; but not satisfied with actual experimentation, he had painstakingly acquired a complete collection of all the works extant on the manufacture of glass. They seemed amazingly few until he absorbed the fact that here was an industry whose origin was lost in the shadow of prehistoric times, which had certainly continued for twice the lifetime of Christianity, and in all that vast period had developed no basic modification. Where was the room for books? What was there to say which had not been summed up by the pictures of Theban glassmakers at work, painted on the tombs of Beni-Hassan more than two thousand years before Christ?

There had been discoveries and rediscoveries, such as the process of blowing false pearls, resuscitated by Miotti after an interim of centuries. There had been endless variations in color and design, carried to an apex never to be surpassed, by the glassworkers of Murano. And, of course, there had been a constant increase in the diversity of uses and applications. In the seventeenth century Louis de Nehou's discovery of a method for founding glass had enabled France to wrest from Venice her long primacy in the manufacture of mirrors. As late as 1824, Robinet had invented his famous pump which did away with the man-power limitation in the size of blown cylinders. Strangely enough, as far as the Pine Tree Glassworks were concerned, not even such developments as these could compare in importance with the advent thirty-three years later of the screw top for glass jars!

But Torquay had no interest whatever in the fantasies of glassmaking. He would not have crossed the street to see the flamboyant mirror of Maria de' Medici, nor paused half an hour to watch Emile Pilon perform the miracle of blowing a series of artificial eyes, each indistinguishable from the other.

He even sneered at the myth that the glassworkers of the sixteenth century acquired patents of nobility automatically, for he had traced its origin to the decrees which permitted impoverished noblemen to trade their daughters, forests, silica and soda for glassware and sell it without losing caste.

Baron Stiegel came into his mind—William Henry Stiegel, of Manheim, Pennsylvania. The myth had got Stiegel. It was the bug behind his cannons and his ruin. It had led him only to imprisonment for debt and the miserable death of a pauper at Charming Forge. That he had turned out every form of glass known to his time, including certain pieces of transcendent beauty, meant little to Torquay. What interested him, aside from the successful operation of the Pine Tree establishment, had nothing whatever to do with airy fancies or mechanical improvements; he was occupied with only one thing.

Composition—the introduction of a basic element which would transform the known nature of glass itself without damaging its transparency—was his sole goal, and he kept his eyes fixed on it with bulldog tenacity. His stubbornness in the face of years of discouragement was alone enough to mark him as a big man; indeed, it was the one factor which saved him from being small. Robbed of education and destitute of every softening social contact, he was like a pruned tree with all its vigor directed to productive ends. Without his ambition, he would have been merely an outstanding exponent of the freshly minted phrase, "captain of industry." But with it, he was much more—something as unreadable and menacing as a black cloud waiting for a stroke of lightning. No one trifled with Torquay—not even his aging father. To argue with him was like trying to come to terms with a sledge hammer.

Under different conditions such a disposition would have invited disaster; but as far as business was concerned, everything at that period was in his favor. The demand for the product of the plant continued to grow faster than its capacity could be increased, and wage disputes were practically nonexistent. In fact, the Straytons had at one time brought consternation to rival manufacturers in neighboring towns by voluntarily raising their entire scale of pay, ostensibly in celebration of the opening of a new glasshouse. This action had been variously interpreted, but no one had hit upon the simplest of all explanations, summed up by Torquay to his father in the following words:

"We might as well have a call on the best men on the job, and plenty of 'em."

To work under the sign of the Pine Tree was to be the cream of a guild, and carried at the same time a still subtler distinction. Torquay and his father were something more than proprietors; they were knitted into the toil they required of everyone under them. Did someone groan at an overload of labor? In answer, there was the derision of the old man's record, the legend and the memory of the days when he did three men's work and asked for more.

Did a cry go up against child labor, employed in ever-increasing numbers? There was scarcely a grown man on the pay roll who had not watched the birth of Torquay's mighty muscles at that selfsame toil and who could not recall at will the picture of him promoting himself to the post of gatherer at the age of fourteen.

Here in a nutshell was the explanation as to why the flotsam of the glassworking fraternity had fought for a Strayton against a Damon. The Damons had marked the passing of the American industrial aristocracy founded by Caspar Wistar in 1739 when he had built the first successful glassworks of the Colonies. A century and a half had seen Wistarberg change its name to Alloways town and later to Alloway. Not ten years before, Torquay had visited the spot only twenty miles away where a crumbling log house beneath a splendid sycamore marks the site of Wistar's once triumphant enterprise

What had happened was a revolution actually more profound than the breaking away of the Colonies from their mother country—a movement so knitted into the fibers of a new national entity that it had changed the natures of men while they slept, for who will dare say that either the Straytons or their workmen knew what they were about?

The fact remains that in 1750 Wistar was turning out not only window glass, lamp chimneys and many kinds of bottles, but was making exquisite bowls, dishes, pitchers and canisters; mustard and sweetmeat containers, preserve jars and a vast variety of other objects, many of them excelling in two-color work. A century later a terrific blight fell upon beauty throughout the United States. It wiped out the artisan and substituted the pieceworker. It destroyed taste to such an extent that virtually every house built in the following fifty years remains to this day as an eyesore and a witness to the astonishing reach of the pestilence. It introduced quantity production, factory-made window sashes and democracy. It booted the laborer several rungs up the social ladder at the price of reducing his handiwork to the dead level of a commodity.

But when all is said, what consolidated the position of the Straytons and softened the brutality of Torquay's disposition was a fundamental truth too often lost to view, and consisting in the fact that every enterprise, however vast, stays human as long as its government remains in hands which have mixed real sweat with the sweat of their help, and no longer. The other side of the shield was that Torquay, at forty years old, was as embedded in his ways as the core of granite in a hill, and his father, at seventy-nine, already carried that suggestion of arrested age which gives grandeur to a ruin. He was a burned-out furnace; a mere shell, but a mighty shell which, put to the ear, still reverberated with the roar of unforgotten fires.

Looking back over the years that had intervened since the moment of torment when he had wished winter might never pass, Torquay's ascent to power would have represented the steady progress of a steam roller had it not been for certain violent interruptions which at long intervals had all but shaken the fabric of his inner life to pieces. The first of these explosions occurred two years to a day after Malcolm's visit. Janie was sitting by the window of their room looking out, her face washed white by a shaft of moonlight; Torquay was in bed, trying to go to sleep, but kept awake by her immobility. He told himself that if she would only move or make a sound he could fall asleep. But she did not move, unless the slow forming of a smile could be called a motion.

"What are you doing?" he asked at last. "Why don't you come to bed?"

"I was thinking of Mr. Malcolm, and wondering if you've never heard from him."

It was as if a bomb had burst the silence asunder. Hours later, long after she was sound asleep at his side, he was still awake, trembling over what had happened—and what had come near to happening. Running headlong against unexpected daring in her spirit, he had forgotten for a terrible instant the frailty of her body in comparison with his own strength. He could feel the blood mounting through his neck to his cheeks in an access of shame, and then retreating, to leave him cold, held in the grip of unadulterated fear. He who all his life had been afraid of no man knew what it was to feel terror of an unseen enemy within himself.

And yet a few months was enough to calm him to the point of letting her make a long journey alone to see her mother. It had never entered her head to attempt to bring any of her family into her married life, so forbidding from the start had been the atmosphere of the Strayton caravansary. But she had written laconic letters from time to time, hiding more than they revealed, and now came word that her mother was ill and wished to see her. She was gone for four weeks, and when she came back she was dressed in mourning. Torquay questioned her only with a glance and she said her mother had died. She did not try to talk about it: she seemed to know she had returned to a world where her mother had never lived, where even to herself her distant people had grown to be unreal.

Torquay was glad of her black clothes and the grief they represented. They seemed to hold her in shadow and to lend her a soothing impersonality; but no sooner had he got accustomed to them than she tore their comfort to shreds, and that in the presence of his father. As on the night of the discussion of Malcolm's cursed letter, they were sitting silently about the lamp when Janie spoke. It was seldom she said anything unprovoked and the men's ears were instantly alert at the sound of her voice.

"I saw a man looked so much like Mr. Malcolm while I was away I spoke to him."

Torquay was struck dumb, but his father's deep eyes gleamed and he licked his lips.

"Spoke to him, eh?"

"Yes," said Janie, staring at nothing in particular.

"Was it Mr. Malcolm?"

"No: he said his name was Robbins, but he wished it was Malcolm."

"Ha!" laughed Thomas shortly. "Spoke to a man she didn't even know! There's only one thing to do, Torque. Take off one of her legs or she'll sure run away."

Torquay flung his pen down so violently that ink splattered from it and a little drop fell on the back of Janie's hand. She stared at it and so did he; never had ink seemed so black or hand so white

"I'll have to go up and wash that off," she said, rising.

He almost cried out after her, "Fool, don't go upstairs!" But instead he arose and started to follow her. With one hand on the newel post, he wrenched himself around, plunged through the front door and ran along the flats toward the upper reaches of the river. He stumbled for miles in the darkness, taking pleasure in feeling the branches

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He Looked Around With a Gasp, Ready to Beat His Grief, But Neither the Big Man at the Desk Nor His Mother Had Moved

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 16, 1926

Paying Off the National Debt

THE Treasury is wiping out the national debt at the rate of some eight hundred million dollars per annum. At this rate our war debt will be erased in less than twenty years. This rate of debt payment is naturally contingent upon the continuation of prosperity in the country. In the light of our population and national income and of our national budget, this is not an exaggerated rate of debt payment. It comports well with the psychology of our people. Recently, however, voices have been raised in question, if not in protest; it is being suggested that our insistence on payment of war debts due us is not consistent in view of our rapid extinguishment of our national debt.

We are funding the war obligations due us over a term of some sixty-two years. If our national debt is to be paid off in twenty years, this means that we shall be receiving war-debt payments from Europe for forty years after our war debt is liquidated. It has been suggested that we should either pay off our national debt as slowly as the debtor countries pay us, or we should terminate their payments to us as soon as our national debt is extinguished. We are making great efforts to reduce taxes. If the national debt were to be paid off more slowly, that would mean lower taxes. Why not pay off the national debt only as fast as the debtor countries pay us? Why not pass some of the war-debt burden on to the next generation?

There are good reasons for the present policy. Taxes can be and are being greatly reduced and the present rate of national debt payments still maintained. Lower taxes should come through economy, through elimination of waste, through restriction of government expenditures to government business—by sealing the pork barrel. We are not so poor that we need to pass on to the next generation the debt of this generation in order to run a decent government for this generation. We do not need to refund the national debt in order to balance the budget; economy and honesty will do that.

There is one positive reason for rapid payment of the national debt: The capital thus tied up is unproductive. When the Treasury calls in national bonds, the paid-off holders can spend the money for consumers' goods or invest it. We take it for granted that the present holders of Liberty Bonds are for the most part members of the investment class, or at least have the habit of investment. We believe the larger part, by far, of the eight hundred million dollars annually being paid back to American citizens is being at once turned into investment channels, serving the cause of production and contributing to the wealth and standard of living of the country. Twenty billions national debt paid off means substantially twenty billion dollars more productive capital. This is the prime reason for our rapid rate of payment of the national debt; the slower rate of repayment of our international loans is a matter that has nothing to do with the domestic policy.

Rival Avenues of Thrift

RECENTLY published figures show that though the number of savings-bank accounts in the country has increased, the average amount on deposit has declined. Examination of this showing leads to the conclusion that American thrift is not on the wane, but that those who are saving for the future are turning more generally toward life insurance. As long as the new business is confined to sound, well-managed companies, the tendency may be regarded as a wholesome one. An obvious reason is that the average man is less likely to avail himself of the surrender value or of the borrowing possibilities of his life-insurance policy to finance an unwarranted extravagance than he is to dip into his little hoard in the savings bank. Moreover, insurance requires certain regularity of payments and has a tendency to form and fix the saving habit. For young men with others dependent upon them, the ability instantly to create an estate equivalent in bulk to the results of consistent saving over a considerable term of years is an advantage too striking to be overlooked.

All these things were true a generation ago, and in seeking an explanation of the growth of life insurance at the expense of the savings banks it is natural to institute a comparison between the changes which have been going on during the past twenty-five or thirty years in the two types of institution. Life insurance, whether conducted for profit or upon a mutual basis, is a highly competitive business, and it has reacted powerfully to the advantages as well as to the disadvantages of competition. There is nothing like wholesome rivalry to keep a business or an industry on its tiptoes. There is nothing more stimulating to its young men than to feel an ever-present urge to devise new improvements, to fill old wants in new and more effectual ways, to invent novel and useful forms of service and create a profitable demand for them. Thirty years ago unimaginative life-insurance men supposed that their business had reached the highest stage of its development.

Brighter minds perceived that insurance, like savings banking, was as unbending as a broomstick. Under the spur of competition they opened up new avenues of service. Some of their inventions were mere talking points. Others conferred real benefits upon the insured or his family. Gradually, with the passage of years, a body of service which had been as stiff as a board became as flexible as a silk sash. Fool-proof policies of many varieties were devised, under which a widow is not only paid what she is entitled to but receives her payments in such a manner that she gets the fullest benefit of them and is safeguarded from the blandishments of crooks who specialize in fleecing unprotected women. There are ingenious devices without number whereby business concerns may be compensated for the loss of services of key members, children may be educated, inheritance taxes provided for, and so on. The resourcefulness of progressive insurance companies in meeting dozens of special business and domestic requirements will be amazing to those whose ideas of the possibilities of life insurance were formed twenty or thirty years ago. If during that period the industry has thrived mightily, it is largely because its increased service has merited the success it has won.

The old-time savings bank was a noncompetitive institution, conducted in the interests of the public welfare and not as a money-making business. Following the lead of the trust companies which maintain savings departments, competitive concerns run for the benefit of stockholders, many savings banks have adopted modern methods and have been highly valuable agencies for selling the thrift idea to depositors of modest means. The very nature of their business and the body of restrictive legislation under which they operate have denied them the opportunities for development and flexibility which were open to the insurance companies. Both are beneficent institutions; and though each supplements the functions of the other, neither can take the place of the other.

Earthquakes and Honesty

THERE was a time when cholera, yellow fever and plague were regarded as visitations of Providence, with the less said the soonest mended. Now we know how largely they can be prevented. Men once feared to discuss earthquakes, but are now learning that, though these shocks can hardly be prevented or harnessed, a thorough study of their causes, sane preparation for their effects, the proper location of supplies and suitable construction of buildings will reduce damage to the minimum.

As earth masses slip from excessive pressure a quake results, and untold millions of such vibrations have occurred since the beginning of geologic time. The number that will occur before the earth's course is run is beyond ordinary calculation. The great majority of such vibrations, for ages to come, will be so slight as to escape notice, except as scientists provide instruments of their own for the purpose. But, unfortunately, man has forgathered with his fellows in great cities, and it is conceivable that even slight vibrations might make wreckage of the helter-skelter mass of buildings. A relatively mild disturbance is capable, under certain conditions, of destroying water mains, upon which control of fire depends, and of releasing the destructive forces of stored gas, gasoline, and the like.

It is most regrettable that many buildings, though erected to withstand any except the worst storms of wind and rain, are not put up to brave even a moderate earthquake. Buildings are constructed on the preposterously false assumption that the earth's crust is a completed, stable object, although vibrations in its mass are as old and as natural as the wind and rain.

Naturally enough there is much that we do not know about earthquakes. The earth's diameter measures some eight thousand miles, and we know practically nothing regarding anything but the one mile on the surface of the crust. But we do possess a few facts of intensely practical value. One is that shocks of extraordinary energy occur only at very long intervals.

We know also that, except for these extraordinary shocks, it is possible so to locate and construct the works of man that significant or costly damage will be rare. Just as the fire risks of a piece of property can be determined in advance by experts, so it is an engineering possibility to determine earthquake risks. But it has not been done because, as one authority has said, of "ignorance, incompetence, indifference or selfishness, or a combination of all four." We all forget quickly, and it is cheaper to gamble with the forces of Nature than it is to spend money outright.

Many stations for the study of seismology have been started recently. Scientific research on this subject is in its beginnings, but tremendous strides are almost sure to be made in the next few years. The economic and practical forms of preparation are just as essential as the scientific. The public mind must become receptive to sane measures of precaution. Organizations of architects and engineers are approaching the strictly economic aspects of seismology with energy and sincerity of purpose. Their investigations already show that damage in a large measure comes not so much from the inherent weakness of materials to withstand the strain, as from the frail humanity which seeks to squeeze the last dollar out of an investment.

Under present conditions different materials which cannot be connected are too often used indiscriminately. Façades are tied to nothing at all, and story is piled upon story with no members continuous throughout. Engineers know how to get strength and elasticity in buildings; but how many buildings have such qualities?

Earthquakes may in time accomplish one great service. They may teach even the most mercenary, if enough of these shocks come along, that good workmanship pays. For the earthquake respects only honesty of construction.

The Whole Case of the World Court of Justice—By David Jayne Hill

The Problem and its Solutions

IT IS only to a limited extent that the Permanent Court of International Justice established by the League of Nations realizes the object aimed at in the instructions to the delegates to the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. It is a court entirely without compulsory jurisdiction, even for the most simple justiciable cases. This is in pursuance of the terms laid down in Article 14 of the Covenant of the League, "that the Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties may submit to it." This was not, however, the plan submitted by the Commission of Jurists, which defined the jurisdiction of the Court as follows:

"Between States which are Members of the League of Nations, the Court shall have jurisdiction—and this without any special convention giving it jurisdiction—to hear and determine cases of a legal nature, concerning:

"(a) The interpretation of a treaty;

"(b) Any question of international law;

"(c) The existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation;

"(d) The nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation;

"(e) The interpretation of a sentence passed by the Court.

"The Court shall also take cognisance of all disputes of any kind which may be submitted to it by a general or particular convention between the parties."

A Court Without Jurisdiction

IN FRAMING the Statute of the Court adopted by the Assembly of the League, the Council rejected this proposal of the jurists, which, to use Mr. Root's metaphor, "put teeth in the Court," at the same time making it optional for any member state to sign an acceptance of compulsory jurisdiction, if it chose to do so, either in a limited or an unlimited sense.

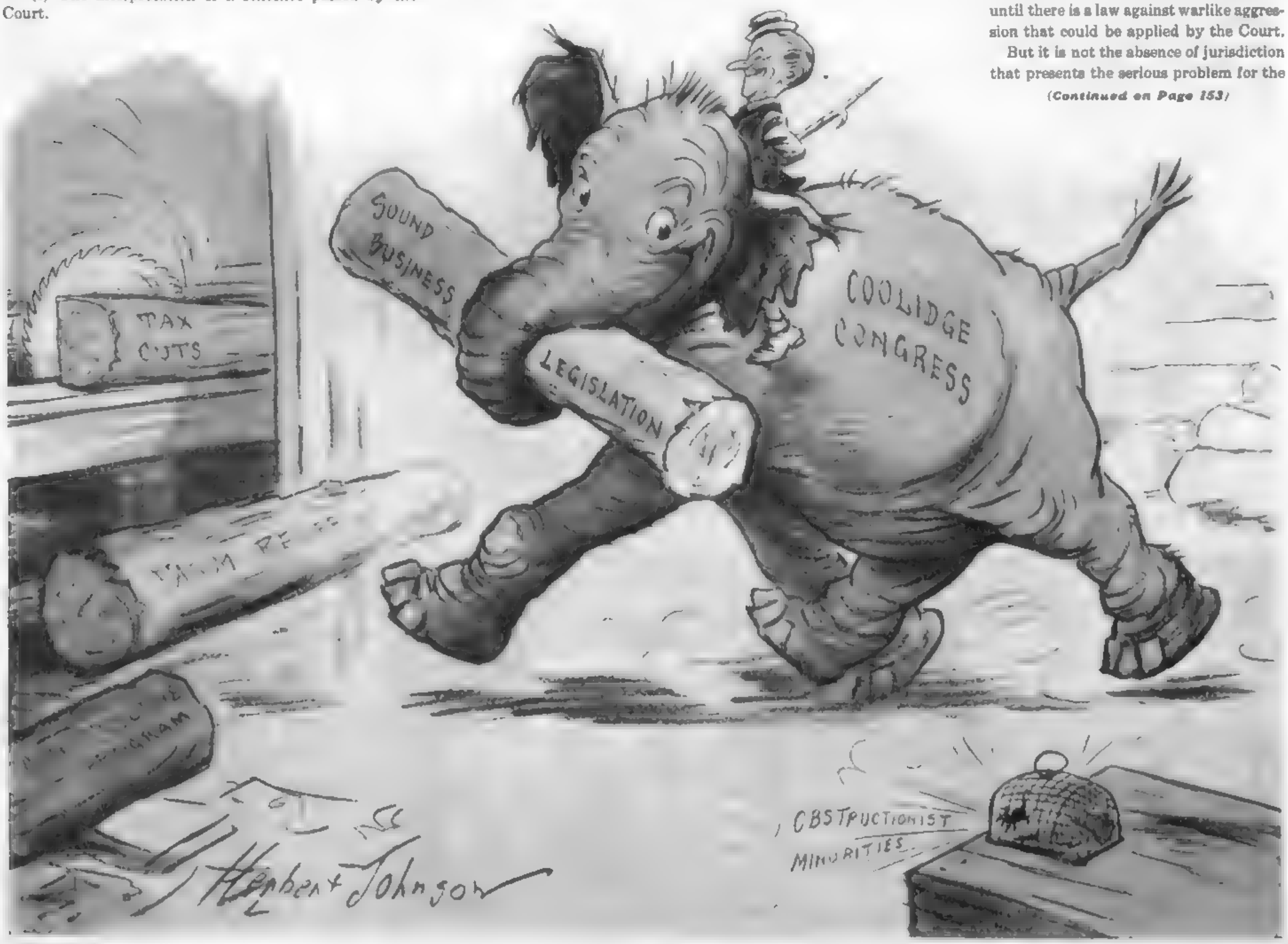
It is worthy of remark that no one of the great powers has availed itself of this option. It is doubtful if the United States would avail itself of the option so long as international law remains in an undeveloped condition. It could safely accept compulsory jurisdiction only when the law is so far developed that a reasonable forecast could be made of what the law would require and what it would disallow, and when the duty of the Court would be simply to declare the law in its decisions.

This absence of compulsory jurisdiction, even in the most plainly justiciable cases, is sometimes advanced as a reason for immediately participating in the Court as a member, regardless of all obstacles, on the ground that it will never be necessary to meet an adversary before this Court; and it will be, therefore, just as safe to be in it as to be out of it! This adventure in reasoning has called forth the answer that adherence to the Court, upon this principle, would be wholly superfluous, since the Court is at present accessible for judgment even to non-member states if they can induce their adversaries to meet them there.

For all the really vital matters of international interest it is obvious that, until an aggressor can be brought before some court for judgment, it is mere dupery to imagine that the Court has any relation whatever to the question of war or peace. So long as it is legal for one nation to make a warlike assault upon another and there is no tribunal of justice before which the wrongdoer can be cited to appear, it is illusory to suppose that a bench of judges, however learned and however just, has any relation to the subject. The fanfaronade that joining the Permanent Court of Justice in its present state of development is a protest against war discloses complete ignorance of the powers of this Court. It has at present no power to cite before it any aggressor for any cause, or to give aid to any victim of aggression, great or small. Nor could it condemn an aggressor even if he consented to appear before it, until there is a law against warlike aggression that could be applied by the Court.

But it is not the absence of jurisdiction that presents the serious problem for the

(Continued on Page 153)



"'S ALL RIGHT NOW!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Winter Vignette

THE sky was overcast,
The winter wind blew cold;
She crouched against the bitter blast,
For she was old.

Her lips were blue and chilled,
And down the frozen street
The fierce-fanged tempest snarled and shrilled
About her feet.

Against the savage cold
Little she had to wear;
She wore her flesh silk stockings rolled,
And her knees were bare.

My heart went out to her;
I pointed to her knees:
"Why do you stand on a street corner
And rapidly freeze?

"Is it some woman's woe?
Or does the heartless town
Let poor old paupers suffer so
From the knees down?

"I have a union suit
That my grandmother wore,
It kept her warm from neck to boot
Ten years or more;

"Of virgin wool it's knit,
Some seven pounds it weighs,
And gladly will I give you it
And ask no praise;

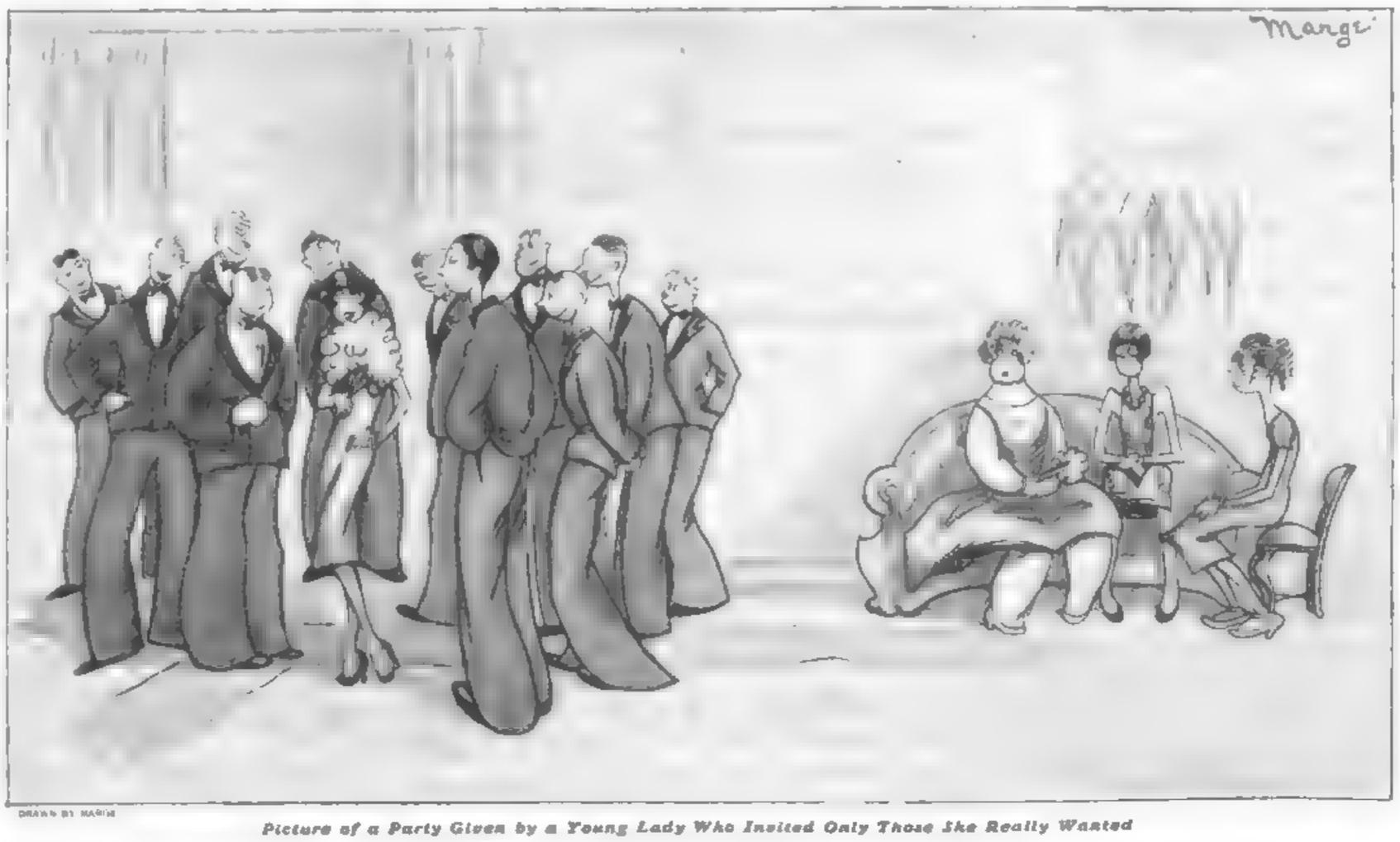
"Because my feelings bleed
To see you there, so old,
Woefully huddling, frozen-kneed,
And cold—so cold."

She hardly turned her head;
Her lips with cold were gray;
"Put on your union suit," she said,
"And shrink away!"

The North Wind howled and bayed
And shook the shuddering trees;
Her fashionable coat displayed
Her aged knees;

With icy whips the weather
Assailed her, uncontrolled;
I heard her old knees clack together,
Cold—cold.

—*Morris Bishop.*



Picture of a Party Given by a Young Lady Who Invited Only Those She Really Wanted

Hitherto Unpublished—And Can't You See Why?

Letters That Might Easily Have Been Written by Abelard and Heloise, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, or Almost Any Other of the World's Most Passionate Lovers Some Summers After They Were, Happily, Married

Dearest: Am hurrying to get this off to you in tonight's mail, which goes in a few minutes. Meant to write this morning, but the time just flew by. I don't know where the days go here. Have just discovered that I must have forgotten the slip to my blue dress. Don't see how I could have.

Will you look in the back of my closet—not the closet nearest the door, the farthest one—at the very back on the right-hand side, and bring it when you come Friday? It is blue crêpe de chine with lace around the top, and a little wreath of roses near the hem. No, I forgot; it hasn't a hem—just a picot edge. You can't miss it, dearest, I know. Do not bring the white one hanging next to it. If it isn't in that closet, look in the one near the door. But I'm almost sure it is.

I just hate to think of you in that hot, stuffy old city when we are so cool and comfortable here. Oh, that reminds me: I told Ella to come Monday and finish the laundry. You will be gone before she gets there, so leave the key with Edgar on the back elevator—he is not the one with the mustache, but that awful-looking one with the scar over one eye—the left eye, I think—anyway, you can't miss him. Put it, the key I mean, in an envelope so he won't know it is a key. Ella will leave it with him when she goes. Of course it would be nice if you could wait home until she comes, but maybe you won't want to do that. You can bring the things when you come Friday.

If the man comes to fix the screen in the kitchen he is not to be let in until you are home. Couldn't you get home early some night and see to it? We are all well and miss you terribly. Junior lost the top to his bathing suit somehow, and wants you to get him one, size ten and a half I think he takes. Use your own judgment. The clerk will know, probably. If they cannot send at once, you can bring when you come Friday.

Can't you come Thursday? Mrs. Epps' husband comes Thursdays and stays until Mondays, and I should think you could. You certainly are as smart as he is! They would never miss you at that horrid old office. Oh, look in the back of my desk in my room in that little left-hand drawer that sticks when you open it, and bring me a little brown leather-covered book marked Recipes. If it isn't there it must be in the right-hand drawer, the third from the top, under my old check books. You could bring it Friday when you come.

Have any packages come from the cleaners'? If not, call them before Friday so you can bring them when you come. Don't forget that the Salvation Army is coming for the magazines. Where can you leave them? Can you leave them with Edgar? Here goes the mail, so I must stop. Know I've forgotten something! The children send love.

Devotedly,
etc., etc.

Please match this in either a good quality georgette or crêpe Roma—2½ yards if it is 36 inches and 2¼ if it is

(Continued on Page 56)

The Poet Who Said That Woman Was "Hard to Please" Could Never Have Seen Many Modern American Husbands

Both soups contain vegetables and rich beef broth—one also contains hearty pieces of beef

Substantial vegetable soups! How often the housewife relies on them in planning the daily meals! They are so splendidly nourishing and so delicious!

Do you realize how simple and easy it is to have an attractive variety in these soups?

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is, of course, the most popular hearty soup in the world. It is the tempting blend of no less than thirty-two different ingredients.

Fifteen choice vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Strengthening cereals. Savory herbs and appetizing seasoning.

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef, as its name shows, is also generously supplied with vegetables. It contains besides, those satisfying pieces of beef which many people find so welcome in a vegetable soup.

Tomatoes. Diced carrots and white potatoes. Little peas. Blanched pearl barley. Puree of vegetables. Beef broth. All are in Campbell's Vegetable-Beef.

Both the Vegetable Soup and the Vegetable-Beef taste best when the water is added cold, the soup brought to a boil, allowed to simmer and then served hot.

12 cents a can

DICTATED TO DORIS

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IN HIS workroom on the second floor of his home in Westcote—five minutes nearer the heart of New York than the Bronx—Zerk Clinch was batting out his daily cheerfulness poem on his fifty-dollar typewriter, using two fingers and occasionally hitting the space bar with his thumb; but at the kitchen door, Mrs. Xerxes Clinchfield was having a terrible time with Tony Caruso, the iceman.

Zerk Clinch, who was a man of six feet and two inches, with a plump and happy countenance and a weight of two hundred and thirty pounds, was writing a Don't Worry poem for his syndicate—the syndicate that sold his poems to five hundred daily papers, and the verse he was writing was this:

When the winter winds are howling
And your undershirt is thin,
And the anthracite is scanty
In the poor old cellar bin,
Do not worry, do not grumble,
Simply grin!

It was not a very good poem, but Zerk Clinch was not much of a poet. In the ranks of the cheer-up poets he ranked about tenth, and he was paid accordingly, but he did have the ability to keep on pounding out be-happy poems day after day, and he had been doing it for years. Probably his poems did a lot of good; they at least fed his family—wife, Doris and the two boys. He loved to write the poems, and he was having a good time doing this one.

At the kitchen door, Tony Caruso was in the sort of rage that comes to a man who does not know what something means. He held in his hand a sheet of the pale-gray letter paper Zerk Clinch always used, with "Zerk Clinch, the Happiness Poet, 989 Elm Street, Westcote, Long Island, N. Y.," printed in darker gray in one corner, and he was flourishing it as if it were a stiletto with which he meant to stab Mrs. Clinchfield.

"Whata mean? Whata mean?" Tony Caruso was shouting. "Wanta ice no more? What for no wanta ice? I gotta gooda ice—besta ice—colda ice."

"But, Tony," cried Mrs. Clinchfield, who had been trying to get in a word for the last five minutes, "we do want ice!"

"Wanta ice, you getta ice," said Tony, suddenly mollified. "If you wanta ice, whata for da boss writa me da let I don't know what it mean? Longa da let ——"

"Let me see the letter," said Mrs. Clinchfield, holding out her hand for it. Tony handed it to her, a sullen look on his usually cheerful face, as if he might be willing to let bygones be bygones but could never forget that he had been needlessly subjected to a dire injury. Mrs. Clinchfield began reading the letter. It was typewritten far more neatly than were the letters Zerk Clinch usually thumped out on his machine, and as Mrs. Clinchfield read it she was herself astounded. The letter said:

"WESTCOTE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., Aug. 25/25.

"MR. ANTONIO CARUSO,
"1852 JOYCE ST.,
"WESTCOTE, L. I., N. Y.

"*My dear Mr. Caruso:* Herewith I beg to hand you my check No. 545, drawn on the Bank of Westcote, for Three 64/100 Dollars ($3.64), the same being in full payment of your bill for ice for the month of July, 1925, to the total amount of nine hundred and ten pounds avoirdupois (910# av.) which, I am pleased to assure you, agrees with the figures entered on the ice card hanging on the nail on the southwest (s-w) end of my ice box in the kitchen of my home at the address printed at the top of this letterhead.

"In this connection I may say that you have now been delivering ice to my residence for the past eight years, and this seems a fitting occasion to call your kind attention to a few facts that have some bearing on the matter. I trust you will give them your kind consideration.

"It has seemed to me that the ice you deliver in winter is colder ice than that supplied to me in the summer months, being more durable and less evanescent, and I consider this unsatisfactory. I would greatly prefer to have the colder ice in the summer and the warmer ice in the winter. My house is none too easily heated, and a grade of ice that would be warm enough to assist the furnace in its customary duty would be preferable to that you now deliver. Please give this your attention.

"If You Wanta Ice, Whata for da Boss Writa Me da Let I Don't Know What It Mean? Longa da Let ——"

"It has also seemed to me that in delivering the ice you use a similar lack of judgment in slamming the screen door of the kitchen. For the past eight years it has been your custom to slam the screen door in the summer, when my windows are open, thus disturbing me at my work, while in the winter when my windows are closed you do not slam the screen door.

"I would ask you, therefore, Mr. Caruso, from now on to avoid slamming the screen door in the summer and slam it in the winter, when it is not there but stored above the beams in the garage. "Yours very truly,

XC/DC. "XERXES CLINCHFIELD—ZERK CLINCH."

As Mrs. Clinchfield read the letter she was amazed that her husband should have written such an epistle to Antonio Caruso. It was, she decided, meant to be funny; but Mrs. Clinchfield had no great sense of humor herself, and she did not think the part about cold ice and warm ice was very funny, and she knew that Antonio Caruso, who took his ice business very seriously, must have thought it an unwarranted insult to his entirely good ice. She frowned as she read the part about the slamming of the screen, feeling that this was the meat in the nut, and that Zerk really was annoyed by the slamming of the screen, but was trying to tell Antonio Caruso in a way that would not seem too severe.

And then she saw the little notation in the corner of the letter—XC/DC. At this moment the butcher's boy came around the corner of the house with ten lamb chops wrapped in brown paper, and Mrs. Clinchfield hastily tore the offending ice letter into strips.

"It's all right, Tony," she told Mr. Caruso hurriedly. "It doesn't mean anything at all. It's a joke—Mr. Clinchfield thought he was being funny. Don't think any more about it, Tony. Just bring ice the same as usual. We like your ice. It's all right."

Tony shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows.

"I no like-a da joke," he said. "How much ice you wanta today?"

"Fifty pounds," said Mrs. Clinchfield, and Tony went to get it.

"Say," the butcher's boy said, handing Mrs. Clinchfield the chops, "the boss says to tell you the old man is some joker. He got the letter, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Clinchfield hastily. "It—Mr. Schwartz wasn't offended, I hope?"

"He thought it was a scream; showed it to everybody," said the butcher's boy.

Mrs. Clinchfield closed the screen door and went into the kitchen, holding the chops in her hand. For a moment she stood in the middle of the kitchen, thinking, then she put the chops on the table and took a bottle of milk and a head of lettuce from the ice chamber of the refrigerator, preparatory to the coming of Tony Caruso with the ice. There was no use bothering Zerk about the matter now, when he was probably at work on his daily poem, but she must say something about it at noon—or sometime. It was all well enough for Zerk to dictate letters to Doris, but she certainly could not have her domestic routine interrupted by such scenes as she had had with the excitable Antonio Caruso.

At noon, as it happened, Mrs. Clinchfield was not at home, it being the day she lunched at Mrs. Fleming's, who had the bridge club that week, and as she won the prize that day she forgot Antonio Caruso entirely.

That afternoon Doris Clinchfield came home about three o'clock, as usual, from the Westcote Business College, where she was taking a commercial course, including stenography and typewriting. She was now an advanced pupil, and as such had a rented typewriter at the house for her use so that she could practice on it during leisure hours. As she came upstairs to take off her street clothes she passed Zerk Clinch's door and saw it was open, the sign that his day's poem task was completed, and she gave him a hello as she passed.

Zerk Clinch was tilted back in his desk chair, with his feet on his desk, smoking a brier pipe and reading for the tenth time Warren's Ten Thousand a Year, which he always insisted was the best novel ever written.

"Papa," called Doris from her room, "got any more letters for me to write? Have you, papa?"

"Well, now, I didn't get any mail to amount to anything today, Dorrie," Zerk Clinch said regretfully.

"Oh, now!" exclaimed Doris, and her tone was even more regretful than Zerk's, but she added hopefully, "Well, haven't you some more bills to pay that you want letters to go with, papa? Haven't you, papa?"

"I guess all the bills are paid, Dorrie," said Zerk Clinch. "All I've got the money to pay anyway."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Dorrie. She came and stood in Zerk's doorway, pulling a smock over her dress. "Well, can't you dictate some letters to me anyway, papa?" she begged. "Can't you, papa? Just make up some?"

"All right! All right!" said Zerk Clinch cheerfully. "Get your stuff and I'll shoot you a few."

"Business letters," said Doris, "not funny ones. I showed Miss Mivis the ones you gave me for the bills and she said I had done them all right, but that what I needed was—well, she said they were funny, papa, but that business men don't write that kind of letters. You know what I mean, papa."

Zerk Clinch grinned.

"Have it your own way, you and your Miss Mivis," he said. "I'll business-letter you to a stand-you-still, if that's what you want. Get your machinery."

The machinery was a notebook and a pencil. Doris got them and drew a chair close to that of her father, at his side and facing him. He tilted back a little farther and clasped his hands behind his head and closed his eyes and dictated.

(Continued on Page 32)

Swift's Premium Ham
Swift & Company U.S.A.
It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice
Swift

Aristocrat among meats—Swift's Premium Ham!
—served often and again for the delight of its juicy tenderness and its fine, delicate flavor.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 30)

"Take this, Miss Clinchfield," he said in the approved manner. "'Westcote, August twenty-seventh ——'"

"You don't have to give me that, papa," said Doris. "I know that already. I mean I would write that anyway. Begin 'Dear Sir,' or however you want it to begin."

"'Dear Sir,'" said Zerk Clinch obediently.

"Oh, no! That's my mistake, papa. You have to give me the name and address first, of course."

"That might be a good idea at that," said Zerk. "As a hard-boiled business man—a one hundred per center—I would rather like my letters to go to someone in particular. As a poet it don't much matter, but as a business man there's a good deal to say in favor of having a letter go where it ought to go. As a business man, interested in rather big affairs, I don't approve of ordering ten gross fresh eggs from the hardware store."

"Now, papa!"

"All right, I'll be serious," said Zerk Clinch. "Take this, Miss Clinchfield: 'Obermann, Welsh & Browning, 978 Main Street, Westcote, Long Island ——'"

"One *n* in Obermann?" asked Doris.

"Two *n*'s in Obermann," said Zerk. "'Gentlemen'—two *n*'s in gentlemen."

"Why, there's only one *n*—oh, I see!" said Doris.

"Caught you that time!" grinned Zerk.

"Yes, but, papa," pleaded Doris, "I know this is only fun for you, but it's serious for me. It's part of my education, you know. Come on, please; just dictate a nice letter, papa."

"Sure I will!" said Zerk.

He looked at Doris a moment thoughtfully. She was a nice kid, if she was his own daughter. A nice kid! None finer! He was proud of her, of the earnestness with which she was going on with the business of being a private secretary. She would be able to choose a good position, Zerk thought, after she had tried out one or two, perhaps, to get accustomed to the work she would have to do. She ought to be able to pick the position she wanted; a girl like Doris would be a find for some big man or big concern.

A great deal can be thought in a moment. Doris, looking at her father and waiting for him to go on with the dictation, thought his nose was like Edward Blane's nose.

"It's a shame I haven't a big heap of money," thought Zerk. "I wish I had the stuff in me to be a big money-maker and give the kid a thousand-dollar fur coat, and her mom a limousine and all that business. I'd keep Doris at home then—let her secretary for me, if she wanted to."

"But of course," thought Doris, thinking off at an angle, "he don't know I'm alive."

She meant Edward Blane. Once only, quite a few years before, Edward Blane had held her hand. It was when she was trying to teach herself golf at the country club Zerk had since given up because he could not very well afford it. It was the first time she had ever seen Edward Blane. She was standing at the first tee, trying to get a stance that might result in something worth while happening to the ball, when Ed Blane and some companion came to the tee. What he saw was a small girl—first year in high school, probably—making an awful mess of her hands on the handle of the golf club.

"Here, you!" he said. "Wait a minute! Just let me show you how we do that little thing."

Doris stood back, thinking he meant that he wanted to drive first and get on with his companion, but he climbed onto the elevation and took her club out of her hands. He was wonderful! He was tall and he was handsome and he looked wealthy and cultured—as indeed he was, being one of the Blanes.

"Come here now," he said, holding the driver with its head just back of her tee. "Stand here. This foot so. This foot thus." He bent down and arranged her feet, saying "Up!" when he wanted to move her heel an inch.

"Now!" he said, and he went behind her and put one arm on either side of her. Thus he arranged her hands on the club. He placed each finger as it should be, clasping the fingers of her right hand around her left thumb.

"That gives a better grip," he explained. "Now when you raise the club ——"

He showed her how to raise the club and how to swing and how to follow through.

"Eyes on the ball; eyes never off the ball," he cautioned her. "Now try it."

She swung, and the ball left the tee neatly and cleanly and went sailing nicely down the middle of the course for—oh, say, one hundred yards.

"There you are," Ed Blane said. "Now you know how to drive. You don't mind if we drive through? Thank you."

He tipped his hat, perfect-gentleman style, and he and his friend drove through and were soon out of sight around the turn of the second hole. He had never spoken to her again; had probably never recognized her again; had doubtless forgotten she existed. But Doris did not forget. He was her prince after that; she rather more than worshiped him; there was no other man to compare with him; he was the only man.

"'Obermann'—two *n*'s—'Welsh'—with an *s*—& 'Browning,'" dictated Zerk Clinch, "'978 Main Street, Westcote. Gentlemen: It has come to my attention, through the columns of the Westcote Eagle, that you are forming a syndicate to take over the Grace property'—G-r-a-c-e—'on Culver Street just East of Main Street, Westcote.' Period."

"You can go a little faster, papa," said Doris.

"All right—a little faster," said Zerk Clinch, and he continued to dictate: "'I agree with you that this property seems to offer the best real-estate speculation in Westcote at the present time.' Period, paragraph. 'After giving the matter considerable thought I have decided that it would be advisable for me to become a member of the syndicate mentioned.' Comma. 'And I will do so.' Period."

"You don't need to say the commas," said Doris.

"All right, out with commas," said Zerk Clinch. "Ready? 'Of course,'" he dictated, while Doris' pencil made pothooks rapidly, "'I shall be able to make no cash investment, nor will you probably ask that.' Period. Or, no, Doris, you'd better put a semicolon there. Semicolon. 'My standing in the world of literature is more than money.' Dash. 'I am one of the bright luminaries in the sky of fame.' Semicolon. 'The entire world, including Westcote and the Third Ward, swells with pride to think that Zerk Clinch, the happiness poet, rates on request, is a Westcoter.' Period, but no paragraph. 'In short, gentlemen, my name adds luster to anything with which it is connected, and because of my intense respect for your methods of doing business I have decided to permit you to assign to me, free gratis, $20,000 worth of stock in the aforesaid Grace property syndicate which you are now forming.' Period. 'Yours very truly——'"

"Papa! Ain't you awful!" said Doris. "Do you want to dictate any more?"

"Certainly I do!" said Zerk Clinch. "You don't think one letter is all I have to dictate, do you? I am a man of big affairs, I tell you! Uh—who's that other concern? Oh, yes! Take this, Miss Clinchfield ——"

They had a royal time that afternoon. Zerk Clinch dictated sixteen letters. He dictated three to Westcote real-estate brokers who were getting up syndicates to take over desirable plots, and with each letter he became more extravagantly flowery in praise of his greatness. Then he dictated thirteen more to other real-estate agents, offering to buy this corner and that corner. He might have been a millionaire throwing money into real estate with superb nonchalance. When Doris went to her room she had enough letters to keep her fingers busy until dinner. Zerk Clinch took his long legs from his desk and walked them downtown for a can of tobacco. He got into a pool game at Fritz's. When he reached home the completed letters, all on his gray letter paper, lay on his desk.

Zerk Clinch read the letters while Doris stood waiting to hear his comments. They were brief. Here and there she had made a mistake and he pointed them out and corrected them with his pen, and he signed the letters with his flourishing signature. He folded them and slipped them into the addressed envelopes and dropped them into his wastebasket.

Just before dinner Bobby, the youngest boy, went to Zerk's room to attend to his daily job. It was Bobby's job to see that Zerk's daily poem got safely into the letter box at the corner in time for the eight o'clock collection. If the poem was not in an envelope Bobby put it in one of the printed syndicate envelopes and sealed and stamped it. If any other of Zerk's letters were lying about Bobby sealed and stamped them too.

In the wastebasket Bobby saw the sixteen envelopes. They looked as if they had slid off the desk somehow; he took them out of the wastebasket, sealed them, stamped them and carried them to the corner letter box and mailed them.

The next day was Zerk's day in town, and he went to New York on the 9:27. At a few minutes after ten someone called the house on the telephone.

"No," Mrs. Clinchfield said, "Mr. Clinchfield isn't here now; he's gone over to New York. Is there any message I can take?"

(Continued on Page 149)

"Take This, Miss Clinchfield," He Said Gayly. "Ready? 'Obermann'—With Two n's—'Welsh'—With an s—'& Browning'"

A big beautiful Six ~ ~ five-passenger, four-door, four brakes, balloon tires, and a Hupmobile ~ ~ at a remarkable price

Hundreds bought before any distributor had a sample. That is the way the public values Hupmobile reputation

HUPMOBILE SIX

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

By Charles K. Harris

ABOUT this time I was thinking seriously of opening an office in New York City. I had opened a Chicago office. The main difficulty was how to secure a manager, one who was a singer and song plugger, as well as a business man. These three essentials in one man were hard to find. Passing through Milwaukee several times was a singer, Meyer Cohen, the California barytone. He was one of the Old Homestead Quartet, featured with Denman Thompson. He was not much on looks, but had a splendid voice and an engaging personality. He was singing at that time one of my songs, Better Than Gold. I allowed him to take my entire catalogue of songs with him to sell on the road on a commission basis. His first season as a salesman was very successful. I then allowed him to collect money from his customers, every penny of which he turned over to me promptly.

I had found the right man. I sent him on to New York and told him to find an office on Twenty-eighth Street, where all music publishers were located at the time. I advised him that I would forward him a stock of professional copies and orchestrations so that he could teach the professional singers the songs, as well as take care of all Eastern sales. The office was a success from the start. Cohen was acquainted with every singer in vaudeville at that time. He was very popular. For twenty-five years he was known as the greatest professional manager and song plugger in America.

I learned that Julie Mackey, the American singer, who had been in London for the previous two years in pantomime, was planning to return to this country and open an engagement at Koster & Bial's, a famous music hall in New York City, where all the prominent vaudeville artists were appearing. I wrote Cohen to keep his eye open for Miss Mackey and let me know when she arrived. I knew she would need new songs. She had sung a great many of mine in the past.

She opened there with great success. However, several of the papers criticized her songs. They were all written by English composers. I then wired Cohen that I was sending him the manuscript copy of a new song entitled Break the News to Mother. He sent for her and sang it in the hope that she would introduce it at Koster & Bial's. She tried it over and liked it, telling him to make an orchestration, and she promised to put it on the following night.

That night the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor. Cohen immediately inserted into the opening of the orchestration a few bars of The Star-Spangled Banner. When Julie Mackey made her entrance and the orchestra played the introduction the audience broke into an uproar.

Always in the Way

WHEN she went into the story the audience seemed deeply impressed. After the conclusion of the song the house came down with applause and the song was a success from that moment.

My rival publishers said, "Harris luck; it took a war to make his song popular."

A week later I received a telegram from my old friend Helene Mora, who had previously turned the song down. She pleaded with me to return to her at once the orchestration that I had made in her key. The rest is history. It is always the unexpected that makes a song a hit.

I remember one occasion. It was during Christmas week and a large tree had been placed in the window of a department store that was across the street from my office. It was ablaze with lights and filled with toys for the youngsters. Many little tots crowded around the window with their noses flattened against the pane, peering longingly at the tree.

A little boy and girl especially caught my attention as the little girl said "I choose that," pointing to a little doll.

The boy said "I'll choose that," indicating a train of cars running around on a track.

The girl unconsciously stepped on the boy's foot and he quickly pushed her aside, saying, "You're always in the way. Can't you see what you're doing?"

Those words kept ringing in my ears on my way home to dinner.

A few days later I wrote and composed Always in the Way, the words of which follow:

"Please, mister, take me in your car,
I want to see mamma.
They say she lives in heaven.
Is it very, very far?
My new mamma is very cross,
And scolds me ev'ry day.
I guess she does not love me,
For I'm always in the way."

PHOTO BY MORR SON, CHICAGO

Lydia Barry, the Vocalist Who Popularized the Song "There'll Come a Time"

CHORUS

"Always in the way,
So they always say.
I wonder why they don't kiss me,
Just the same as sister May.
Always in the way,
I can never play;
My own mamma would never say
I'm always in the way."

The ride it ended all too soon,
She toddled off alone.
A light shone from a window
And she peeped into the room.
"Please tell me is this heaven, ma'am,
And will they let me stay?"
"Forever, child, for this is home,
And you're not in the way."

The problem was to procure a good singer who could render a song of this type in such a way as to insure its popularity and to create a demand from the music dealers. Barry and Fay were then playing at the Bijou Theater, and the former's daughter, Lydia, then about eighteen years of age, was making a hit in the company. When I heard her sing I thought, "Here's the girl for Always in the Way." I sent for her and sang the song. She put it on before she left the city and kept it on for two consecutive seasons, making it one of the most popular child songs of the day.

In Milwaukee at this time was a well-known minister who had presided over his congregation for overmany years. The younger members of the congregation were anxious to have a younger man, one who was more up to date and whose sermons would not put them to sleep. They held a meeting and decided to engage a new man. It created quite a furor at the time, and the papers all took it up and headlined the occurrence.

This struck me as being very pathetic. Here was a man who had given the best years of his life to the members of his congregation, soothed their sorrows, married them, and buried their loved ones, through all the many years, and now he was to be cast aside like an old worn-out glove for a younger man. This incident gave birth to the song Just Behind the Times, the words of which are as follows:

A party of young village people gathered
In their little church,
A meeting of importance there to hold.
They then decided that their minister,
Although they loved him well,
He must resign, for he was growing old.
They sent to him this message,
He read it through and through,
While burning tears fell on the cruel lines,
For it was written in that message
That his sermons were too dry.
It also read, "You're just behind the times."

CHORUS

Behind the times, so they told him;
He's just behind the times.
His voice has lost its sweetness,
Like bells that no more chime.
He cannot hold their attention,
He faltered o'er his lines;
His power has gone, though few will mourn,
For he's just behind the times.

On Sunday morn the church was crowded,
For 'twas rumored round the town
A younger minister was going to preach;
And in that same old dusty pulpit,
Where the old man reigned for years,
Another man had come his flock to teach.
He spoke of love and politics;
He spoke of fashion too;
Of sights he'd seen in many different climes.
The old man sat alone and listened,
Then he sadly shook his head,
"I guess they're right, I am behind the times."

And so at last the sermon ended
And the old man slowly rose.
"Just let me say a few words ere you go."
Then slowly up the aisle he staggered
To his pulpit as of yore
With trembling limbs and face as white as snow.
"I've buried all your loved ones;
I've wept beside their graves;
I've shared your joys and sorrows many times."
Just then he gave a start, for his poor heart
Had broken from its pain.
His last words were, "I am behind the times."

Now for a singer to introduce and popularize it. A friend told me of a new descriptive singer who was formerly with the Corinne Opera Company, managed by Mrs. Kimball at that time. That singer was J. Bernard Dyllyn, who had left the opera company to enter vaudeville. He was appearing at the time at Hopkins' Theater, South Clark Street, Chicago.

The Diamonds That Talked

I NEVER let any grass grow under my feet in those days, especially when it came to introducing a new song. I went down to Chicago and saw the manager, who happened to be a friend of mine, Charles Elliott. I informed him that I was anxious to meet Dyllyn. He told me that he was an awful crank, objecting to his place on the bill and the fact that his name was not in large enough type on the outside of the theater; he found fault with the orchestra and he even objected to the manager; but notwithstanding all this, he was an artist in his line.

In face of all his eccentricities, I still desired to see Dyllyn after his performance. Elliott and I listened to Dyllyn's act and got a line on his work. Dyllyn was possessed of a rich, powerful voice and an ingratiating personality. He was just the one to put over Just Behind the Times, my new song. The solution to the whole problem was to get Dyllyn to follow the same line of reasoning.

Elliott, true to promise, escorted me to Dyllyn's dressing room. He was taking off his make-up and in a gruff voice told me to sit down. At that point Elliott left me to his tender mercies. Without indulging in any preliminary talk, I immediately told him my object in coming to see him. He refused to look at any song, assigning as a reason that his repertoire at that time was complete, and that the songs he was then using were very popular with his audiences. Personally I did not blame him; but my main object was to sell him my song, and I was not going to admit failure.

At that time South Clark Street was one of the toughest sections of Chicago. There was nearly half a mile of saloons and cheap dives lining each side of the street. From these dives the sound of tin-pan pianos could be heard all through the night. Sandbagging strangers for money was a common occurrence.

To return to Dyllyn, I changed the subject and invited him for a little lunch across the street at a place called Lame Johnny's, a notorious resort, so called because it was the

(Continued on Page 36)

Buick dependability is known and spoken of whenever motor cars are discussed, from one end of the country to the other.

Buick builds better motor cars. No car on earth, for instance, regardless of price, provides a more efficient system of lubrication for the engine.

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The Better BUICK

(Continued from Page 34

haunt of Lame Johnny, who had been educated in music at Leipsic, Germany. He played the piano in this saloon as a means of livelihood.

At that time it was quite the fad among the profession to wear a lot of diamonds. So, thinking that it would be a good advertisement, I had purchased a diamond ring, a diamond stud, diamond cuff buttons and a diamond-studded fob. I was only a kid, and had figured out even then that nothing succeeds like success and that diamonds surely bespoke prosperity. The actors put one another wise to be sure to look me up while in Milwaukee and see my display of diamonds. And those chunks of ice really brought a great many into my office, where I'd teach them a song. My diamonds never failed me.

Dyllyn gave one glance at my sparklers and warned me that I had better conceal them, otherwise they might lead to a holdup. He advised me to leave them with Elliott, who would put them in his safe, saying, "Cull, this is South Clark Street, the toughest place in the world."

"I'm not afraid," I answered; "come on."

So we went to Lame Johnny's. When we arrived inside we found several of Johnny's pluggers sitting around a table. Their job was to throw coins to him upon the sawdust-covered floor whenever a customer came in who looked like ready money, in the hope that he also would contribute. Dyllyn was about to toss a coin, when I held him back. The pluggers looked menacingly at me. Johnny, not hearing any coins falling, turned on his piano stool and caught sight of me. I can remember his ejaculation:

"Holy smoke! Harris, from Milwaukee! Here, you fellows, stop throwing those coins. He's all right—never forgets us piano players."

It was always my custom on departing from one of these resorts to remember the musicians substantially.

We left shortly afterward and wandered into another well-known cabaret called Winga. Someone recognized me and passed the word as I entered, "Here comes After the Ball." The man playing the piano turned and upon seeing me hastened over. It was Mike Bernard, who many years afterward was the pianist at Tony Pastor's Fourteenth Street Theater. He was the whole orchestra and conducted the entire performance single-handed. Later on he toured in vaudeville for many years as a headliner. The moment Bernard saw me he told the proprietor he was going to get someone else to take his place for the evening while he escorted Dyllyn and myself on a tour of all the near-by resorts. Mike had the reputation of being the greatest song plugger at that time in Chicago, and I surely needed him in my business.

A Dollar for a Twenty-Cent Show

IN ALL my Chicago travels, during my song-plugging days, in and out of saloons and cabarets, I was never molested, strange to say. Perhaps this good fortune was due to the fact that I was always friendly with the bosses of these joints, and they no doubt passed the word to keep hands off Harris. It is a peculiar fact that many of our popular songs first saw the light of day in these joints.

After Dyllyn and I had gone the rounds, we returned in the early morning hours to our hotels. From that night on we became very chummy. He said he would be in Milwaukee the following week, when he would come up and learn my new song, Just Behind the Times. He kept his word. I taught him the song and he sang it continuously for two years as his leading ballad. It became the reigning success of that year. In later years Dyllyn played several engagements with George M. Cohan in his various productions, and with many other Broadway musical companies, until his death a few years ago. He was always a unique character.

Another singer who enjoyed a reputation as a descriptive vocalist was Imogene Comer, a beautiful, willowy, dark-eyed girl with a marvelous contralto voice. She could render a ballad better than any other singer I have ever heard. She was using at the time a song entitled The Tattoo on the Arm. I recall the song well. Today it would be laughed off the stage, but she put it over with a bang. She was also singing at that time Paul Dresser's song The Curse, which held the audience spellbound.

We became acquainted and I found her to be one of the most charming and delightful women I had ever met. I had no song for her at the time that I thought worthy of her talents. She insisted that she must have a song that had never been sung. I told her I would write one for her. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, was also a resident of Milwaukee. Her book, Poems of Passion, was creating a sensation. One of them, The End of Our Sinning, made quite a hit with me. I asked her permission to use that line as the basis for a song and she gladly gave her consent; and so Cast Aside was the result. Miss Comer accepted it:

She sat alone one moonlit night,
The maiden fair so young and bright.
Her tears upon a letter fell;
The same old tale, though sad to tell.
"Farewell, farewell," these words she read.
"This is the end of all," he said.
"Though sad my heart, I must decide,
For duty's sake cast you aside."

CHORUS

"This is the end of our sinning,
Bright though as seemed the beginning.

Judie Cushman Singing "Always in the Way"

You long for love that is surer,
Love that to you will be purer.
I hoped you'd always be near me,
That your heart ne'er would grow weary;
Yet you leave mine sad and dreary,
Now that I'm cast aside."

"The hour has come,
I know at last,
And you have thrown aside your mask,
And shown to me the awful sin
My love for you has plunged me in.
But still my love seemed pure and true,
If it was only shared with you;
And though you call another bride,
'Tis hard to feel I'm cast aside."

His wedding day at length drew nigh,
He long'd to say one last good-by,
And wished once more to see her face,
Now bowed in shame at her disgrace.
He found her, but 'twas lifeless clay,
Her spirit soul had passed away.
A dagger lay close by her side,
The story told she was cast aside.

Adah Richmond in the Song Hit, "Cast Aside"

She said she would sing it over the Kohl and Castle circuit in Chicago, and mentioned the date of her opening. She asked me to come on to hear it. In those days the admission prices in these theaters were ten, twenty and thirty cents, box seats one dollar, matinées ten and twenty cents. I went to Chicago as she requested. The performances were continuous from twelve noon until eleven P.M. The acts that went on at noon and at suppertime were called chasers. These acts were so terrible that they would drive the audience out. Not wishing to walk about the streets, I took in the noon show. Walking up to the box office, I plunked down a dollar for a box seat. The ticket seller looked up somewhat surprised at this unusual request at this hour. The usher, when I entered, looked at the ticket and also seemed surprised. My reason for buying that seat was to be near the door leading to the stage. I intended to make use of that door and see Miss Comer as soon as she had finished her act.

From Chaser to Headliner

THE show opened with a chaser, as usual. His name on the program was Tearer the Great. I wondered what the name meant, but soon learned when the act began. It consisted of an exposé of the tricks performed by the Great Herrmann, one of the cleverest magicians of his day. He completed his act by folding a sheet of paper into several parts, then tearing it with his fingers while singing Kathleen Mavourneen. At the finish of the song he spread out the paper he had torn and it formed a lace pattern for a table spread. This he threw to a lady in the audience. This young chaser looked to me as though he had possibilities if taken in hand and taught a few up-to-date stunts.

I happened to glance toward the entrance of the theater and observed several people looking toward my box, apparently very much amused. I was puzzled to know what the joke was about, as there was nothing on the stage to create a laugh. It turned out that the treasurer of the theater was telling some of his friends that some farmer had wandered into the theater at twelve o'clock and bought a box seat for one dollar, for a ten and twenty cent noon show. The joke spread behind the stage and several of the performers peered through a hole in the curtain to catch a glimpse of the easy mark.

Miss Comer also became interested. When she saw me she burst into a hearty laugh and said, "That's C. K. Harris, the song writer, who is here to hear his song."

A few minutes later the manager of the theater came to my box and returned the dollar I had given, and explained that he wished to extend the courtesy of the house to me. I remember spending the dollar with him in a café across the street.

Miss Comer sang the song for a long time and was instrumental in making it a big selling hit. For twenty years after that Miss Comer always had one of my songs in her repertoire. At the time of this writing, I have just learned that the vaudeville profession is about to give her a benefit. She still has a good voice, but managers are looking for youth and fresh voices.

On my return to Milwaukee, Oscar Miller, manager of the Alhambra Theater Building, where my office was located, asked me if I had seen any new acts while in Chicago. It must be borne in mind that vaudeville managers in those days were compelled to pick up attractions wherever they could. There were very few booking agents furnishing acts as there are today. Desiring to have a little joke on my friend Miller, I informed him of a great act in Kohl and Castle's theater, and he became interested. I told him of Tearer the Great, saying he was placed in a bad spot on the bill. I suggested he feature the Tearer on the program and play him up with the press. He wrote the name down.

I had forgotten the circumstances, when I picked up a newspaper the following week and found a criticism of the new bill at the Alhambra mentioning Tearer the Great in his wonderful exposé of Herrmann and his marvelous paper-tearing act. The joke was on me, as the fellow had really made good on account of a good spot on the bill.

The following morning there was a knock on my door and in walked the Tearer in all his glory. He was arrayed in a long black Prince Albert coat, high silk hat, spats,

(Continued on Page 88)

GLASS

Amid the white silica sands of Ottawa, Illinois, rises the chief plant of the National Plate Glass Company—a Fisher subsidiary and the world's second largest manufacturer of genuine plate glass.

By organizing the National Plate Glass Company in 1920, the Fisher Body Corporation assured itself an adequate supply of plate glass. This is a quality and volume control and protection that is obviously not available to other body manufacturers.

To the end that every owner of a car equipped with Body by Fisher may enjoy the greatest possible satisfaction, Fisher controls all intermediate operations to an unequaled extent.

Casting plate glass. Note the huge roller, which is about to pass over the molten mass. The plate thus formed is ground until it is only one-half its original thickness.

BODY by FISHER

FISHER BODIES

SOBER WORKINGMEN

By James Stevens

Every step in his—the individual's—private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises.—Emerson.

IN AMERICA, Fact is too often a poor Cinderella, a neglected maiden who sits alone at the fireside, while her gaudy sisters, Sensation and Propaganda, are the belles of the ball where the favors of that modern prince, Publicity, are to be won. Fact has no fairy godmother, and she is a plain maiden who wears adornment badly anyhow. Thus, life differs from the fairy tale.

Such a melancholy reflection is bound to occur to the individual when he ponders realistically on a certain national crisis which I shall not name, because Sensation and Propaganda have kept Fact pretty well away from it. I have the desire to let Fact speak something about this crisis in her own plain fashion, so I take the hint from Emerson and make a stage for her out of my own experiences.

My own experience has been, for the most part, that of the average American workingman. My experience as a drinking workingman began in 1908 and ended in 1919, after my discharge from the Army. My experience as a sober workingman began in 1919, in a state where there were no saloons, and ended when I became a writer in 1924. I have been a ranch laborer, a farm hand, a city laborer, a camp laborer and a farmer; and I have considerable first-hand knowledge of the so-called lower classes of this tumultuous land.

I have just finished a trip that covered most of the places where I lived for any length of time as a workingman in the prewar years. I have met again many of the workingmen I knew in that time as friends. Like myself, they were drinking men in the old days and sought much of their social pleasure in the saloon. I found only one who does not amuse himself soberly now. All but this one have acquired respectable possessions. All who are married are providing secure and comfortable livings for their families and offering opportunities to their children. They are all average workingmen who have merely made common-sense use of prosperity and have adapted their lives to modern conditions. I have no stories of dramatic achievement to tell.

The first long stop of my trip was in a California city where I had once earned my bread and butter—and my Saturday nights' entertainments—as a muleteer. I looked up some of my old employers, and through them I got on the tracks of my old comrades of labor. The first one I found was Harry Johnson. That is not his name, but I tell of the actual man.

I first met Harry in the autumn of 1914, when I was driving a big-wheel team in a Northern California logging camp. He was a Spanish-American War veteran, twelve years older than myself. He talked with courtesy and grace. He was well-read. He had a fine, manly appearance, and he adorned it by much shaving, brushing and washing, showing a sound self-respect. He was no radical, and I wondered at first why he had lived as a homeless laborer since his war days, going from harvest field to logging camp, from logging camp to mine, and so on, staying no more than two or three months on one job—always on the move.

He never joined the loggers in their boasting talk about the great blow-ins they had survived; their mighty drunks and saloon battles and their resulting hardships as penniless unemployed in the winter months. Harry would lie on his bunk and read magazines and books, and when he joined the circle around the bunk-house heater, it was to talk about ideas and the world outside. He was respected by the loggers as a well-posted man, but he was regarded curiously. He would talk to me a good deal, but never about his family. I used to romanticize to myself about him; dreaming of him as the son of an English lord or an American merchant prince, who had fallen in love with a chorus girl, maybe, and had been disowned by his family, deserted then by the fickle girl, and had gone to the war and wandered ever afterward to forget all.

But, alas for my fancies, Harry proved at the last to be only a laborer and the son of working folk. We left the timber at the same time and started for the sunshine of Southern California. In the logging town we had a few beers together, and I went out for a hike. It was some hours until traintime, and I wanted to get away from the tough gang in the saloon. Harry refused to come, so I went out alone. I hiked far up the railroad track, feeling the hundred and sixty-five dollars which were pinned in my shirt and dreaming of the good times I was going to have in the city. I was used to trailing the big wheel for ten hours a day, and I tramped about five miles before I thought of turning back.

I stretched my legs over the ties and whistled and dreamed along until I neared the logging town again. A little way from the depot a stream ran through a culvert under the track. Just off the roadbed was a clump of brush. I saw the prone figure of a man there. I walked over for a look.

The man was Harry Johnson. His face was flushed, his mouth was open, he was dead to the world. His hand was

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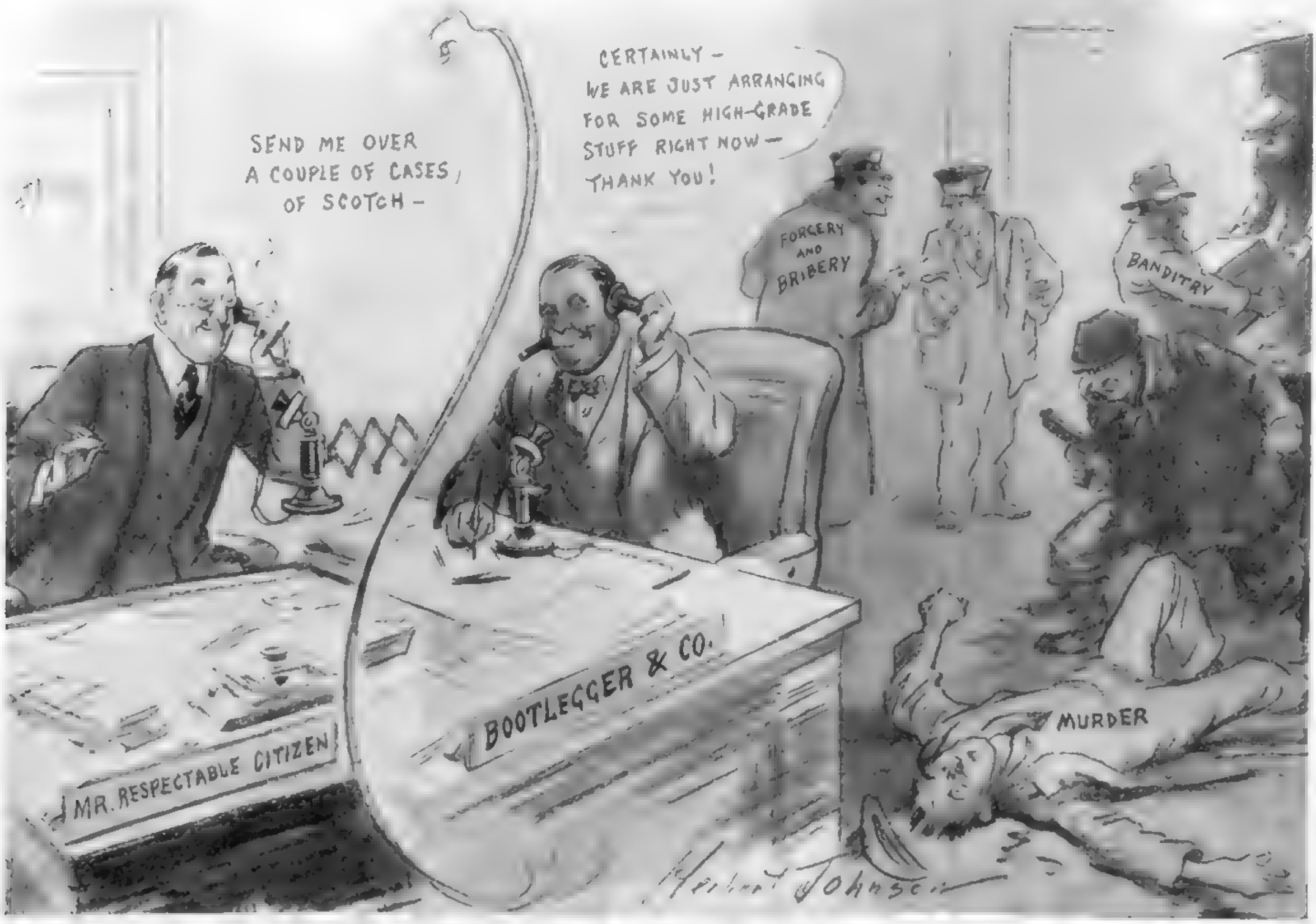
SEND ME OVER A COUPLE OF CASES OF SCOTCH -
CERTAINLY - WE ARE JUST ARRANGING FOR SOME HIGH-GRADE STUFF RIGHT NOW - THANK YOU!
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BANDITRY
MR. RESPECTABLE CITIZEN
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Watch This Column

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LAURA LA PLANTE and RAYMOND KEANE in "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

"She had the night in her eyes and the sun upon her lips, and he called her his 'Midnight Sun'."

A beautiful dancer in the Russian Imperial Ballet catches the eye of Grand Duke Sergius, and Kusmin, a roue millionaire, and both make up their minds to have her. She is in love, however, with a young lieutenant on the Grand Duke's personal staff, and is obliged to use all the power of her beauty and brains to outwit the two powerful personages and save her romance.

The rivalry of the two notables involves the abduction of the dancer by the banker in his private yacht, a chase on a destroyer by the Grand Duke, the near execution of the lieutenant for slapping the Grand Duke's face. So, thrills follow one another in rapid succession, and the climax will surprise and delight you.

Such is the basis of *"The Midnight Sun,"* Universal's magnificent and thrilling drama, laid in the very center of the Imperial Russian court, with all its splendor and luxuriousness.

This picture is a dramatic triumph for LAURA LA PLANTE. It will forever establish PAT O'MALLEY who plays the Grand Duke. It is a splendid vehicle for GEORGE SEIGMAN'S peculiar talents and a star-maker for young RAYMOND KEANE, the cadet lieutenant.

The picture is beautiful beyond description. It occurs mostly in the palace, in the Kuba Cafe and behind the scenes of the Great Russian Theatre. Is replete with brilliant uniforms and gorgeous settings. I would call it one of Universal's best pictures and I think you will agree with me.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

You can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10 cents in stamps

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

SECOND DOWN

(Continued from Page 7)

Aha! Here was the joker! Mr. Byles narrowed his eyes. "I s'pose you have a reg'lar form of contract that you use," he suggested, with a slight touch of sarcasm.

"Sometimes," admitted Tedford, "when the client leaves the whole matter in our hands, but in your case I would be willing—in fact, I would request—that you have a contract drawn by your own attorney; subject to our approval of course. All we ask is an equitable deal."

Disarmed again! There was no complaint to be made on this score. So Mr. Byles fell back on grumbling over the percentage demanded by the association.

"But look here!" he exclaimed suddenly. "You ought to collect the costs and lawyer's fees of that suit that I had fightin' Albeck too. It cost me another two thousand, at least, countin' witnesses and all expenses."

Tedford hesitated a moment. "Very well, we'll put that in," he agreed. "It's not an unfair demand. Albeck will gag at it, but I think our methods of persuasion will make him swallow the dose all right."

Mr. Byles finally agreed to instruct his attorney to draw up a form of contract. Knowing that matters of the sort could usually be accomplished with little delay in a small town, especially at the behest of a man like Byles, Tedford suggested that the contract be drawn that afternoon, or, if that were not convenient, he would remain over until next morning to see it through.

He was present when Lawyer Riggin, called over to the magnate's office—Mr. Byles being too great a man to visit his hired attorney—jotted down the rough draft of the contract.

"Make it as simple as you please, Mr. Riggin," said Tedford. "Just a statement that we are to get 40 per cent of any money which we may collect from Frederick J. Albeck on account of the National Annealed Glass Roofing Tile matter. One paragraph ought to tell it all."

Riggin rather resented being told how to do his work by a New Yorker and, in accordance with general orders, did his best to write the contract so as to favor his own client; but Mr. Tedford was too sharp to let anything crude get by, and he genially made a correction or two which reduced the document to an equitable contract.

"Now how shall we go about handling this matter?" asked Tedford. "Do you want to come to New York and see it through with us?"

"I'd certainly prefer to be there," replied Mr. Byles.

"That suits us. We often handle matters of this kind by mail, but in your case I'd be glad to have you with us when we put it up to Albeck. I think it will help us to cow him. It'll do you good to take a few days off and run up to the big town anyhow. The fare's only nine dollars or thereabouts each way, and I don't think you'll need to be there more than two or three days, unless you have other business to attend to."

It was finally agreed that Mr. Byles should call at the offices of the association on the following Tuesday morning.

"Be sure you let me know if you change your plans," said Tedford as he bade his client farewell. "I'm out of town a great deal on cases like this, but I want to be there when you arrive and look after the affair myself, as I have devoted considerable of my time to working it up, and I know it pretty thoroughly."

Mr. Byles did not fail to let two or three friends who were useful as megaphones know that he was going to get square with that fellow Albeck at last; and he even permitted the impression to get out that he had looked up the Protect the Investor Association himself and sent for their representative. He hinted that he was a man who never forgot or forgave a deliberate and dastardly wrong like that of Albeck's; and the perpetrator might as well steel himself to the thought that, sooner or later, the heavy, inexorable, avenging hand of Henry Byles would close upon him.

He found the Protect the Investor Association offices, on that bright June Tuesday morning following, in one of the older, more modest office buildings in lower Manhattan. He sought the room number given him as the president's office, and the elevator boy pointed it out just across the hall. Sure enough, there was the PIA in a neat monogram on the door and the words, Executive Offices. Mr. Byles stepped inside, and in a compartment walled in by glass partitions he found a comely young lady seated at a desk which bore a vase of flowers and a bronze sign, Information.

"Mr. Bartlett, the president, in?" asked Mr. Byles.

"What is the name, please?" countered the young lady, smiling in a manner calculated to make the visitor like the request.

Mr. Byles drew forth his cardcase and, fumbling with his thick, clumsy fingers, finally grubbed out a card. Somehow he could never do it in the deft, easy style achieved by some men he had seen.

The young lady disappeared around a corner and presently came back, followed by Tedford.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Byles!" he exclaimed, shaking the magnate's hand. "I was just in Mr. Bartlett's office for a conference when your card came in. Walk right back here and meet Mr. Bartlett."

Mr. Bartlett, the president of the P. I. A., was a bluff, bulky person with a big, square head, a beetling brow, a shock of iron-gray hair and a rumbling voice. After a few banal remarks, the trio took up the chief subject.

"Have you that *dossier* on Albeck handy?" asked Bartlett of Tedford.

The latter handed over from a neighboring desk a bunch of papers clipped together into a sort of book. Bartlett flipped over the leaves rapidly.

"Did Mr. Tedford tell you," said he, pausing at a certain page and looking over his glasses at Mr. Byles, "that Albeck once served a year in Texas for an oil swindle? No? Well, he did. That was fifteen years ago, and his name was Daskam then, but we've got the dead certain proof here," and he tapped the papers, "of the whole thing. His aristocratic connections in New York don't know about that either, and what it would do to him if they found it out—just try to fancy it, Mr. Byles! There are a few other little shady spots along his trail, too, that it wouldn't do him any good to have made public. We've got 'em all recorded here, I think. Now, let's see: I believe you said you had an appointment with him this morning, Tedford."

"Yes," said Tedford. "I've deceived our friend Albeck somewhat," he explained smilingly to Mr. Byles. "Counting on your being here this morning, I'd made a date with him, giving the name of Mr. Stahl, for fear he may have heard of me in connection with the work of this organization. He thinks I'm interested in a promotion scheme which he has on foot. I fancy his jaw will drop when he sees your face over my shoulder."

The three conspirators laughed heartily over the prospect. Tedford looked at his watch.

"We'll have to hustle along, Mr. Byles," said he. "My appointment with him is for eleven o'clock." He rose and put the *dossier* into his suitcase.

"Luck to you," said President Bartlett as he shook hands with Mr. Byles. "Tedford will know how to handle him, never fear. I'll expect to see you back here after a while with a nice, fat check."

"Let's walk down one flight," said Tedford as they stepped out into the hall. "I want to give you a glimpse of the main room of our general offices."

On the next floor below Tedford opened a door. "Here are the people who do most of our research and clerical work," said he. The room was a large one, perhaps forty by seventy feet, and it was chock-full of desks, at which both men and women were toiling. The air was filled with the clangor of typewriters and a hum of conversation from fifteen or twenty of the desks where persons were in consultation. Tedford glanced at his watch again.

"We must hurry," said he. "If traffic slows us up much we may be late."

Once on the sidewalk, Tedford hailed a taxicab and gave an address on an uptown cross street, urging the driver to make speed. They presently stopped before the portal of a large office building.

"Let me do most of the talking," advised Tedford as they rode upstairs.

Mr. Albeck's present activities were so entirely personal that he required only a comparatively small office at the end of the hall, but he chose to disguise himself under the vague but high-sounding title of Albeck Enterprises, Inc. Tedford made a satirical gesture toward the words just before opening the door.

A girl in a small outer room inquired their names, and Tedford replied, "Mr. Stahl. I have an appointment with Mr. Albeck at eleven o'clock. This gentleman is a friend of mine." He winked at Byles as the girl turned away.

She came out in a moment and said, "Just walk in." They entered, Tedford in advance.

Albeck rose from his desk with hand extended, exclaiming with specious heartiness, "Good morning, Mr. Stahl!" He was a slender, middle-aged man with a narrow, deeply lined face, a pointed nose and brownish-green eyes. His glance turned to the second caller, inquiringly at first—then his eyes were arrested, and he gazed as if fascinated, recognition dawning rapidly in his countenance.

"I see you know Mr. Byles," said Tedford, who had remained silent during this little moment of drama.

"Yes, we've met before. Howdy, Mr. Byles," said Albeck in a lowered tone, his glance dropping to his desk. He had made a movement as if to thrust out his hand, but checked it—probably guessing that Byles would not have shaken hands with him—and tried to cover it up by moving a paper weight on his desk. One could see that his mind was working madly, trying to adjust itself to the situation and to guess the purpose of his callers.

"I fear I've deceived you a little, Mr. Albeck," said Tedford. "My name is not Stahl." He laid a card before Albeck and quoted from it, "Tedford, of the Protect the Investor Association."

Albeck glanced at the card without picking it up. "Never heard of them," he said, with the faintest suggestion of sarcasm.

"We are tolerably well-known in certain circles," asserted Tedford meaningly.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Albeck tersely.

"With regard to that National Annealed Glass Roofing Tile affair ——" Tedford began.

Albeck sat moving a pencil slightly to and fro on his desk, glancing up at Tedford now and then with what might have been nervousness.

"—— you will remember," Tedford went on, "that Mr. Byles lost fifteen thousand in cash in that deal, to say nothing of the expense he was put to."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Albeck. "I lost a lot of actual cash, too, to say nothing of the time and high hopes I put into it. And the money I lost meant more to me than Mr. Byles' did to him, I'm sure."

He was wrong there. It would be impossible for human mind to guess what the loss of fifteen thousand dollars meant to Mr. Byles.

(Continued on Page 42)

The New-Day Jewett

Has Swept America!

A Traffic Engineer

"We need more automobiles built like this one—that start and stop quickly, turn in a short radius and easily. Safer both for driver and pedestrian."

A Driver

"I've never handled a car that did exactly what I wanted under all circumstances with as little effort, both on its part and mine."

An Automobile Dealer

"The trade is sincerely glad to welcome a car like this—nimble, substantial, economical, useful. We all know Jewetts have good stuff in them—stand up and require little service."

A Traffic Officer

"These New-Day Jewetts stop and start when I tell 'em to. My job would be a cinch if all cars were like yours!"

A Rear-Seat Rider

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(Continued from Page 40)

Tedford smiled cynically. He was unstrapping the brief case. "We happen to know, Mr. Albeck, that you didn't lose any money on that deal; on the contrary, you profited handsomely. We have some inside facts that even Mr. Byles and his attorney didn't have or couldn't get."

Albeck laughed contemptuously.

"What are you giving me?" he inquired. "All the facts were brought out at the trial. I was just a fool visionary, that's all. Nothing illegal was shown or could be shown. What are you trying to do—blackmail me?"

If he did not feel certain of his safety in the Glass Tile affair, he was capable of putting up a colossal bluff. Tedford's face hardened as he turned the pages of the *dossier*.

"The word 'blackmail' doesn't come with a very good grace from your lips, my friend," said he, "in view of the information regarding your past which I have here."

"I'll bet my past is as clean as yours, when it comes to that," bluffed Albeck. "And besides, what's my past got to do with this Glass Tile foolishness?"

"Just this much. The business of our organization is to right the wrongs of unfortunate investors; to force restitution from those who wrongfully took their money. If we have to do it by threatening the man we're after we do it. Now we know all about your activities today, Albeck. We know that you've made bales of money. We know about your prominent and valuable connections. And we know that there are some things you wouldn't like for those high-class people to hear; that Springer deal two years ago, for instance; those bribed aldermen last fall."

Albeck's fingers had stopped twiddling the pencil; he sat as if frozen, his eyes fixed on the accusatory sheets which the other was flicking over. Something like a longing to seize and rend that packet of papers, only the width of a desk away from him, glittered in his eyes.

Tedford paused and then leaned forward, watching the other's face as he played his trump card.

"How would it strike your eminent partners if they were to hear the complete story of the man named Daskam who was in the pen in Texas fifteen years ago for an oil swindle? We could tell them all about it."

At that the spirit seemed almost visibly to depart from Albeck. Slowly his body relaxed; he seemed older, grayer. He gazed somberly out of the window for a few moments and there was a great weariness in his face. Then he lifted his hands in a little gesture of resignation.

"You fellows seem to be pretty thorough when you start out to break a man," said he; "a man who is trying to reform and do business on a different basis from what he did in his young and foolish days."

"One of the first evidences of reformation, Mr. Albeck," Tedford pointed out, "should be a desire to make amends for the wrongs he did in his young and foolish days."

"I had expected to come to that eventually," declared Albeck. "That is, for any real wrong I may have committed, though I deny any responsibility or any intention to swindle in Mr. Byles' case. But at present my affairs are still in the building stage. What little money I have is so tied up that I haven't the cash to help anybody out."

Tedford smiled rather unpleasantly, and Mr. Byles vented a sarcastic sniff.

"Come now, Mr. Albeck," said Tedford, "you're forgetting that we hold trumps. We have too much information to be inclined to accept your statement about being hard up."

"But it's true I tell you!" cried Albeck. "You ought to know enough about business to know that a man who's been plunging and living on hope as I have may have heavy investments that eat up his cash so fast that he's hardly enough left to buy tobacco with."

"Then why not turn some of those investments into cash?"

"Easier said than done." Albeck was silent a moment, pondering. Then plucking up a bit of his old spirit, he asked, with a contemptuous glance toward the magnate of Circleton, "And how much does Mr. Byles think I have damaged him?"

"You know good and well how much I put into that deal, Albeck," rasped Byles impatiently. "I put in fifteen thousand dollars, and then there were all my legal expenses, and so on."

"Fully two thousand," added Tedford.

"Yes, it was nearer three thousand than two thousand," said Mr. Byles, his voice and his grievance rising as he saw a prospect of collecting, "and countin' all my personal time, four or five thousand wouldn't be enough."

"Let's just call it two thousand," advised Tedford. "Frankly, you haven't sufficient data on some of those expenses to prove a much greater amount than two thousand dollars, though there's no doubt that you're correct and honest in saying that they ran much higher than that. Let's give Mr. Albeck the benefit of the doubt and say just two thousand dollars."

"But, good Lord!" ejaculated Albeck. "Do you mean to say that you two are going to stick me up for seventeen thousand dollars, and ruin me if you don't get it? You want every ounce of your pound of flesh, don't you?"

"That word 'stickup' is used just by way of bluff, of course," said Tedford. "But leaving that out, I'll admit that your rapid calculation of the figures is correct."

"It's preposterous!" exclaimed Albeck. "Make it ten thousand and I'll talk to you."

But it appeared that he would have to talk in much larger figures than that, though he struggled desperately against it. "But I tell you I haven't the cash!" he would cry. "I've plunged up to the neck—living and doing business on borrowed money! Give me six months, and I can pay you this money and never miss it. I may be able to do it in three months. Say three months!"

The inexorable Tedford shook his head. "No telling what may happen in three months, Mr. Albeck. You may die or your investments may go wrong. And what reason have we to accept your statements in good faith? No, we must have settlement now. You've some securities that you can turn into cash, I know."

"None that aren't pinned to a note in some banker's vault as collateral."

"Come, come, Mr. Albeck," said Tedford, with a wiry hardness in his tone, "we're wasting valuable time, both for you and for us. Are you going to make a deal with us, or are you not?"

Albeck hesitated for another long moment.

"Well, since you fellows are determined to throw me down and walk on my face," he said at length, sighing and tossing the pencil back on the desk with a weary petulance, "the only thing I can think of is a batch of lots out on Long Island; only thing I've got that's unencumbered."

"H'm—vacant property," mused Tedford doubtfully.

"Yes, but it's good stuff. It's worth twenty or twenty-five thousand, if it's worth a cent, and I was just about to plaster a loan on it. It's in Avonmore, one of the finest up-and-coming towns on the North Shore. This is a batch of six lots on the best street in town. The new public library is to be located only a block and a half away, and some fine residences are now being built still farther out. The new bus line from Flushing and Oyster Bay, which starts next month, will pass right by these lots. It's a crime for me to let them go for seventeen thousand dollars, but I suppose I'll have to do it."

Still moving slowly and reluctantly, he pressed a button and his secretary entered.

"Let me have that Avonmore abstract," said he.

"I had the abstract drawn up," he explained to the others with a bitter tinge in his voice, "as a preliminary move to getting a loan on the property. Now I'll have to make shift to raise the money some other way. You will see," as he spread the paper before them, "that it's changed hands only three times in the last hundred and fifty years. The Van Zell estate had owned it for seventy years, and when that estate was finally divided one of the heirs needed a little money right off, so I was able to make a snap deal with him."

"But look here," said Mr. Byles suspiciously after a moment's examination, "the record of your deal says you bought it for 'one dollar and other valuable considerations.'"

"Yes, but there was a reason for that. First place, I bought the property with chips and whetstones. I gave seventy-five hundred dollars in cash, some securities and another little chunk of real estate; but what I gave was actually worth fifteen thousand. Then I wanted to conceal the price, as I expected to make a quick turn of the property within a year, knowing how values are going up out there. Ask anybody in Avonmore what that property is worth."

Tedford glanced meaningly at Byles. "Of course we'll have to see these lots and make inquiries," said he. "May we borrow the abstract?"

"Yes, I reckon you might as well," said Albeck grudgingly yet listlessly. He seemed longing for the end of the interview.

"Let me say before I leave," said Tedford when he and Byles had risen to their feet, "that my organization has no desire to reveal your slips of the past as long as nothing more of the sort occurs. We believe in giving a man a full opportunity to go straight, and we don't feel that we are being unfair to society in so doing. But at the same time we must protect our clients. Remember that we are emphatically on the job, and that any false move will have unpleasant consequences."

"At his old gum-shoe stuff!" said Tedford to Byles when they were outside the office. "Think of his concealing the price of that property in that childish way! But he's got into the habit of being sneaky, and he just can't get out of it."

"What do you think of this offer of his?" asked Mr. Byles.

"Can't say till we see the lots. If they're as well located as he says, they may be a good buy. No better realty anywhere in the country right now than good Long Island stuff. Avonmore is a good town too. I've been there; all high-class—no trash tolerated. But I don't take Albeck's word for anything till it's proven."

"Better go out and look at the lots, I reckon?"

"Surely! And we'll do it today if we can."

"No danger of him skippin' out, is there?" suggested Mr. Byles anxiously.

"No, he has too many irons in the fire for that. If he can keep his little playhouse from being knocked down for a few months more, he may be a millionaire. He wouldn't give up that prospect, just to avoid paying this little seventeen-thousand-dollar debt. Still"—and there was a slight shade of anxiety in Tedford's face—"I think it best to get this matter cinched just as quickly as possible. Now, let's see—I'll run back to the office and get this investigation started. I'll call up the Blank Title Guaranty and Trust Company and tell them to get their machinery going on this title.

They've got information in their vaults on practically every piece of property within a hundred miles of New York, so it won't take them long to give us an answer. Pretty close friends of ours, too, and they'll speed the thing up if we ask it. Suppose I come by your hotel with a car at two o'clock—no, let's shave the time as close as we can: say 1:45—and we'll dash out there and look this thing up."

"Suits me," agreed Mr. Byles. "The quicker, the sooner. I'll be waiting for you."

"We'll drive to Glendola, the county seat, first," said Tedford an hour and a quarter later, as their limousine sped towards the Queensboro Bridge. "It'll take us maybe an hour and a half to get there, and I want to verify the entries in the register's books before the county offices close. Then we'll go to Avonmore."

At 3:05 they drew up at the Glendola courthouse, and in the register's office, Tedford demanded the book mentioned in the abstract. The great tome was produced, and on page 452 they found Albeck's deed duly recorded.

They also glanced into a much older book and read there the evidence of the transfer of the larger body of land to Peter Van Zell in 1854.

"Now, let's hop to Avonmore," said Tedford briskly.

"The Title Guaranty people told me," he said to Byles as they sped along, "to look up John J. Pickering and take him to see the property. He's an old-time real-estate man at Avonmore; not one of the most progressive, but strictly honest and knows Avonmore property if anyone does. He'll give us a straightforward, unbiased opinion."

Within half an hour they were entering the suburbs of the trim little city of Avonmore. As they neared the business district Tedford directed the driver to steer alongside a policeman who loomed up in the roadway. The policeman informed them that Mr. Pickering's office was in the Avon Building, two blocks down, on the left, and agreed with Tedford's suggestion that the gentleman in question knew as much about local real estate as any man in town. They drove slowly down the street, scanning the windows.

"Whoa! Stop! There it is!" cried Mr. Byles. "We've just passed it." The driver turned in sharply to the curb.

"I'll run back and get him," said Tedford, jumping out of the car. He came back in a few moments with Mr. Pickering—a middle-aged man in comfortable clothes, with a shaggy mustache, an odor of tobacco, and ashes on his vest.

"Now let's see; where is this property?" he asked, when he had been introduced to Mr. Byles.

"Block 16, Van Zell's subdivision," read Mr. Byles from the abstract. "Corner Beach and Rhododendron avenues."

"Yes, I know where it is," said Pickering. He gave directions to the driver, and they made their way to a pleasantly shaded district where pretty homes—some of them rather imposing—were dotted about here and there.

Pickering consulted the abstract and indicated a vacant block where the ground lay almost perfectly, rising perhaps two feet above the street level.

"Here you are!" said he.

"Now, Mr. Pickering," said Tedford, "what would you estimate six lots, beginning on this corner, to be worth?"

In his reply the authority approached the crux of the matter cautiously, building a structure of facts before him as he went. He pointed out this, that and the other piece of property in the neighborhood which had sold for ten, twenty or thirty thousand, and briefly sketched its merits and demerits. He pointed to the tasteful homes being erected even farther out, and frequently on less desirable land. The new bus line, he said, would pass along the side street instead of in front of the lots, and therefore would give service without being in any way a detriment. Eventually he approached the question at issue, and after some argument pro and con declared that in his opinion the six lots belonging to Mr. Albeck were worth at the present moment not less than three thousand dollars apiece and probably nearer four thousand dollars. He would be willing to wager that some of the lots could be sold that very summer for thirty-five hundred dollars or more. By the following spring they should easily be worth four thousand dollars or more, as this was a rapidly growing section.

(Continued on Page 46)

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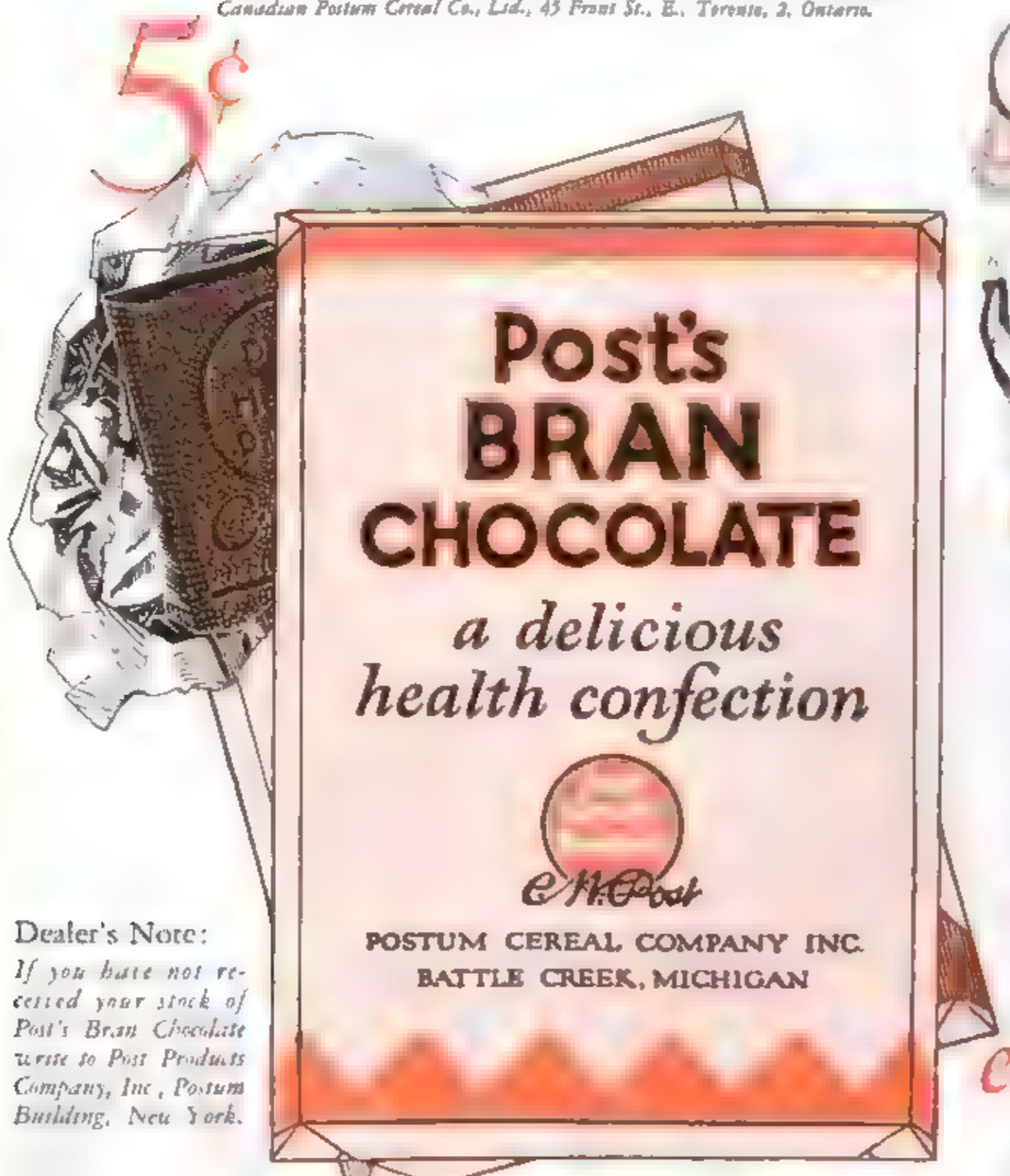

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(Continued from Page 42)

After some further questioning and elaboration, the real-estate man was taken downtown again, and Tedford and Byles bowled back toward the city.

"Well, what d'ye think of it?" asked Mr. Byles.

"I'll admit that I'm pretty well sold on the proposition," replied Tedford. "Albeck must be pretty badly scared to turn over so good a piece of property as—but, pshaw! When you come to that, what else can he do? He's absolutely ruined if we tell what we know about him. You may guess from this how big a gamble he has on hand and how important it is that his past is kept under cover."

"Certainly does a man's soul good to get back at a skunk like that!" chuckled Mr. Byles, rubbing his hands.

"Looks to me," said Tedford, narrowing his eyes as a new thought seemed to strike him, "that you're going to get back a good deal more than you expected, time this thing is over with. You may sell that land next spring at twenty-five or thirty thousand. You may build houses on it and clean up a bigger profit than that. Seems as if we ought to get more than a mere 40 per cent on seventeen thousand."

"Nothing doing!" declared Mr. Byles positively. "You can't collect commission on pure speculative values. I'd be taking a big risk if I allowed you any more. We've got nothing but that man Pickering's judgment for the value of that land."

"Ah, but his judgment is so valuable that even some of the title-guaranty companies consult him on such matters."

They argued the matter not unamiably until Tedford finally said with a laugh, "Let's forget it until tomorrow. We'll not fall out over it, I'm sure."

They had dinner together—Tedford paying the bill—and then went to the Follies, but not even the twinkling limbs of the glorified American girls there displayed could divert Mr. Byles' active mind from a purpose which was rapidly forming. He was alarmed by Tedford's raising the question of the increasing value of the lots. He must see Albeck first and get that land deeded to him; then he could snap his fingers at the protective association and their excessive claims. It might be possible that he could even delay and barter and get out of paying them the full sixty-eight hundred dollars which they would demand under the contract. Forty per cent was an unfair and exorbitant charge anyhow. It was robbery! Seventeen thousand was the amount which had been ravished from him, and he was entitled to get that amount back—oh, yes, minus a commission of perhaps 2 or 3 per cent, not to be niggardly. But once let him get that property in his own name, and perhaps Riggin could show him some way, some loophole, by which he could evade the full performance of the contract.

He was up at his usual hour—six o'clock—next morning, and impatient for the moment when he could see Albeck. He was well aware that New York was a late-rising town, but he could not restrain his impatience to call at the promoter's office, and made his first visit at 8:45. He not only found Albeck's door locked, but the whole building still eerily silent and deserted. He went back at 9:15 and found the young-lady secretary at her post, but her employer had not yet come in. She professed to be expecting him in about half an hour. Mr. Byles accordingly called again at 9:45 and was ushered into Albeck's presence. Judging from the promoter's demeanor, it would appear that he had not slept well. His caller came to the point at once.

"I've looked at that property of yours out on Long Island. It seems to be a fair piece of ground. Whether it's worth the seventeen thousand you owe me or not is a question, but in order to get the matter closed up I've decided to gamble on it. I'm willing to take it in full settlement of what's due me, whether I come out even on it or not."

"Why are you coming to see me without your little playmate?" inquired Albeck suspiciously.

"He don't necessarily have to be around when you and I make an agreement, does he?" countered Byles. "I'm the injured party, not him. This land is to be taken in settlement of my claim. Tedford's firm just gets a little commission for helping me out."

Albeck snapped his fingers. "My friend, I don't give a damn for your claim. If it was just you I had to deal with I'd tell you to go ahead and do your worst. It's that blackmailing organization of—what's his name?—Tedford that's got me in a hole."

"But if you make a satisfactory settlement with me," urged Mr. Byles, "they'll have no reason to use those papers. They haven't got anything else against you. I'll call 'em off your trail. I have the power to act in this. They're only my agents."

"Listen, Byles," said Albeck, holding up his hand to dam the flow of argument. "Whenever or if ever I make a settlement or a deal of any kind with you, I'll make it through that Tedford outfit. They've got the goods and you haven't. I'd be a fine guy, wouldn't I, to hand over a piece of valuable land to you and then have them come along with that dope of theirs and shake me down again? What do you take me for, a sap? Roll your hoop, Byles, roll your hoop! I see what you're doing. You're trying to double-cross your friend Tedford. They must be getting a nice, fat commission from you, the way you're trying to do them out of it."

He seemed a different man when dealing with Byles alone—confident, arrogant, contemptuous of his opponent. Mr. Byles argued and boiled, but achieved no results.

"If you don't come across right now," he threatened, "I'll advertise that Texas penitentiary story from one end of New York to the other."

"Try it!" urged Albeck. "Try it, and get yourself into jail! I'm willing to bet the clothes I've got on me right now that they've got those papers in their own hands, and that you know damn little about them. And if you try to knife those people, do you suppose they'd let you use their dope to back up your scandal about me? They'd probably deny that they had any such papers, and I'd back 'em up in it!"

Baffled, seething with rage, Mr. Byles was finally compelled to depart with empty hands, but he had consumed so much time that even a hurried passage downtown on the Subway did not prevent his being late for his appointment with Tedford.

"Say, I was afraid something had happened to you!" exclaimed Tedford, with a look of relief on his countenance. "You must have gone out again after I left you last night, and slept late this morning."

"Oh, no, nothing so wild as that," said Mr. Byles, but with a sly grin intended to convey the impression that he wasn't telling the truth.

Coming to business, President Bartlett congratulated the magnate on the successful progress of the affair.

"I hear you're disposed to be hard with us in the matter of our commission. Well, technically you may be right, but you can't blame us if it makes our mouths water to see such a nice profit going to somebody else. The way this thing seems to stack up, you'll probably get your full seventeen thousand dollars back, and more, too, even after paying us our commission. Pretty fortunate for you, I call it."

He paused a moment, pushing the papers about on his desk. Then, "What about letting us own that land jointly with you?" he asked. "Coming right down to brass tacks, our contract provides that we are to get 40 per cent of any money we may collect from Albeck for you. Suppose what we collect from Albeck amounts in reality to twenty or twenty-five thousand. Isn't it fair to let us have a little of that velvet?"

"I repeat what I said yesterday," insisted Mr. Byles, "that you can't figure commission on a pure speculative value like this. I may come out all right on it and I may not. And even if I got the whole seventeen thousand back, it'd be only what's due me. What does your title-guaranty company figure the property at?"

Mr. Bartlett cleared his throat and lifted a paper from his desk. "You must remember, Mr. Byles," said he, "that the Blank Title Guaranty and Trust Company is very conservative in its figures, as such companies are and must be. They guarantee the title to the property to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars."

"There you are!" exclaimed Mr. Byles. "That shows that I'm right. Matter of fact, your commission ought to be figured only on the amount given in this title guaranty."

"Pshaw!" chuckled Mr. Bartlett. "You surely wouldn't try to take a measly little eight hundred dollars away from us, when you're about to get back a whole wad of money that you thought was lost forever! Fie on you, man! Have a heart!" He lifted another paper. "Listen to this from Mr. Harker, the president of the Blank Title Guaranty. He's a close personal friend of mine—that's how I got this thing rushed through in twenty-four hours. He sent this letter along with the guaranty. I'm going to violate confidence and show it to you."

He handed the letter to his client and indicated the lines of most importance. Mr. Byles read:

"Our Long Island expert says that the property could probably be sold within the next three or four months for $20,000, and that if held until next spring it would doubtless be worth more. But of course we cannot guarantee title for any such amount. We will issue guaranty, however, for three-fourths of the estimated value; that is, $15,000; which means that we ourselves would be willing to take the property over at $15,000 and take our chances on making a good profit on it."

"What do you think of that?" asked Bartlett.

"Don't sound so bad," admitted Mr. Byles grudgingly. "But I still insist that you're not entitled to commission on any more than the amount of Albeck's debt to me."

"Well, well, we're not going to be bull-headed about it," said the good-humored Bartlett. "It's not our practice to antagonize clients. We'd rather have your good will and a little less of your money. Let it be as you say."

"We'd better be getting up to see our friend," warned Tedford, who had been growing restive. "The quicker we get this thing closed up, the better for all parties concerned."

They found Albeck in a very grouchy mood. He scowled so pointedly at Mr. Byles that that gentleman's heart was in his mouth lest the promoter reveal his early morning visit. But he said nothing for the moment, probably holding the secret in reserve.

Tedford briefly informed Albeck that they had decided to accept the property in settlement, and produced a deed from his pocket, saying, "I see that there's a notary a few doors down the hall. We can close the whole matter right now."

"Let's see that deed," interposed Byles. "Why, it's made out to Bartlett, as president! It should be made out to me. I'm the party that Albeck owes the money to."

Tedford's face exhibited surprise. "I thought the matter was to be transacted through us," he said mildly.

Albeck grinned in sardonic enjoyment of the situation, and Byles, realizing that it was unwise to quarrel with Tedford in the other's presence, restrained his feelings, merely grumbling, "Oh, all right. I guess we can handle it that way."

"I wouldn't sign a deed to anybody but this gang, Byles," said Albeck, indicating Tedford. "They're the fellows I want to get off my neck. I'm not afraid of you." And then with a nasty look: "Furthermore, you might try to do 'em out of their share, and then they'd be sore at me again."

"I wouldn't talk about doing people if I were you," sneered Mr. Byles.

"There, there!" Tedford put in. "We're a little off the subject. Shall we step around to the notary's office, or will your secretary bring him in here?"

"This is certainly a raw proposition!" chafed Albeck. "I have no assurance in the world that you fellows won't be around here blackmailing me again, sometime soon."

"I don't like your continual use of that word 'blackmail,' my friend," snapped Tedford. "You must have a good many such deals on your conscience if you believe that we could milk you again in the same way. To ease your mind, I'll say that there is no other old case in which we will ask you to make restitution. I warn you again, however, to be careful how you step from now on."

The deed was signed, and Mr. Byles in turn attached his signature to a paper whereby he acknowledged satisfaction of all claims against Frederick J. Albeck. Byles and Tedford then departed to lunch together, and thence went to Mr. Bartlett's office.

"Now your check for sixty-eight hundred will make all square," said Bartlett, after mutual congratulations.

"Six thousand is the right figure," corrected Mr. Byles. "Ought to be settled on the basis of the title guaranty; only fair way."

But Mr. Bartlett smiled equably and thought otherwise. "Remember," said he, "we've given Tedford's time and traveling expenses and paid everything else—limousine and driver, fee to Mr. Pickering, and so on. Shall we add those to our bill?"

The infernal thing was that they held the whip hand. They had the deed to the property, and to fight them would be an insane thing to do—might drag on until he would have to spend more money than ever. So he gave in and wrote the check for six thousand eight hundred dollars, while Bartlett sent the Albeck deed to some distant room to have a new one prepared as from himself to Mr. Byles. It presently came back and the president affixed his signature, after which a notary, called from a floor below, added the formal and finishing touches.

"There we are!" said the president, handing over the deed, title guaranty and abstract to Mr. Byles. "And quick work, too, even for our association, though we've put through some pretty speedy contracts in our career. I congratulate you, Mr. Byles, on having made one of the best deals within my knowledge."

"We'll attend to having this deed recorded for you," said Tedford, "and send it to you as quick as that's done. No charge for the service."

"Be much obliged if you will," said Mr. Byles.

"Going to leave town tonight?" inquired Tedford.

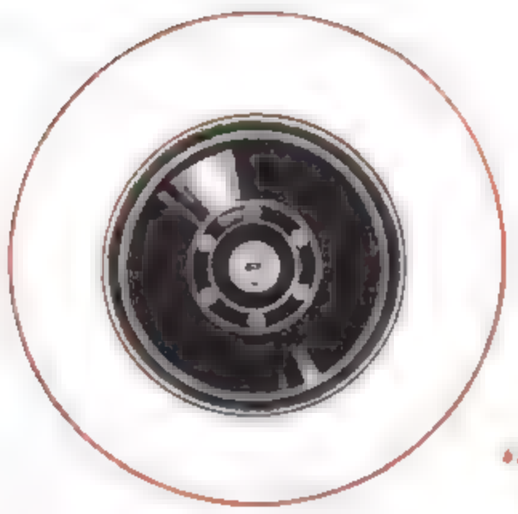
"Yes, I ought to be gettin' home."

"Listen. Why don't you stay over tonight," suggested Tedford, "and let me show you something of New York's night life? I dare say you've never seen the real inside of the Great White Way. Be my guest. It will be instructive, and a lot of fun."

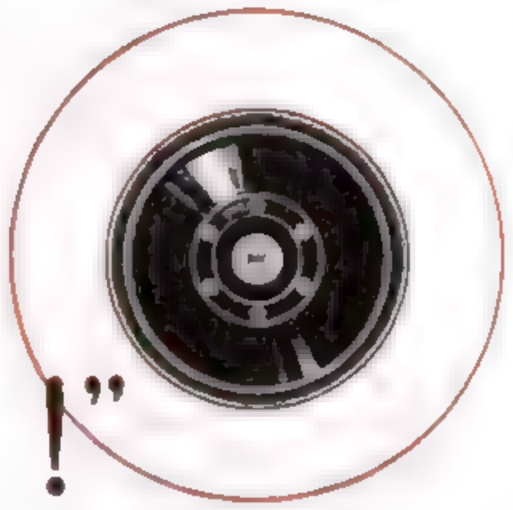
"Better take him up on that, Mr. Byles," said Bartlett. "If there's anybody knows his way around New York it's Tedford. You've picked up a nice little bunch of money today—why not take a vacation of twelve hours or so?"

As somebody else was paying the bills, Mr. Byles decided to take the vacation. He did not know what he was getting into, but it must be admitted that when the realities—almost entirely foreign to his experience though they were—confronted him, he did not shrink. He was awkward but game. That night—what he remembered of it—was cherished throughout the rest of his life as a secret, wonderful and somewhat terrifying memory. For long he was haunted by the fear that someone who

(Continued on Page 51)



At the automobile shows this year famous cars say . . .



"Goodbye, buggy wheels.. Here's Budd-Michelin !"

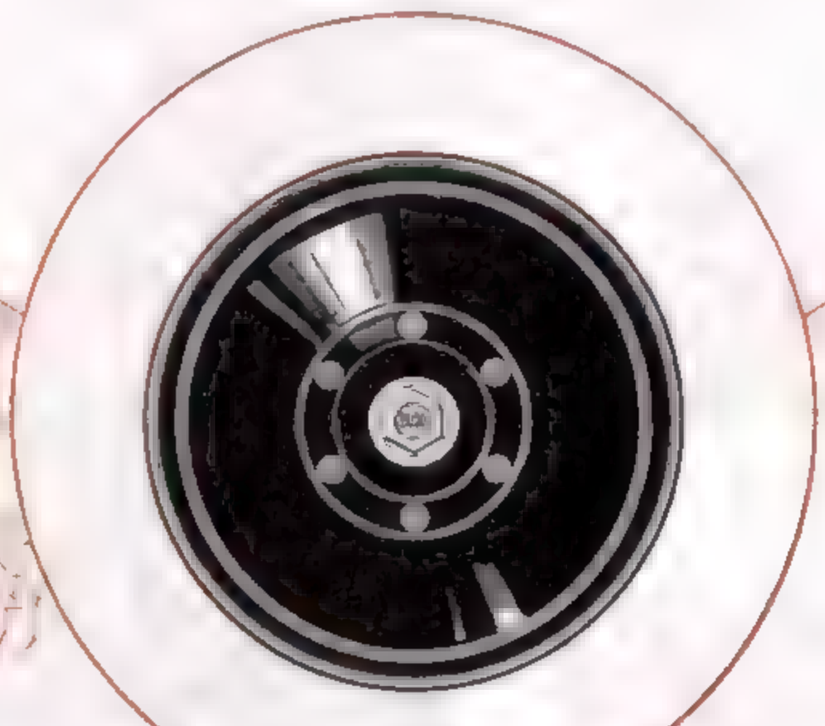
It's Show-time again . . . .

Automobile manufacturers and dealers are proudly unveiling the results of a year of progress.

"What's new? What's improved? What of the future?"

As far as automobile *wheels* are concerned, the answer to these questions is the Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheel . . . . bringing new beauty, new convenience, new safety to the motor car.

In this year's Shows, a dozen of the world's most famous automobiles say "Goodbye, buggy wheels . . . . here's Budd-Michelin!"



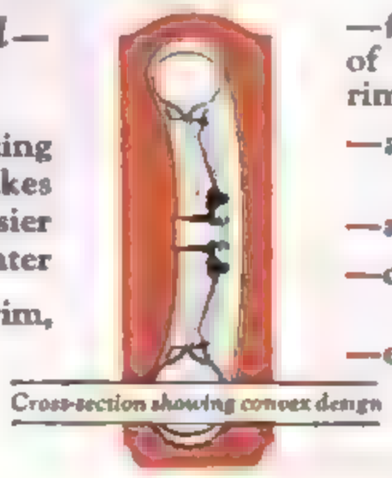
BUDD

Detroit . . . WHEEL COMPANY . . . *Philadelphia*

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel—brings you these outstanding advantages:*

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood), tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier



Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

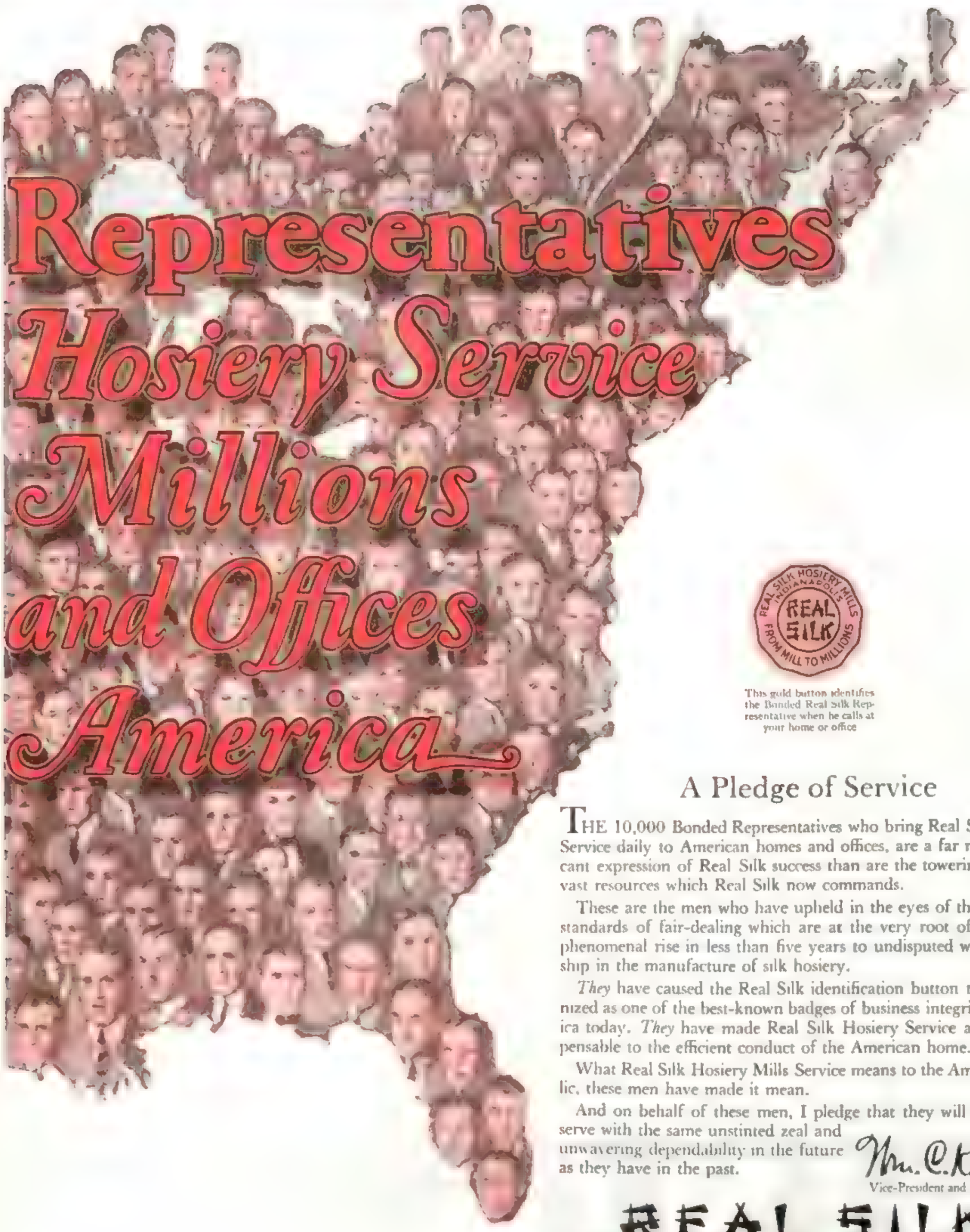
10,000 Bonded *bring* REAL SILK *Daily to of Homes Throughout*

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF CUSTOMERS

The above map shows the points throughout America at which the 250 Real Silk Branch Service Offices are located. The Real Silk Service Office in your city, listed in your local phone directory, is always ready to render prompt and efficient service.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery



This gold button identifies the Bonded Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home or office

A Pledge of Service

THE 10,000 Bonded Representatives who bring Real Silk Hosiery Service daily to American homes and offices, are a far more significant expression of Real Silk success than are the towering mills and vast resources which Real Silk now commands.

These are the men who have upheld in the eyes of the public the standards of fair-dealing which are at the very root of Real Silk's phenomenal rise in less than five years to undisputed world leadership in the manufacture of silk hosiery.

They have caused the Real Silk identification button to be recognized as one of the best-known badges of business integrity in America today. *They* have made Real Silk Hosiery Service almost indispensable to the efficient conduct of the American home.

What Real Silk Hosiery Mills Service means to the American public, these men have made it mean.

And on behalf of these men, I pledge that they will continue to serve with the same unstinted zeal and unwavering dependability in the future as they have in the past.

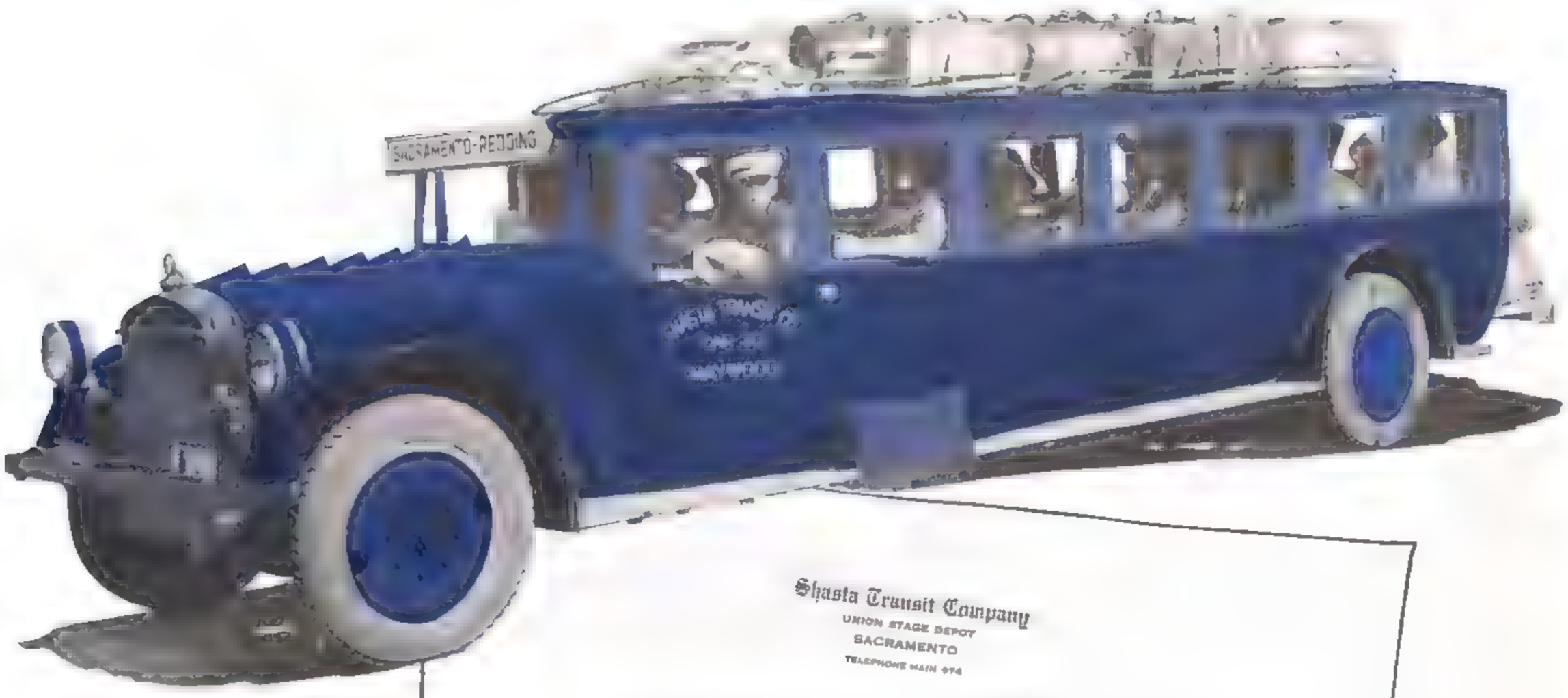
Wm. C. Kobin
Vice-President and Director of Sales

REAL SILK
Guaranteed
HOSIERY
WITH TOP TOE AND HEEL OF A NEW KIND
FOR WOMEN AND MEN

SOLD ONLY DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS TO THE CONSUMER AT A SAVING

OUR 10,000 BONDED REPRESENTATIVES CALL DAILY AT HOMES AND OFFICES

© 1936 R. S. H. M



Shasta Transit Company
UNION STAGE DEPOT
SACRAMENTO
TELEPHONE MAIN 974

November 7th, 1925.

The Fisk Tire Company, Inc.
1401 Kay Street
Sacramento, California.

Gentlemen:

Attention of Mr. W.B.Jenkins.

We are writing this letter to express our satisfaction of the service we have received from Fisk Transportation Cords during the past summer and fall.

We operate between Sacramento and Redding and each of our stages run approximately 350 miles a day. We consider this a severe test on tires, especially in summer, as the themometer registers as high as 114 degrees in the shade and the stages are running about 13 hours at a stretch. We maintain a strict schedule and uninterrupted service is a vital factor in the service we render to the public.

In view of the splendid service we have received from your product we are sending you this letter of appreciation together with a picture of one of our new cars equipt with Fisk Fillerless Cords.

Yours very truly

GHW/w
Enc.

Shasta Transit Company
by Geo. H. Woods.
President.

WE OPERATE STAGES BETWEEN SACRAMENTO AND REDDING, AND MT. LASSEN NATIONAL PARK

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF.

FISK TRANSPORTATION "Fillerless" CORDS

(Continued from Page 46

knew him might have seen him at some time during the enchanted hours. The sun was rising above the factory roofs across East River when two stalwarts assisted him to his hotel room, and he knew naught further of the current of events until late that afternoon. Mr. Tedford, fresh as a daisy, appeared at a discreet interval after he awoke, and ordered from below a cooling, soothing yet revivifying drink compounded after his own prescription, which Mr. Byles was confident saved his life. But in spite of baths and other aids to convalescence, the patient did not feel able to essay the journey homeward that night, and it was well into the following afternoon when he once more glimpsed the spires of Circleton.

The heady wine of triumph had aided enormously in restoring him to physical form. He was aching to tell his home town how he had gotten the better of Albeck. In his conversations with Riggin, with his wife and ten or twelve others to whom he casually mentioned the matter within the next twenty-four hours, the probable value of the Long Island property by the following spring rose to thirty and sometimes thirty-five thousand dollars.

Ten days later his deed came from the P. I. A. with evidence of its having been placed on record at Glendola. It was accompanied by a friendly letter from Tedford, containing towards the close a sly and carefully veiled allusion to their night in Bohemia which caused Mr. Byles to grin reminiscently. He wondered if at some future date, when business wasn't too pressing—but no! It mustn't be thought of!

Early in the following October Mr. Byles found it necessary to visit New York on business; and finding that the second day of his stay would be rather a vacant one, he decided to run out to Avonmore and see if the district around his lots had improved greatly during the summer. He did not ride in a limousine, as he had done when going at another's expense, but took a Long Island train. Leaving the station, he was able to find his way without much difficulty to the corner where his lots lay.

But as he neared the spot he was not so certain. Something was wrong. He looked amazedly to right and left. Yes, here were houses and landmarks which he remembered perfectly. But there—right there on his own property, looking as if it were occupying at least two of the lots—was a handsome brick dwelling rapidly nearing completion!

Almost choked by his emotions, Mr. Byles rushed up to the building, and accosting the nearest workman, demanded to see the contractor or foreman. The latter, a taciturn Irishman, was produced from somewhere in the rear.

"Who's building this house?" asked Byles.

"A mon named Geierstein is the owner; Howe & McInerney, conthractors," was the succinct reply.

"But it's on my land," exclaimed the irate Byles.

"Your land is it? I don't know nothin' about that, mister. You'll have to see somebody else."

There was nothing to be learned there. Mr. Byles took Howe and McInerney's address—their office was in New York—and then thought of Pickering. The very man! He would have to explain this outrage or Mr. Byles would know the reason why. He hurried down the street until he saw the familiar name on the windows. Rushing into the office, he confronted two men who were strangers to him—one a callow youth of twenty-one or thereabouts, the other a wizened man of sixty with a white mustache.

"Mr. Pickering around?" asked Mr. Byles.

"I'm Pickering," replied the old man.

"John J. Pickering?"

"Yes, sir; only Pickering in town."

"But you ain't the man!" cried Mr. Byles, sinking into a chair. The universe was crashing about his ears.

The other man apparently saw light. "So you're another one of 'em, are you?" he remarked cryptically; and there was a touch of commiseration in his countenance as he shook his head. "Lord, Lord, how many did they skin with that little game of theirs?"

"But that property where that Geierstein house is; I thought I bought that property—six lots—last spring!"

"What was the description of your property?"

Mr. Byles' shaking fingers had been exploring his vest pocket for a memorandum. "Block 16, Van Zell subdivision," he read, "corner Beach and Rhododendron avenues"

Pickering shook his head again. "That isn't the property where Geierstein's house is being built. They showed you the wrong tract. The land you bought is a salt marsh on the other side of town; only bum piece of property within ten miles."

"But this fellow Pickering—he came out of your office."

"You didn't see him come out of here, did you? No, you didn't. He waited in that little hallway next door until one of the others came in and got him. He knew just when they were coming, of course. Did the man you were with get out of the car to use the phone just before he got to Avonmore?"

"H'm, come to think of it, he may have; yes, I guess he did."

"He was calling this 'Mr. Pickering' at a public telephone in a cigar store or something to tell him you were coming, and to take his post. Yours is the third case I've heard of where a man impersonated me. At other times, one of 'em impersonated Joe Fink, another real-estate agent down the street. No, I understand the gang all skipped a month or two ago. May be in Europe or Bonus Ayres by now, blowing their ill-gotten gains. You better go back to New York and see the district attorney. He can tell you all about it."

Woe and fury rolled in successive waves over Mr. Byles' spirit during his wait for the next train and his journey back to the city. But by the time he saw Assistant District Attorney Peterson, who had this series of frauds under investigation, he was prepared for any revelation; nothing more could shock him.

"There were four principals in the gang," said Peterson, "Albeck, and the men you knew as Bartlett, Tedford and Pickering. They vanished from New York about the first of August, but most of the complaints we've had about them have come in during the last three or four weeks—people like you, just now finding out that they'd been trimmed.

"Yours is the only case I've heard of in which Albeck used his real name—or at least, the name he'd gone by for fifteen or twenty years. So far as we know, he'd kept on the safe side of the law in his earlier years, though skimming it pretty close sometimes; but lately he seems to have blossomed out as a full-blown swindler.

"The fellow Tedford, alias Ridgway, alias Anderson, and so on, has been mixed up in some oil-promotion schemes, and the other two have had more or less similar experience. Anyhow or somehow, they'd got hold of quite a number of names of people who had lost money in one swindle and another, and they'd open up negotiations with the victim, sometimes by mail but usually in person, offering to get a part or all of his or her money back.

"In every case that I've heard of but yours, the victim had never seen the head of the concern that flimmed him, and one or another of the gang would pose as the bloated swindler—whichever looked most like the man he was impersonating, I suppose. If the victim was particularly easy, they sometimes palmed off land in Florida or California on him—land which didn't exist, of course. They got all the way from seven hundred and fifty dollars up to ten thousand dollars from each boo—each victim."

"There was a deed to Albeck really on record at Glendola," protested Mr. Byles.

"Yes, he actually bought that land—worthless tidal marsh—paid nine hundred dollars for it, so we learned from the Van Zells, and used it in six cases besides yours that we've heard of so far. They used that land only on the people they thought would be hardest to fool.

"What about that fifteen-thousand-dollar title guaranty from the Blank Title Guaranty and Trust Company; forged, I suppose?"

"There isn't any such company. The guaranty, the letterhead and all were faked. So was the county register's certificate of your supposed deed. They had rubber stamps and any other paraphernalia necessary, and of course they had gotten hold of the register's signature, so they could imitate it.

"Their game was one of the cleverest ever devised to disarm suspicion," the A. D. A. went on musingly, and with a touch of admiration in his tone which Mr. Byles thought outrageous in an official of the law. "By the way, did they detain you in the city after the affair was settled?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Byles.

"How?"

Mr. Byles outlined the plot, suppressing all the shameful details.

"That was done to give your check a little more time to be cashed before you got out from under their wing. You being a prominent man, they wouldn't offend you or make you suspicious by asking you for cash or a certified check or any such sure-pay method; and they wanted to be sure to have your cash in their hands in case you began investigating after you left them, and they had to skip suddenly.

"Late in July two of their victims who couldn't find their land in Florida wrote to them, not suspecting the P. I. A., of course, but believing that the original swindler had been too sharp even for the P. I. A. They saw then that the game was up, and so they blew. They had only two small offices rented; had signed leases, of course, but had to pay rent only three months. When they decided to flit, they simply left offices and furniture; not much investment in the furniture either."

"Tedford showed me a big room full of people at desks," said Mr. Byles, "and he told me they were all their employes."

Peterson smiled. "That was a place where desk room is rented to individuals who can't afford or don't need a private office—small insurance men, agents for some little auto or hardware specialty, and so on. Tedford didn't give you much time to look at it, did he? I thought not. If he had, you might have noticed a small sign here and there on a desk with the name and business of the party occupying it."

"How much did they clean up, all told?" asked Mr. Byles, huskily, almost dreading to hear the reply.

"Let's see—counting yours, it amounts to nearly seventy thousand."

Mr. Byles groaned heavily. He had aged frightfully in the last five hours. Instead of fifty-six, he felt more like ninety-six. He went forth with the A. D. A.'s assurance that if those fellows were ever caught he would be immediately notified, ringing hollowly in his ears. He was certain that they would never be caught. It wouldn't be like his luck. Once more he was disgraced in the eyes of Circleton. For even before he had reached home the metropolitan newspapers were announcing, some that Con Gang Flims Capitalist, others Moneyed Man Twice Trimmed. Of course Pres Hoskins would say something cute about it—the blamed old Smart Aleck! Never had brains enough to earn more than two dollars a day in his life and couldn't save that, and yet folks listened to him as if he were an oracle. Sure enough, Mr. Byles had scarcely set foot on his native soil before his fellow townsmen were repeating Pres' latest:

"Wal, I hear that feller Albeck has throwed Hank Byles for the second down, as the football fellers say. I reckon when he tackles Hank for the third time he'll take ever'thing he's got, plumb down to his socks!"

The SEAT of SUCCESS
~Your Barber's Chair

PROSPEROUS men everywhere look the part . . . not only in their clothes . . . but in the trimness of their hair, their clean-cut shaves and well-polished shoes. You step out of a barber shop; and because you know you are looking your best, you feel your best .. full of energy and a will to succeed.

If you would have your barber give your hair just an extra touch of groom—something a little more than scissors can provide—ask him for

This is the Take Home Bottle

Koken's Tonique De Luxe

Properly applied by your barber, it gives your scalp that tingling, refreshing feeling. Koken's Tonique DeLuxe is more than a hair dressing and more than a tonic—it serves the best purposes of both.

For the folks at home, your barber has the One Dollar Take Home Bottle. It has found favor in thousands of toilet cases

KOKEN COMPANIES
Saint Louis

A Good Brush *or* what have you

$4.00 Mennen Lather Brush for $1.25

I had an old lather brush. It was worn and weary. Its bristles were down to less than an inch. It was an antique, and had that kind of odor. But I could work it. That's because I use the product I sell—Mennen Shaving Cream.

A new brush seemed indicated. I bought one. I bought some more. Home-make and import. From $2.50 up—way up. My ambition was not to make a collection, but I succeeded, yes sir, as if with grim determination. None of 'em would do.

Then we developed the Mennen Lather Brush. Oh, man! It's the real thing. Soft and silky. Won't prick the skin. Works up the lather quickly, richly and plenty. I never knew there was so much lather in the world. Spreads smoothly over the cheek area and snuggles into the corners, too. Easily the equal of any $4-priced brush—if not better. I buried the old brush, with tears in my eyes, and buried it deep.

We first put the new brush in our Mennen for Men Gift Box last Christmas. It went like hot coffee in camp. So I got Mr. Mennen to let me sell 100,000 at the special price of $1.25. They'll sell like Mennen Shaving Cream.

Send me a section of a Mennen Shaving Cream carton showing the trade-mark and $1.25 and I'll mail you yours. Your money back if you don't think it's a bargain. The 100,000 won't last long in our factory, but they'll last a whale of a while in 100,000 bathrooms.

Either Top is Tip-Top

The Original Screw Cap or the New Roto-Plug

Some men prefer Mennen Shaving Cream in our original type tube with regular threaded cap. Others like the new-style tube with the non-removable top that you fellows named Roto-Plug. I sell both kinds with equal pleasure, and so do druggists everywhere.

* * *

You've been using Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men ever since they captured the preference of millions. You'd rather lose a raise in salary than switch.

But have you tried Mennen Skin Balm—after shaving? Gives a tingle, then cooling comfort—brisk, refreshing, antiseptic. Comes in tubes—no bottles to break. Makes the skin look and feel 100%. Try spending 50c for a big tube. I'll ship you four bits if you are not happy.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

SOBER WORKINGMEN

(Continued from Page 38)

stretched out open on the bank of the stream, and it had unloosed a roll of bills which lay in the grass not two inches from the rushing water. That roll was his summer's savings. I grabbed the bills first and then I dipped up cold water with Harry's hat and doused his face until he was awake.

He had been mixing beer and whisky, he said; he had felt it getting the best of him and had tried to hide out with his money before he went under. He got this far and tried to plant his roll. But he passed out while it was still in his hand. Had it rolled two inches more it would have been lost in the foaming creek, leaving him broke with the first snows of winter pounding him.

Thereupon I made my first attempt as a saver of my fellow man; Harry was willing to be guarded from temptations, and we both behaved ourselves on the train and in San Francisco. I'd have liked some beers myself, but I wouldn't go into a saloon and leave Harry. We bought tickets on a boat that was to sail south the next day. Then we loafed around the streets, both feeling dull and miserable, for there were no places of amusement familiar to us except the saloons.

But, sober and safe, we finally reached Los Angeles. There we found jobs on street construction, driving scraper teams. On our first Saturday night we went downtown and bought some clothes, and joined other teamsters and muleteers in the old Harbor Bar. In a little while Harry was roaring drunk. I could do nothing with him. At last I went off to a vaudeville show, and left him spending his money with the abandon of a winner from the race tracks.

I saw nothing more of Harry until Monday morning. He looked red-eyed, and he was wabbly on his feet when he walked into the barns. He fell down as he tried to pull a set of harness off its rack. The walking boss fired him on the spot.

"S'long, kid," said Harry to me. "Stick to beer and books, kid, and leave liquor and high living alone. S'long."

The Saloon and Social Drinking

It was eleven years later when I saw him again. I didn't meet a man who had been miraculously inspired to reform, then to become a successful and admired citizen in his community. But I did find a man who had been able to live in the cities when there was no longer a saloon on every corner, a man who had learned a good trade—that of the tank builder—who had been married since 1920, who had a handsome little home for his wife and two children and who made their amusements and pleasures his own.

"I kept on roving and boozing over the country until 1920," he said. "Since then my path has been the ordinary, and I guess it always will be. But I'm not complaining."

"How much do you figure you owe to the saloon going out?" I asked him.

"I grant that a lot," he answered. "But I don't forget prosperity, short hours and big wages. I'm able to have all the good times I want without the saloon. But I'm plenty satisfied not to have it around, and so's my family."

Harry Johnson was an example of the type of workingman whose social sense, whose desire for pleasurable association with his kind, led him into the saloon. Most workingmen were seldom tempted to go beyond the bounds of social drinking. There were others who drank only for the sake of drinking. These seldom drank in the saloon. They have been little affected by its passing.

The commonest type of the drinking workingman of the saloon era was the happier patron of the bartender. I myself belonged to that type. So did Steve Jackson. We both knew Harry Johnson. We had little comprehension of whatever it was that caused him to cut loose and go hog wild when he was out for a sociable hour.

Steve and I met on the street work where Harry Johnson was fired. Later we were driving four-mule trucks, and we roomed together. Like the ice men, the sand haulers, the hay truckers, the brewery-wagon drivers and other city teamsters, we usually carried bottles of beer in the jockey boxes of our trucks. There were few days that we did not drink two quarts apiece while at work. Often we would feed at noon in a saloon, each downing a couple of mugs of beer and eating at the free-lunch counter. In the evenings we would have more beers with the teamsters in their favored saloons. On Saturday nights, when we carried fat pay envelopes, we would often get pretty well jingled. On Sundays we would go to the beaches with a gang of our friends, teamsters and working girls, go in swimming, dance, ride the roller coaster, and all have a good supper in some café, with beer, music and dancing to add to the pleasures of eating and love making.

"Just One, for Luck"

That was all very pleasant, and it was doubtless harmless enough, though we certainly never had any money for the savings banks. It was the life of the unmarried city workingman; and one who shunned it, unless he was something else than a workingman in his soul and could use his leisure for study, was a lonely man. The real workingman's pleasures were all bound with social drinking. The saloon was truly his club. The beer garden was truly his social hall.

The trouble occurred when this average workingman, who enjoyed moderate drinking as a social pleasure, got married, as Steve Jackson did. He married on nothing but his teamster's job. He and his bride rented housekeeping rooms, and I saw him only occasionally for some months. Then he appeared in the Harbor Bar one night.

"No, thanks. Ain't drinkin' nothin'," he said at first.

But he had a wistful look as we lifted our foaming scoops to him and his bride and joked with him about married life. And before he left us he had "taken on a couple of beers, just for luck," and had bought a round himself. I noticed that he blushed guiltily as he slowly counted out forty cents for the drinks, and that he set his jaw hard, as though to say, "Just this one time, and that's all."

But on Saturday night he drifted around with his pay envelope, and a good two dollars was gone from it when he tore himself away three hours later. Two dollars sounds like very little these days, but Steve's weekly pay was only eighteen. Two dollars would have bought his wife a new pair of shoes and considerable clothes for the baby that was to be born. But more of his pay was spent over the bar as more Saturday nights passed. He stopped coming among us after he entered the estate of fatherhood. And he seemed to have stopped his social drinking altogether after he got on the railroad as a fireman. But I found out that he was taking on his beer again, with the railroaders now instead of the city teamsters. And he and his family went on living in housekeeping rooms.

Now such human conditions as this one were undeniably common in the saloon days. Steve's family certainly never went ragged or hungry; he certainly never beat his wife; and I doubt if she ever saw him more than happily tipsy. But he did spend a tolerable share of his wages over the bar, and it was all for his own amusement, while his family was at home alone. There was nothing for him at home but to "set around and read the paper, and play with the baby." He had grown up with the idea of saloon amusement. The saloon and its jolly company were an irresistible lure.

But the lack of the saloon and its old-time companionship doesn't disturb Steve Jackson a particle now. When he gets home from his run he has a garden back of his neat stucco house to dig in, a car to tinker over, and he drives his family out to the beaches in this car, or takes them to the movies, or listens with them to the radio at home. Not such a gaudy and frolicsome life, to my eyes at least, but it seems to satisfy Steve and his family. Anyhow he is truly a sober workingman. He hasn't tasted a drop of beer or hard liquor, except on Christmases and other rare times of celebration, since the abolition of the saloons, he says.

"Too much for my pocketbook, even in these good times," he said, with a grin. "Got to keep up my payments on the old bus and buy her gas."

"Don't you ever get thirsty for a scoop of suds, and then cook up some home-brew?"

"What's the good? No real place to drink it in. No fun in makin' a bar out of your own home."

And that's the typical answer of the real American workingman. The saloon was his place of social drinking. The saloon abolished, the man who drank only for sociability—and he was certainly far in the majority among workingmen—drinks no more. Fireside drinking is an old-country habit of the alien laborers. They are the home-brewers of the land.

Another man I met on my pilgrimage was Hank Holmes. He was a large, lusty man of forty when I first knew him; he was an eager drinker with the gang at the bar; but he was a foreman on cement work and owned considerable pride in his position. Usually he allowed himself to be treated, drank a few beers in stately glory and departed. He had a family of four to support, and he did not spend much of his own wages over the bar. His wife, I learned, lived in deathly fear of the saloon, for in the early years of their marriage Hank would sometimes get on a fighting drunk, and one night he was brought home on a stretcher, suffering a broken head. Still he could not keep from going once or twice a week to the saloon where the cement workers hung out; and once every three months he squandered money recklessly there.

Hank's Quarterly Sprees

He got quarterly dividends from some stock or other, amounting to about fifteen dollars a quarter. All the tears and pleas of his wife could not hold Hank from tearing loose with that fifteen dollars and treating the gang with lordly magnificence. Usually he would get a fighting edge on, and his brother Charley always came along to guard him on these quarterly sprees. About every fifteen minutes Charley would go to the telephone, call up Hank's wife, and assure her that Hank was still all together. I keenly remember the first time I saw Hank spending his dividends.

"Hello, Hank. How's the old horse?" I said, walking up behind him and slapping him on the back. I knew him pretty well, as I had driven a water tank in one of his cement gangs. He turned a misty stare on me, growled a "Hello," and then shoved his fists into my face.

"This'n," he asserted, shaking the left fist, "means six months in the hospital. This'n," shaking the right fist, "means sudden death! Which'll you have, if any?"

"None at all, Hank," I replied earnestly. "One poke, and you'd smear me all over the place. I know it! I'll tell anybody your fists are poison!"

"Well and good!" He nearly knocked me over the bar with an affectionate slap. "You got a good heart. I can see that all over. Have a drink 'ith ol' Hank. Don't hes'tate; I'm spendin' my div'den's, and it's just like free money. Have a beer,

(Continued on Page 54)

Engineers of the World Prefer Gabriels

American Cars
Standard equipped at the factory with Gabriel Snubbers

Buick *Master Six Closed*
Elcar
Gardner *Eight*
Gardner *Six*
Henney
Hertz
Hupmobile *Eight*
Hupmobile *Six*
Jewett *Six*
Jordan *Eight*
Junior *Eight (Locomobile)*
Junior *Six (Locomobile)*
Kissel *Eight*
Kissel *Six*
Oakland *Closed*
Overland *Six*
Packard *Six*
Peerless *Eight*
Peerless *Six*
Studebaker *Big Six*
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European Cars
Standard equipped at the factory with Gabriel Snubbers

A.C. **Adler** **Berliet** **Ceirano** **Crossley** **F.N.** **Fiat** **Horch** **Maybach** **Mercedes** **Morris** **Opel** **Rover** **Simson** **Star** **Stoewer** **Walter** **Wolseley**

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Gabriel Snubbers

There is but one Snubber, in name and principle

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JANUARY 30, WE WILL LIST THE 31 CARS WHOSE MANUFACTURERS DRILL THEIR FRAMES FOR GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Approved by School Officials

AT the head of its class, too! For no old fashioned milk bottle cap provides the protection and economy of a Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap. By safeguarding the health of school children and by eliminating glass washing and breakage, the Sealright Pouring-Pull Cap has won the endorsement of school and health officials everywhere.

Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps provide:

1. A safe, clean way of quickly removing cap—just lift the tab and pull.
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Clean - Safe - Economical

Housewives, school and health officials, if your dairyman doesn't use Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps, send us his name and address and we will see that he is supplied.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc.
DEPT. AA-1 FULTON, N. Y.

Keep the Goodness In—
and the Fingers Out!

SEALRIGHT
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

(Continued from Page 52)

whisky, anything you want. 'Sall on me, old Hank Holmes, the man 'ith the div'den's."

While we were drinking I heard Brother Charley at the phone:

"Hello, Fannie. . . . Yes, he's all right. Doin' fine. . . . No, he's not in any trouble, and he won't be. . . . Yes, I'm takin' good care of him, got my eye on him just this minute. . . . No, certainly he ain't been in a fight; if he had he'd 'a' licked. . . . No, Fannie, he ain't been licked! Ain't I a-sayin' he ain't been in no fight at all? . . . No, I won't take my eye off him for a second. . . . No, I won't let him fight. . . . Yes, I'll get him started for home before long. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . All right. . . . Sure, I promise, Fannie. . . . Good-by."

There wasn't really any danger of Hank getting into a fight any more, for everybody in that saloon knew him and would agree with everything he said. The trouble then would be to avoid Hank's affection. He certainly loved everybody who agreed with him. But his wife could never forget the night he was brought home with a fractured skull.

Since the abolition of his hangout, Hank Holmes has quit his quarterly periods of squandering "div'den's" and making pugnacious declarations of prowess. He is a contractor himself now and promises to become a successful business man. When he begins to enjoy the social pleasures of some successful business men, Fannie Holmes may have a return of her old worries.

Tom Laflin and Joe Makin are two more examples of men who have blossomed out since the abolition of the saloon. My first sight of them was in the wagon sheds of a contracting firm. They were lying on their backs, sleeping off a drunk, an empty quart bottle between them. Both were old-time grading stiffs, and had worked at railroad building and street grading all over the West. Tom had considerable fame as a finisher; he had a shrewd eye for the line of grade on a railroad fill or in a city street, and he usually worked as a dump boss, or he handled the wheels on a grader. Joe was a talented cook, but he was doomed to work in camp kitchens, as he could not stay sober a week on a restaurant job.

Sitting High and Dry

The walking boss routed them out of the shed. He had known Tom Laflin before, he needed a man for his grader, and he offered Tom the job. And Joe was given a flunky's job in the boarding house. The two stuck fast to the camp for a month, not daring to go downtown and risk the temptations of the saloons. But one Saturday night Joe went down "to get his teeth fixed." Tom went along "to buy some clothes." I saw them no more.

I didn't see them on my pilgrimage, but the old walking boss told me about them. Joe Makin has a restaurant of his own in a beach town. Tom Laflin has become a city inspector of street construction. Both men are married and living sober, if quiet, lives. I do not know how much the abolition of the saloon had to do with their reformation. I only know that they were wild and rough characters in the days of the saloon and that they are sober men now.

The men just named belonged to that body of migratory laborers who have always done the hard and often perilous pioneer labor of the West. On the job they lived in camps and when they came to town there was only one place for their leisure hours—the saloon—and the only general social pleasure for them was that of drinking. This pioneer work is still going on, and in a little while I'll turn to its modern laborers. But first I want to picture a young workingman who reached the drinking age just as the saloon was going out.

Ralph Carson was a seventeen-year-old apprentice steam fitter when I left California for the army in 1917. During the previous year I was a frequent visitor at his home, for reasons which are of interest only to myself, and for the same reasons I made a good friend of Ralph and treated him like a man. He was wild to go to the war himself, but his mother set herself sternly against this proposal. She had, she said, worry and trouble enough over him as it was.

And this worry and trouble sprang from the social pleasures of myself and other workingmen Ralph knew. He was a regular young fellow, having no ambition beyond being a man among men, a genuine steam fitter, good at his trade, an admired figure among other laborers. Ralph was simply a fine sample of the American workingman in his youth.

But time wouldn't go swiftly enough for Ralph; he wasn't satisfied with the speed at which he was reaching his simple goal; he wanted to crowd his growth in every possible way.

And the easiest and most attractive way he saw was to get in with the saloon crowd on Saturday night. But he looked no older than his age, and the No Minors Allowed sign usually held him out. Not always, however; several times his mother had caught him coming home in a flushed and wabbly state. Although the job was not to my taste, I took to looking after him, for the reasons mentioned above. And I had a time of it, indeed!

More Spending and More Saving

I'd take him along whenever a bunch of us went out for a good time at the beach; and I'd have to pass up beer myself so that I could make him do the same. Ralph would grow indignant, declare that he knew I used to be a terror for beer, that I was growing old and dead before my time, that I was a meek creature cowed down by women. The accusations were hard to bear, but I was firm with Ralph. His mother—and his sister—appreciated my reluctant care. When I went off to war his mother shook her head sadly and said she expected that Ralph would simply run wild now, and that she didn't know what in the world would become of him.

I soon discovered what had become of him, after my return to his city. He had run wild for a while, I heard; but in 1919 he had graduated in his trade, got a job with the gas company, and when the big wages were rolling in he had made a first payment on an automobile. Then he had become smitten on a waitress, and he spent most of his leisure in driving her out to the beach dances. He still drank beer on occasion, but when the saloon was abolished he hardly missed it. He had "a swell job, a peach of a girl," a slick old bus, royal raiment, and a burning love for jazz music and the steps of the fox trot. Besides these amusements, the movies had developed while he was still a child; he had learned to take pleasure from them in his earliest days of pleasure; and now he could enjoy them in their highest development with knowledge and understanding of them in the rich surroundings of a great theater.

And here I come to the solid fundamental reason of the sobriety of the American workingman of today. For this workingman himself has answered the questions: What will take the place of the saloon with the poor man? Where will he find social pleasures, now that his club is gone?

The reason is plain for everyone to see in the pictures of fact.

First, we have the fact that the saloon was the poor man's club, the place where the workingman enjoyed his main social pleasures in his leisure hours. Next, we have the fact that though a tremendous amount of liquor has been and is being drunk in America since the abolition of the saloon, the workingman's social drinking is as dead as buggy riding. Then we have the fact that the American workingman of today has more spare time and spare money than in any other period of his history. He is saving more money than he ever did before, as the bank records show; he is also spending more money than ever before on his social pleasures.

If an inquirer wants to learn all about motion pictures, let him go among the laborers of the land. A college sociologist goes among a group of laborers and he pleads until his voice is hoarse before the bored men will give him a few stale opinions on their industrial condition. But let any inquirer mention some famous motion-picture star or popular screen production, and he will see eyes light up, he will hear a chorus of voices ringing with emotion; hands will wave in front of his eyes, arguments will roar about him; and ere he gets away he will be overwhelmed with more ideas and information about the American motion picture than he ever dreamed of. It is the habit of college critics to sniff at the motion picture because of the truck drivers, tin roofers, and so on, who have made names for themselves as directors, actors and scenario writers. The critics are sniffing at a fact of the highest sociological importance. These successes are simply evidence of the hold the motion picture has taken on the imagination of the plain people. If truck drivers took the same interest in literature as they do in motion pictures, do not doubt that plenty of them would turn to it and succeed at it, as I, a muleteer and a lumber handler, have done. But some college critics and college sociologists seem unable to see plain facts of sociological or any other importance.

There is the workingman's automobile. If the inquirer wants to learn all about automobiles, let him go among a gang of laborers at lunch, sit himself calmly down and announce that he has just made the first payment on a Blithe Six coach. At once he will hear a voice harshly declare:

"You done that? Say, I wouldn't have one of them rigs on a bet! I wouldn't take one as a gift. Why, I wouldn't have one as a present if a bonus went along! Man, the upkeep'll ruin you; it'd ruin anybody; it nearly ruined Harley here ——"

"Is 'at so? When'd I borry any money of you to pay my garage bills? When'd I ever ask you to stake me to gas and oil? Trouble with you is, you're ashamed of Asthma, that flivver your great-grandpa bought after he got home from the Mexican War, and which has been handed down by your folks like a fambly album! You can't get no gal to ride in it; you have to ramble alone when you go to Dreamland Hall; you're simply envyus of that Blithe Six of mine, that's what's eatin' you!"

What the Laborer Talks About

"Envyus, my eye! No gal's ever turned my bus down yet, old-timer. With the extrys I got on 'er she'll shine anywhere. Not so big, maybe, but she's a sure fire on gettin' there; you've never heard of me phonin' in to a garage for help!"

"It wasn't the car's fault that time I had to phone in, and you know it! 'Twas just my ignorance. I wasn't used to a vacum feed and didn't know what makes it go back on a man sometimes, and I didn't know how simple it was to get it workin' again. You see, this Blithe Six vacum feed ——"

But here the talk gets technical and the arguments begin to roll. The sober American workingman of today takes a devout interest in his automobile; partly for economy—for as his own mechanic he can hold down repair bills—but mostly because the automobile is the best means of pleasure he has ever known, and it is a joy to him just to talk knowingly about it. He reads the magazines on mechanics, he studies the automobile ads and he reads the publications of the motor trade. Besides, every workingman has a friend or relative who is some sort of garage or automobile-factory employe; and from them he gets the inside dope so dear to his heart. Thus he not only knows the innards of the cheaper cars which he and his fellows buy but he is familiar with the most expensive makes.

(Continued on Page 58)

A thousand cars

[*more than a hundred different makes*]

every one equipped with Schrader Valve Insides

RUN your eye over a sea of cars like that pictured. Watch them skim along by thousands on the highways. It is safe to say that every one is equipped with Schrader Valve Insides.

This tiny mechanism is no bigger and weighs hardly more than a cotter pin. Yet its absence would cripple the most powerful car that runs on pneumatic tires.

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Enclosed is $2.00 for 3 sample pairs of Ipswich socks.

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White Gray Green

Brown Tan Navy Burgundy

(Continued from Page 54)

Just from listening to the automobile talk of workingmen I have picked up a considerable knowledge of all makes of cars. Recently I was riding with a business man who had just bought a fine six-cylinder sedan. He was proud of his possession and talked of it at length. But I was able to tell him things about the car which he did not know, though I had never been inside a car of this make before. I had acquired knowledge about it without effort in the automobile talk of many lunch hours.

In the days of the saloon it was "Well, I met up with Slim and a coupla others last night, and we licked up a few at Mike's; then we rolled over to the Pine Tree and, man, oh, man, what a night we had! I must have got away with two dozen scoops!" Now it's "I took my girl down to see Roughnecks and Roses at the Strand last night; then we hopped into the old bus with Jack Hicks and his cutie and drove over to Purdy, where the Bears' Lodge put on the slickest dance I've been to in many a day. Boy, that orchestry had some saxophonist! His toots was sure soap on your feet; they just made you come hither and slide! When I can make my sax moan like that baby did I'll die happy!"

Radios, Saxophones and Cars

Gone is the harmonica, except perhaps from the cattle country! The dancing, motoring, movie-wise laborer of the day has also taken the sax to his heart; and very often he dares to look up dizzily to the heights and aspires to membership in a jazz band.

Amusements to take the place of the social pleasures of the saloon! The sober workingman is overwhelmed with them! He has the eight-hour day now, and consequently much more leisure than in the saloon days, but still he hasn't time enough for all the pleasures at hand. Since the radio has appeared he is especially hard-pressed. Many an evening he walks off shift at five o'clock, his head bent, his brow creased with a frown of perplexity and doubt, as he tries to decide whether he'll call up Maybelle and have a ride in his bus over the highway, or join the gang and spend the evening at the jazz palace, or try to get that coy KRAX station over his new five-tube set, or be economical and just go to the movies.

All these amusements are serious passions of the workingman of this day. Would he desert them all—turn his car back, take his saxophone, his radio set and his royal raiment to the pawnshop, flee the golden floor of the dance hall, with its teasing lively music and crowds of bright girls, and shun all the temples of the screen—if the old saloon was to be restored?

And now, at the last, I turn to the brawny free workingmen of the remote regions of the West, who were once as devoted to the saloon in town as they were to the game of poker in their bunk houses.

I am writing this article at the end of my trip, in the capital city of Idaho, where I began my career as a workingman eighteen years ago. Half a block from where I write is the frame building that once housed the Silver Bell saloon. There, when I was a husky lad of fifteen, I drank my first beer over a bar. The saloon was crowded that night. It was winter, and miners, hard-rock men, cowpunchers, loggers, team hands and sheep herders were in from the sticks. Most of them were burly, whiskered men, clad in mackinaws, overalls and heavy boots. They crowded the bar three deep. They shouted and sang. They banged on the bar with their red fists; and, now and again, the rows opened and two men would swing out in a clinch, tumble to the floor and throw out showers of sawdust as they rolled and fought. It seemed a grand life to me on that night, and I see a rough, lusty romance in it yet. I have no bitter memories of the Silver Bell, as I didn't get drunk in it—probably because I was scared to death of jail. The scene simply excited me as a circus would, and I remember my first night in the Silver Bell as I remember my first circus day.

The Silver Bell, New Style

But the colorful romance I saw in that saloon life is aside from the impersonal fact I wish to demonstrate. There are more miners, loggers, cowpunchers, sheep herders and other Western country laborers around this town now than ever there were. But the Silver Bell is no more. And its life is no more. Many rough-clad men tramp its floors still, for it is that sickly modern relic of the saloon, the pool hall and card room. These men play rummy at the rows of card tables. They smoke cigars and eat chocolate bars as they play. Some of them knock colored spheres over the green cloth of the pool tables. I have spent hours in the relic of the old Silver Bell during the past six evenings. I have seen no man drunk, I have heard no talk of booze. When voices rise over the smoke-wreathed tables the talk they make is of the summer's job, of the automobile, of the motion picture and the radio. This state boasts an automobile for every six inhabitants. Here, even more than in the large cities, the workingman feels the want of a car. And so, when the card-room talk swings to alcohol, you find that it has nothing to do with bootleggers, but concerns the winter care of motor radiators. The raw, lively color of the old days is vanished from the scene, and sometimes I romantically mourn its passing. But the solid fact remains: The American workingman has gone sober.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

40 inches. The clerk will know. Also four or five spools of 80 thread same color, or 70 will do if a better match, and one of twist. Have them send, or you can bring Friday if easier for you. Oceans of love, etc.

Have the superintendent let the roach man in, be sure!

My dearest wife: Glad to get your letter and hear everything at the beach was O. K. Everything is O. K. here. There is no news.

It is pretty hot, but looks like a storm now, so perhaps it will be cooler tonight. Hope so. Cannot find that blue thing of yours, but will look again when I go home tonight. There is a sort of bluish thing hanging in my closet—could that be it? Don't see anything that looks like a wreath on it. Shall I bring anyway? Cannot find any book in any drawer marked Recipes. Found one marked Addresses—shall I bring it? Everything seems to be O. K. at the house, so don't worry. Edgar has been fired, but there was another man with a scar so I gave the key to him. Guess it was O. K.

Ella's brother-in-law telephoned last night she was sick or had gone to a picnic—couldn't understand over the phone—so she wouldn't be able to finish the laundry. What shall I do? Can't find my purple shirt anywhere. What did you do with it? Where shall I look?

It certainly is lonely without you and the children. Where did you put my dress ties? Pretty busy at the office, but will try to send your 80 spools of thread, etc., tomorrow. Do you know if that tailor ever brought back my pin-stripe suit? If so, where is it? Everything is O. K., so don't worry. No news, except that it is pretty hot, etc., etc., etc., etc.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

Bachelor Ballads

V. The Laundry

MY MARRIED friends have often said
Their wives all lack one thing—
A sense of time, especially
Regarding laundering.
They never seem to know the time
To send the laundry out,
A fact which leads, I'm sad to say,
To many a family bout.
Now I—I lead a carefree life,
And yet I know just when
It's time to send the laundry out
And change the sheets again.
My married friends all envy me.
"You're wonderful," they've said.
"You never borrow trouble."—
But
I borrow shirts instead.

CHORUS:

Oh, I take my clothes as I find them.
As long as they're clean I don't mind them.
I've such a good system, you know.
As soon as there's dirt
On my very last shirt—
Why, it's time for the laundry to go.
Yo-ho!
It's time for the laundry to go.

—*K. P. Britton.*

The Effect of a Public Display of Jewelry on a Criminal Nature

Richard Barthelmess

in "JUST SUPPOSE"

Adapted from the play by A. E. Thomas *Directed by* Kenneth Webb

The exciting polo match, a high light in "Just Suppose"

IMAGINE Barthelmess as the Prince Charming of every maiden's dreams! Just suppose yourself to be the Prince—or to be the American girl he pursues with such fervor!

The incomparable Barthelmess as the mirthful Prince of "Koronia" mingling in American high society and falling madly in love with the exquisite Lois Moran—in an atmosphere of modern magnificence—court life—polo and ultra-pleasures portrayed with perfect fidelity—here is a picture that outshines even "The Bright Shawl" and "Classmates," wholly different from "Shore Leave" and "The Beautiful City." You *must* see it.

Lois Moran, Barthelmess' leading lady in "Just Suppose"

Showing at the following theatres, January, February and March

Akron, O.	Strand	Denver, Colo.	Colorado	Montgomery, Ala	Empire	Seattle, Wash.	Liberty
Albany, N. Y.	Leland	Des Moines, Ia.	Des Moines	Nashville, Tenn.	Vendome	Sioux City, Ia.	Princess
Altoona, Pa.	Strand	Detroit, Mich.	Capitol	Newark, N. J.	Branford	South Bend, Ind.	Orpheum
Amsterdam, N. Y.	Rialto	Duluth, Minn.	Garrick	New Bedford, Mass.	Olympia	Spokane, Wash.	Liberty
Atlanta, Ga.	Metropolitan	El Paso, Tex.	Ellanay	New Haven, Conn.	Olympia	Springfield, Mass.	Broadway
Augusta, Ga.	Imperial or Modjeska	E. St. Louis, Ill.	Lyric	New Orleans, La.	Strand	Springfield, Ill	Gayety
Baltimore, Md.	Rivoli	Elizabeth, N. J.	Regent	New York, N. Y.	Strand	St. Joseph, Mo.	Electric
Binghamton, N. Y.	Star	Erie, Pa.	Strand	Norfolk, Va.	Wells	Syracuse, N. Y.	Strand
Birmingham, Ala.	Trianon	Evansville, Ind.	Victory	Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Bellevue	Tacoma, Wash.	Rialto
Boston, Mass.	Olympia	Fall River, Mass.	Bijou	Oakland, Cal.	T & D	Terre Haute, Ind.	Liberty
Bridgeport, Conn.	Poli	Flint, Mich.	Regent	Ogden, Utah	Orpheum	Tulsa, Okla.	Rialto-Palace
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Strand	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Jefferson	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Empress	Trenton, N. J.	Stacy
Buffalo, N. Y.	Shea's Hippodrome	Ft. Worth, Tex.	Palace	Omaha, Nebr.	Rialto	Troy, N. Y.	Lincoln or Troy
Butte, Mont.	Rialto	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Majestic-Gardens	Paterson, N. J.	Regent or Garden	Toledo, O.	Pantheon
Camden, N. J.	Grand	Green Bay, Wisc.	Strand	Peoria, Ill.	Madison	Utica, N. Y.	Avon
Canton, O	Alhambra	Hartford, Conn.	Princess	Philadelphia, Pa.	Stanley	Waco, Tex.	Strand
Charlotte, N. C.	Broadway	Houston, Tex.	Isis	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Liberty	Washington, D. C.	Metropolitan
Charleston, S. C.	Pastime	Indianapolis, Ind.	Circle	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Grand	Waterbury, Conn.	Strand
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago	Ithaca, N. Y.	Strand	Providence, R. I.	Majestic	Wheeling, W. Va.	Liberty
Cincinnati, O.	Capitol	Jackson, Mich.	Majestic	Portland, Me.	Strand	Wichita, Kans.	Miller
Cleveland, O.	State or Allen	Jacksonville, Fla.	Arcade or Imperial	Portland, Ore.	Rivoli	Wichita Falls, Tex.	Olympia
Colorado Spgs., Col.	Burns	Jamestown, N. Y.	Shea's Opera House	Pueblo, Colo.	Palm	Wilmington, Del.	Savoy
Columbus, O.	Southern	Jersey City, N. J.	Tivoli-Central-State	Racine, Wisc.	Bijou	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Savoy
Dallas, Tex.	Capitol	Kansas City, Kans.	Electric	Reading, Pa.	Capitol	Worcester, Mass.	Olympia
Davenport, Ia.	Capitol	Kansas City, Mo.	Main Street Theatre	Richmond, Va.	National	Yonkers, N. Y.	Proctor's
Dayton, O.	State	Lawrence, Kans.	Bowersock	Rochester, N. Y.	Eastman	Youngstown, O.	Dome
		Lawrence, Mass.	Broadway	Rockford, Ill.	Palm		
		Los Angeles, Cal.	State	St. Louis, Mo.	New Grand Central		
		Louisville, Ky.	Mary Anderson	St. Paul, Minn.	Capitol		
		Lowell, Mass.	Merrimac Sq.	Salem, Ore.	Oregon		
		Lynn, Mass	Olympia	Salt Lake City, Ut.	American		
		Madison, Wisc.	Strand	San Antonio, Tex.	Rialto		
		McKeesport, Pa.	Victor	San Diego, Cal.	Cabrillo		
		Memphis, Tenn.	Palace	San Francisco, Cal.	Warfield		
		Milwaukee, Wisc.	Wisconsin	Savannah, Ga.	Lucas		
		Minneapolis, Minn.	State	Schenectady, N. Y.	Strand		
		Mobile, Ala.	Bijou	Scranton, Pa.	Strand		

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Look for it at Your Favorite Theatre

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

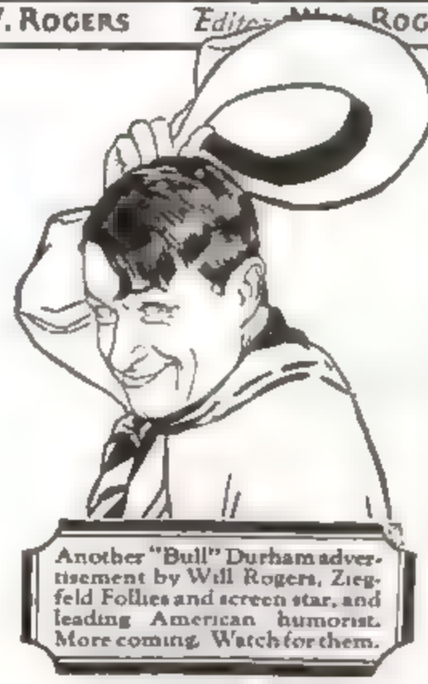
Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* MR. ROGERS

You Can't Smoke History

A fellow from Carolina wants to know *where* I get the idea that "Bull" Durham and George Washington come from the same state. He says, "Why don't you write and give the people the real History of 'Bull' Durham in its native state, South Carolina, that people would appreciate that more than these Bull Legends of yours."

Now thanks, Sir, for your good-natured suggestion. If I knew History I wouldn't be able to write "Bull" Durham Ads. I would be a College Professor, get everything right, and get nothing for it. Everything you suggested me telling the Public about when and where "Bull" Durham originated, has been told for 66 years by typical Advertising writers. That's the only thing the Company asked of me was "please don't tell again where it came from, or how." You see you didn't read their Ads, but you *did* read mine and remembered it, because it was wrong.

Writing Ads that will be remembered is a queer game. This is an Ad, not a History. I selected Ads over History on account of the pay. (American Tobacco Company's pay is as good as its tobacco.) Where "Bull" Durham comes from or where it goes to is left for the starving Historian.



Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Will Rogers

P. S. You notice I named in this article the WRONG Carolina. That's so North Carolina will get sore because I named South Carolina, and South Carolina will get sore because I didn't name North Carolina. A true Southerner never forgets.

P. P. S. There will be another piece in this paper soon. Watch for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

THE FIRST THREE ACTS THE HARDEST

(Continued from Page 11)

with its many audiences of one, instead of a dreary dead-spoken performance before one audience of many. This theory can be shot full of holes by anyone with the poorest sort of aim, since undoubtedly numerous plays which are good theater fail and many which are awful theater succeed. What we maintain is that as an adventure and a business a play is not accomplishing its end unless it has enough of the intrinsic elements of the theater to bring audiences to see it.

The mechanics of getting a play idea into a script range all the way from dictation to a beautiful blond stenographer, to noisy personal typewriting, to putting down words on yellow paper with a yellow pencil. The playwriting half of this article subscribes to the last method. And somewhat reluctantly he offers a sample day in the life of that industrious little animal, the practicing dramatist.

Having done a great deal of preparatory thinking in such places as blocked taxis, the quiet nook that one can find between the street-car lines at Forty-second Street and Broadway, and the blasts of the Subway—it is a fact, incidentally, that solutions to problems and scenes are shot into the mind in such places—he settles down to a simple life of two meals a day—dinner and breakfast.

The day begins with dinner. After that, as a direct insult to all laws of health, a brief nap. Then to work at the dining-room table, the only expanse in the world which permits a writer a really comfortable spread of papers. He has to have a dozen pencils, all sharpened, of the soft and crumbly variety which is so restful to the human hand. Then he lets Nature take its course, and suddenly it's seven o'clock in the morning.

There are no interruptions at night. You think of everyone else as asleep and the world seems peculiarly yours. You and the pad and the pencil and the people you are writing about are alone. They are a dream, but so are you. It's quite pleasant.

One difficulty about this charming trance is that it's hard to tell just how much you have done. A short scene may become actlike in its proportions, and when the play is done you discover you have written enough to run until twelve o'clock and a squirming audience.

10:30 Plays and 11:30 Plays

In the business, plays are known as 10:30 plays and 11:30 plays. The 10:30 play is bad. It can be stretched out to a semblance of giving the public its money's worth by long intermissions, with music and a late start to help. The 11:30 play is better. It can be pruned down to its best ingredients.

It is difficult to give even a first-hand testimonial about how much time it takes to finish a script. Even if you are a model of faithful regularity as to working hours, the human brain is much too uncontrolled for really efficient service. It is unexecutive, disorganized and unreliable. If you could only say to your brain "I want a good idea for the end of Act One," and have your brain say "Yes, sir," you might even go to bed on it. But no such luck. You may castigate yourself for weeks trying to think of a good curtain line, only to have it come to you a month after the play has opened, when—if it is still open—you won't need it any more.

One day's work may produce ten pages of dialogue, the next may tear up twenty; but as a very unsystematic guess, three months would be a good average time to say it takes to write a play—many much less, many much more. What Price Glory? was finished, according to legend, in three weeks; but it had two authors, a fact that can make a good old-fashioned apple-orange arithmetic problem of any drama.

The process of collaboration in making plays is so frequent and so interesting that it deserves a section. Collaboration is always stimulating and takes some of the terrible lonely curse off writing, and in the matter of the drama, with its constant shuttling of scenes and sentences, it is particularly effective.

"How do you write together?" is a question that is asked at least once a day of any set of two *littérateurs* who have produced a joint piece of work. The process has the fascination of some magic rite for the onlooker. Do the two writers utter the same words at the same time? Do they hold each other's hands for thought transference? Do they take alternate words, sentences, scenes, acts?

"We just sit around," said the authors of a Broadway success to us the other day, "and say to each other, 'That's rotten.'"

The advantage of collaboration is that it's comfortable to have not only someone else to share the doubts and recriminations that are inevitable in the construction work but someone to help face the terrors of rehearsal and production. The disadvantage is that the joys of the box-office receipts are shared as well.

The Secret of Collaboration

For the most part collaborators meet to discuss and part to write. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, authors of Dulcy, To the Ladies, Beggar on Horseback, and adapters of Merton of the Movies, who are in the front rank of current playwright duos, use this method in writing their delicious satires.

"George and I are chiefly interested in character," said Marc Connelly in discussing their way of work—"the spiritual growth which can be shown through dramatic action. After we have our major character, usually someone who will personify certain grand asininities that occur in life, we sit down and say, 'What would the people be who would associate with a man like that?'

"We discuss everything together. After we have decided on the plot and trimmings, someone says, 'I'll start on this act and you do the second.' If the play happens to be around a crisis, we work that out first. Before we part to do any work, however, we get an anchor—a good architect's blue print of what the whole ground plan of the play will be.

"After we've parted, written and met again, the newly finished scenes come up for discussion and unification. Things which seemed to be all right to us individually turn out to be overwritten or underwritten or cloudy. When we consider the play done, we do one thing together which I think few authors do—we pay a call on a particular character—go through the whole piece, paying attention to him or her alone, and see if everything he says is consistent with his personality as we've conceived it."

One difficulty in collaboration is that the personality of one of the authors is apt to shine through the fabric in one place, that of the other in another, and produce a surface that is not smooth. For this reason the play must be entirely worked over by both authors, especially if one is a dramatist by trade and the other a fiction writer, as so often happens.

When Mr. Megrue wrote Potash and Perlmutter with Montague Glass, on a foundation of Mr. Glass' stories, they first schemed out a rough draft of the whole piece together. Then Mr. Glass wrote his version. Megrue rewrote it and put in the dramatic touches which are the diploma of long schooling in the theater.

As a rule, in the collaboration of a novelist and a playwright it is the best idea to let the former, who is probably a little self-conscious in the field of play-writing, shoot

(Continued on Page 80)

Why Studebaker Rates on Time Purchases are Lowest

Three years ago Studebaker utilized its vast resources to enable any Studebaker dealer to sell cars on fair and liberal rates to those who buy out of income

And today no car in the world offers lower rates to the time purchaser than Studebaker

Financing rates which most competitive cars cannot approach are made possible by these 5 factors:

1 Stability of Studebaker with one hundred million dollars of net assets, no bonded debt and no bank loans—assurance that no Studebaker will ever become an orphan.

2 Depreciation cut to a minimum by Studebaker's "No-Yearly-Models" policy.

3 Intrinsic worth of the Unit-Built Studebakers which makes them stay sold.

4 One-Profit prices which mean that the purchaser has an equity so substantial that he will not sacrifice it.

5 Re-sale value maintained by the popularity of Certified Studebakers sold under the famous Studebaker Dealers' Pledge on Used Car Sales.

BECAUSE of the above factors, scores of the largest banks in the United States have made money available for time purchases of Studebaker cars at rock bottom rates.

This low-interest money is placed at your disposal through a financing organization exclusively engaged in serving Studebaker dealers.

Before you buy any car out of income (whether it is in the field of the Standard Six Coach at $1195 or the Big Six Sedan at $2245), find out exactly how much of your total payment is for the car itself, and how much for interest, insurance, brokerage, etc.

Then get the corresponding Studebaker figures and ask yourself why you should pay out money for the sheer blue sky of excess financing rates.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Choose Cyclone Fence
—the Acknowledged Leader
Another year has started. Make it a prosperous year. Protect your industrial property, add to the efficiency of your organization by enclosing grounds with Cyclone Fence.
Cyclone is the fence the majority of fence buyers want. It's the fence that everybody knows—the acknowledged standard. First in popularity because first in quality, first in all the major improvements in property protection fence.
Back of Cyclone Fence today is a bigger, better organization than ever before, offering a nation-wide service, and assuming complete responsibility for the planning, selection, manufacture and erection of the Cyclone Fence you purchase.
Fence your industrial property. Do it this year. Choose Cyclone, the fence that affords a permanent protection and insures lasting satisfaction.
Phone, wire or write nearest offices
Ask for new Cyclone catalog
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
Factories and Offices, Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas
Pacific Coast Distributors
Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Calif.,
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.
We also manufacture Wrought Iron Fence.
© C. F. Co. 1926
Cyclone Fence
PROPERTY PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 58)

his bow first. Only when two people are so closely allied that their points of view become one can they write harmoniously otherwise one person ought to plane off the surface.

We did know two unnamed lady playwrights who had worked collaboration down to a fine and efficient point. They sat together, one manning the typewriter, while the other did her mending. The choice of the woman at the keys was determined by who had the least mending to do. They suggested alternate sentences and progress was both rapid and social. The trouble was that although the script was a splendid piece of typing, all black and red in the proper places, no one ever cared to produce the play.

In the opinion of the great and oblivious theatergoing public, the work of the playwright is done the day his soul-torn sheaf of manuscript is turned into a crisp pack of thin typewritten sheets bound into pale-blue covers—a typing operation which, by the way, costs the playwright one hundred and fifty dollars in the end, unless he does it himself. On the contrary—and this is a symposium of the opinion of a number of successful dramatists—the work on the play is then no more than half done.

And the cash rewards of the play haven't even begun to show a glimmer of the zero after the important first numeral in the royalty check. True, there is the advance, which ranges from five hundred dollars to five thousand, and which a known dramatist is apt to get from a manager at the mere outline of an idea. The manager is sure the play will be competent and accurate in workmanship, if not a success, and is willing to gamble that much for an option. The author receives the impetus that someone likes his idea and the producer bets that the play will be a hit. If it is, the advance comes out of the royalties due the author. If it is a flop, the manager loses and the author wins—in a manner of speaking.

Jesse Lynch Williams, Author of Why Marry, the Play Which Won the Pulitzer Prize in 1917

In the Shadow of the Actor

So important is the amount of work left in the business of playwriting after the last curtain has been written that the author can scarcely ever start work on a new play until the old is either well started on a run or has been shipped to the limbo of the storehouse.

When a novelist finishes a book it's done and he may write the first sentence of his next book on the final page. There is no intermediary between himself and his public. In the drama, there is the production and the actors to come between the beloved dialogue as conceived by the dramatist, and the liberties that may be taken with it if he doesn't watch out.

Experienced and wise playwrights do watch out. The Authors League managers' contract, agreed on some years ago as a standard basic form, makes it imperative that authors be consulted, if they desire, in the selection of a director and the actors. As the play nears presentation, the shadow of the actor looms so big before the sun of the author that he is almost obscured, so it behooves him to look well to who is playing his parts.

Most authors maintain, perhaps with unfair bitterness, that the public, outside of the few intimately concerned with the theater, never knows who wrote the play. After the playwright's name is once announced, it grows smaller and smaller in type until it disappears at last even from the advertisements. In the less sophisticated centers there is an impression that the actors make up the lines as they go along

A charming and not too intelligent friend of Mr. Megrue's from the South saw a revival of one of his plays in her home town.

"I saw your play again, Roi," she reported rapturously, "and they played it almost word for word like the first time."

There is, too, that delightful Boston critic who reviewed a play in which Miss Jane Cowl was the star.

The Heroine in The Green Hat

"Miss Cowl," he wrote, "met every situation with courage and ingenuity, solving every obstacle put before her."

Dramatists can't mind too much. If it is a hit, they get over it. If it isn't—they get over it too.

The best the author can do is to supervise the selection of actors. If he had described a tall slender blond girl as the heroine, he can see that a short dark one isn't hired. Sometimes it would be better if he altered his type to suit the actress. To take a case which is becoming history with a speed remarkable even for the theater: Mr. Michael Arlen writes The Green Hat and makes the heroine soul-stirring by the device of her tawny gold hair and her Mediterranean eyes as much as anything else. To play the part they get Miss Katherine Cornell, whose hair is dusky and whose eyes are much more like the Hudson River at night, and she converts even the author to thinking that she was his original heroine.

Selecting actors is a trying job, but one the businesslike author should be willing to spend time on. Weeding out the aspiring from the competent is an art in itself, for though the amateur spirit is fine, amateur execution is rotten; and unless the right people are in the right parts, the mood and color of a play can vanish in a moment.

Numerous laired difficulties lie in wait for the author who is picking his cast a task which is, of course, shared with the producer of the play. There is the danger of the actor who is a splendid sight reader. One is so impressed by first reading of the part that he is engaged at once. There are fifty chances to fifty that this is the end of his talent, not the beginning.

There are the actors who feel that their own personality is so important the play must go by.

A girl was engaged for a part in a play of Megrue's. She was supposed to laugh heartily at a certain line. At the third rehearsal she stopped laughing.

"What's the matter?" asked the author. "You laugh there, you know."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "I thought it was funny at first, but I don't think so any more."

"I'm very sorry." The author was cold. "You not only have to laugh at that line now but I hope you will have to for some months on Broadway."

Musical-comedy actors are often a difficult lot. They are mostly out of vaudeville,

(Continued on Page 62)

The Success Story of Thousands

Vitality regained . . . clogged intestines and digestive disorders corrected . . . disfiguring skin eruptions conquered . . . *through one simple fresh food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-2, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"FOR several years I have been subject to nervous indigestion and chronic constipation. My complexion was poor, I did not relish meals, was blue and despondent. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a thorough trial In six weeks I have averaged three cakes a day. My appetite is returning, my complexion is much better and last but not least my constipation is gradually leaving."

MRS. BESSIE A. WRIGHT, Chicago, Ill

(LEFT)

"FOR years I have been an ardent exponent of sports out-of-doors. In spite of this I was a victim of chronic auto-intoxication which developed into lasting headaches. In 1922 I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast each day The result was amazing: all trace of intestinal poisoning disappeared and with it the dreaded headaches. Now my vacation at St. Moritz, Switzerland, each winter is perfect relaxation."

EDWARD C. DUBLE, New York City

"I WAS troubled with gas, skin eruptions, constipation and loss of appetite. My physician recommended Fleischmann's Yeast Gradually my condition returned to normal My appetite is splendid, my skin has cleared, and my intestinal tract functions perfectly. I still eat my Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit."

JOHN W. HEMMERLE, West Philadelphia, Pa

(RIGHT)

"I BECAME acquainted over the chess board with a physician. He believed that the colon contained the ills of the human body and advised Yeast as the remedy Later I was afflicted with painful skin eruptions. A friend reminded me of the doctor's advice. Coffee and yeast became my breakfast and health and happiness were restored Never again did I neglect my old friend's advice."

WARWICK H RIPLEY, Indianapolis, Ind

EAT two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time. They will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

"—it quickly paid for itself"

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THAT statement,—"It quickly paid for itself", is the keynote of countless letters from executives who investigated the Monroe through our *free trial offer.*

If you will let a Monroe Man place a Monroe High Speed Adding-Calculator in your office, instruct your assistants in its simple operation, have them use it on your own work, you will fully appreciate the value of the service the Monroe renders.

Expense and production reports will show that the Monroe quickly pays for itself—not only in salaries, but in avoiding delays, confusion, risk and worry. The Monroe saves time through its flexibility and short-cut methods, its simple operation and lightning speed. The Monroe saves errors with its locked-figure keyboard and visible proof of first-time accuracy. The Monroe saves you money for it is made in sizes and models for every figuring need.

Why not prove that the Monroe *will more than pay for itself* on your work? We will gladly arrange a free trial.

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A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

(Continued from Page 60

and are not used to being given lines which are part of a fabric which is to stretch over three hours. They are always looking for the main chance and their own encore.

To this school belong the actors who will edge a colleague into the back drop to get the best position before the audience for themselves.

Casting is made difficult for the dramatist if he is sensitive to the pretty tense drama that is going on so often in the lives of the applicants. Insanely proud, maddeningly boastful and so very pathetic with their unvaried stories of how they have never worked for less than two hundred a week, but just because they think this is going to be such an interesting play, and because they want to stay in New York, and because—well, because they have been living on borrowed money all summer, they will take a bit for fifty dollars.

One woman wrote to Mr. Megrue on behalf of her daughter to plead for a job in a new production. She knew the daughter would be a success because she, the mother, had always planned to have her an actress, and had gone to the theater constantly before she was born.

It is supposed to be part of the job of the playwright to keep his cast down. Small cast is a great selling point to a producer. But when it becomes necessary to pay a rather inferior actor who is on the crest of the wave—in contrast to the above-mentioned waifs—three or four hundred dollars a week, a few extra bits to lend color at, say, forty dollars apiece do not seem too unreasonable.

Staging Your Own

Once the play is cast the now slightly dazed author is free to turn to rehearsals. It is an immeasurable advantage for an author to stage his play himself, unless his temperament is so knife-edged that he will drive both himself and his actors into lunacy at that dangerous time. The defect in having a third person—for by this time the play has the breath of life in it—come between the author and his work is that the play gets away from its original intent. There are all the vital but finicky details which no one but the author is concerned enough to watch.

The dramatist must himself make a list of the slightest property details if he wants his play to resemble his idea of it. Follows a small section of a list which had to be made by the long suffering author for his latest production of Venice for Two:

SCENE ONE

BAR FURNISHINGS

Bar glasses
Soda glasses
Water glasses
Spring-water-bottle openers
Bar cloths, bar towels
Match and cigarette stands
Small brandy glasses
Large brandy glasses
Corkscrew, corks
Liqueur glasses
Roast ham — Not practical
Slices rye bread — Not practical
Pretzels — Not practical
Bowl of salted nuts
Bottle of Napoleon brandy
Scotch-whisky bottles
Pint champagne bottle
Quart champagne bottle
Spring-water bottles, Evian
Perrier, Apollinaris
Green-mint bottles — Practical
Brandy bottles — Practical
Cognac bottles — Practical
Absinth bottles — Practical

SCENE THREE

DRAWING-ROOM ON TRAIN

Stuff to make up upper and lower berths
Sheets, four pillows, pillow cases
Framed photo ads on walls
Parcel rack of fish cord
Table to put between seats
Tablecloth
Check tray for waiter
Check for dinner
Italian money to pay
Napkin for waiter
Practical buzzer
Engine whistle, practical
Something to sound like creak of berth when one turns over.

In the matter of costumes and personal equipment he must be equally exact. Even the contents of the men's pockets and the women's hand bags are specified. And at that, an actor who had been given his careful instructions as to "evening dress, with mustache" weeks ahead appeared at the dress rehearsal with a shining face that looked like our best shaving-soap advertisements.

"Oh," said he plaintively, "I didn't know I had to have a mustache."

By the time a play is ready to open, its creator feels as if the mere act of writing had been as simple as filling a bucket with sand at the seashore. He has decided on the scenery—"Yes, we've got to have real bottles in the bar scene. No, it won't do to paint them on the back drop. How do I know where you'll get them? All right, I'll bring some bottles of my own down"—he has tactfully assured actors that it would be quite impossible to raise any salaries before the play opens; has strengthened the leading lady in her demand for blue chiffon pajamas rather than pink, and has made the final decision against white damask tablecloths on the iron tables in the terrace café scene.

The By-Products of Playwriting

Then, all the signs in the heavens being favorable, the play opens on the road and the tide of money turns. Instead of going out in a flood, it begins to come in in a trickle. The author and producer are in most cases grateful if a play pays its road expenses. During this period of probation the author stays by the side of his child, giving it everything from moral courage to blood transfusions. Things done to a play during its trial period are so numerous and so separate an art that any detailed description would mean a separate article. Since this piece deals with the business of writing a successful play, not with the business of seeing it struggle on the road, we will presume that the dramatist views his work at a metropolitan opening, be it Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or New York.

Here at last, granting a success great enough to keep the play on the expensive theatrical boards, the glint of gold begins to shine through the murk, and the author at once—the end of the week, that is—begins to get his share of whatever profits there may be.

The average author's royalty is 5 per cent on the first four or five thousand dollars' gross box-office receipts, 7.5 per cent on the next two or three thousand and 10 per cent on everything over those sums. On this scale the author gets seven hundred and fifty a week if the takings are ten thousand dollars. In New York a play must do nine or ten thousand a week to stay at all; so the profits, if any, are apt to be tidy.

In case a play is hovering on the border line, the author is the last person to be paid, no doubt because he is the last person to want the play stopped. The theater must be paid, the actors, the costly stage hands, or the show won't go on. It is to his interest to keep it alive. It is well within his rights to have a writ served, but once a play closes there is very wan chance that it will ever open again.

If a play is once known by that succulent word "hit," the author can experience the sensation of owning a fertile oil well. The harrow is over and he can take his exercise by slitting envelopes containing royalty checks.

It is impossible to give definite figures as to what can be made out of a play. Supposing a hit plays to seventeen thousand dollars a week. The author will make about fifteen hundred. If the play runs a year—do your own multiplication. In the field of musical comedy the profits are not quite so startling, as they must be split several ways between the lyric writer, the book writer and the composer of the music. They are striking enough, however, as the box-office receipts of such lyric offerings as Rose-Marie and The Student Prince are at low ebb if they take in as little as twenty-five thousand dollars a week.

Besides his production royalties, there are many interesting money-making by-products waiting in the cushioned anteroom of the successful dramatist, such as the movie rights, stock rights, second company rights, book rights and foreign rights.

In buying movie rights, the film man and the manager play ping-pong with sums ranging from thirty thousand to a hundred in their dickers, while the author may well stand by with a smile. It is to the manager's interest to get as much as possible, since he gets half the author's profits on the sale. A good round sum has an immense publicity value both for the play and the moving picture—so much so that seventy-five thousand dollars has come to be a not infrequent prize for screen privileges. Book rights bring less spectacular sums. The author must split with the producer, as for all rights, fifty-fifty. At best, the novelization of a play brings only modest book royalties, and printed versions of the script do not sell to any extent unless you are Mr. Shakspere or Mr. Shaw.

Foreign rights, except in the case of plays that go to London, are apt to be a source of gratification to the author rather than profit. Marc Connelly and George Kaufman were once highly entertained to discover that one of their plays was being performed in Holland with a very luscious Dutch title. But as far as royalties went, no one had ever told them anything.

Second companies are rich new veins in the mine of the successful dramatists. And when third and fourth and fifth companies appear the profits pile up, as they have in the case of Abie's Irish Rose, until other people in the theatrical business can't hear of them without wincing. Stock rights are a nice help in taxi fare, as well as a delicate compliment to the author in making him feel that his work hasn't vanished in a contemporary limbo a year after the opening. As to amateur rights, the last by-product, we know an author who got a thousand dollars last year—amateurs pay about twenty-five dollars a performance for the use of a play—as his share on a piece that had come to a happy end eight years before.

What Price Success

Once a play is running smoothly by the grace of the gods and the critics, the harassed playwright can stop for a moment to breathe, to have a haircut and order a new suit. The last two he will need, for there is still a little more to this business of playwriting—duties, as they are rather elegantly called, to the public. Women's clubs, for instance, have great longings to be addressed by playwrights, who are at best pretty poor stuttering fellows. They like, for conversational purposes, to have met the author of the play they have seen or are going to see. Theater clubs which attend matinées in a body often want the author of the play to show himself at their luncheons—and what could be less courteous than to refuse?

Sometimes they are disappointed by untactful practicers of the craft. A reluctant dramatist was recently forced by his press agent and manager to attend a luncheon. He ate through chicken patties, which he loathed; he made a speech which made even himself sick, sighed, sat down. Then a rapt member arose and she said, "Won't you tell us what impelled you to write that beeyoutiful play, Mr. A?"

"To make money," he answered, and the house fell with their faces.

It has been said—and this is worth as much as most statistics—that a very successful play will make two hundred thousand dollars for its author during its life in this country—this in money. The value of the glow that comes from hearing your words across the footlights, from being *persona grata* to the stage-door man, from being able to lurk in the lobby of one's own actual production as the 8:31 rush swirls in around the ticket taker, has not yet been satisfactorily computed.

Roofs in perfect color harmony

Tile red, antique brown, and heather purple, is a pleasing combination for a white colonial home

Today thousands are asking "What Color for My Roof?"

Here is an answer to this most important question—a way to choose exactly the color that will look best on YOUR *home*

For the roof of your particular home there is *one* most fitting color.

A color that will harmonize most pleasingly with its walls, trim and architectural style. A color that will carry its character and charm from eaves to ridgepole.

Perhaps it's Weathered Brown. Or it may be Opal, or Dusk Blue, or Onyx—or any one of the distinctive Richardson colorings, *permanently* fixed in slate.

How you can decide

Thousands, like you, have asked us how to choose. Now a way is offered you—a way to select, with absolute assurance, the perfect color scheme for your own house.

Send for the new booklet, *What Color for the Roof?* In it you will find page after page of interesting homes, showing you pleasing color combinations of body, trim, and roof.

With the booklet you will receive the Richardson Harmonizer. This fascinating device enables you to see the effect of 108 different color combinations. It will show you *in advance* exactly how any Multicrome roof will look upon your house.

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Dealers: Write us about securing the Richardson franchise for your territory

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THE WILDERNESS WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

But now I'm a-goin' to give her the best that money kin buy. I'm a-goin' to take her East, an' when I hit N' Yawk, son, I ain't a-goin' to be wearin' no flannel shirt. I'm a-goin' rigged up proper, the same as Swede Johnson done after he struck it rich up to Dawson in the ol' days."

"How do you mean—rigged up proper?" asked Burkett, with a closer look at his companion.

"I'm goin' to git me patent leathers an' a plug hat an' a Prince Albert coat an' button my gullet up behind a boiled collar," was the other's shyly boastful reply. "An' since I've got ready money, I'm goin' to show it."

A look of concern came into the city man's face.

"I wouldn't do that," he said, with his first intonation of sympathy. "I really wouldn't," he repeated, touched by the indefinable air of pathos brooding about the toil-worn figure beside him.

"Yuh sure wouldn't recommend me goin' in no outfit like this?" asked the somewhat bewildered Kadiak, with a glance down at his frayed corduroys.

"No," hesitated Burkett, conscious of the need of feeling his way. "But you'll be in a new world, you see, and it will be so much more comfortable moving quietly about a big city until you understand its ways. The important thing, I'd say, would be to remain as—as inconspicuous as possible, especially at first."

A look of concern crept up into the seamed old face.

"I'd no more go to N' Yawk than I'd go to Jerusalem, if it wasn't for Junie," confidentially admitted the old miner. "But I want to give that girl her chance."

"Does your daughter insist on going?" inquired the unparticipating man from outside.

"She ain't said overmuch along that line," was the slightly delayed admission, "but I suspicion she's done a power o' thinkin'. An' a high-spirited girl natur'ly gits plumb sick o' beans an' sowbelly an' stokin' a winter cookstove an' hearin' nothin' but a fox bark across five miles o' wilderness snow." His voice trailed off into silence. When he spoke again, he did so with a meekness that came strangely from a man of his bulk. "I take it yuh're a real N' Yawker yuhself?" Burkett nodded.

"We've been New Yorkers for three generations," he explained; and he tried to make it sound casual.

"Then I assoom we'll mebbe be bumpin' together some time or other, seein' we'll be livin' in the same city," the older man hesitatingly suggested.

"I'm sorry," said Burkett, "but my company will probably be sending me down to Guatemala toward the end of the month, and I expect to be there until Christmastime."

The old miner reached for his pipe, but instead of lighting it, sat looking out over the valley mists with brooding eyes.

"Well, we'll git onto the ropes some way or other," he heavily admitted. And some vague compassion almost prompted the younger man to reconsider his earlier resolution of aloofness, almost tempted him to risk a personal humiliation in the performance of an impersonal service. But a faint pennon of smoke, showing above the pointed spruce tops far up the valley, reminded him of a half-wild young woman with thundercloud eyes and a tongue like a bull whip; and the prospect, at the moment, seemed too much like a descent into the animal kingdom.

"Oh, there's lots about New York you can't help liking," he observed by way of amendment. "Always plenty to see and do there."

"So they tell me," was the other's abstracted reply, and he was still abstracted in manner as he rose slowly to his feet. "Son," he finally found the courage to say, "I've got a gallon o' the best hooch money can buy in that pack o' mine. What say to trailin' back to my wikiup an' assistin' Junie an' me consoom this same fire water?"

"Can your daughter drink that sort of stuff?" demanded Burkett, with a head nod toward the pack bag, and still again his thoughts went back to the animal kingdom.

"She's a-goin' to on this occasion," averred the old prospector. "We've struck it rich an' our troubles is over. An' as is fittin' an' proper at such a time, there's sure goin' to be a jamboree in the ol' home shack t'night!"

Still again Burkett was conscious of some indeterminate sense of pathos about the old figure that belonged to a world so remote from his own, and it was more than foolish to think of those two worlds commingling.

"I'm afraid you'll have to count me out," he said, as he got up and made ready to break camp.

III

JUNEAU MacLEAN, for certain reasons of her own, was not the first to bring up the matter of the stranger's visit to the shack; and Kadiak himself seemed in no hurry to revert to a contact that had thrown unexpected shadows across his horizon of contentment. It was not until after supper, in fact, that any reference was made to Burkett's visit. The thick-shouldered prospector sat at the cleared deal table with a pencil in his hand, poring over a package of papers that deepened the frown on his weathered face. His movements were slow as he began to figure.

"Six hundred even, an' one hundred an' eighty-five is seven hundred an' eighty-five, an' fifty-five thousand for the flume an' timberlands along the ol' valley makes a total of eight hundred an' forty. Eight hundred an' forty thousand dollars—that's what your ol' pop's worth, not countin' the royalties on the lower placer holdin's this dumswiggled syndicate aims to work over with steam dredges. An' if I ain't in the millionaire class, I'm so mighty near it yuh couldn't tell the diff'rence with a surveyor's chain."

"That's a heap big pile o' money, pop," said Juneau, looking up from the moose-skin moccasin on which she was sewing.

"Which same won't come home to us, Junie, until we mush out o' this polar region an' git planted where the high rollers never even stop to look round for their change."

Juneau sat with needle poised, a far-away look in her eye.

"It'll seem plumb queer, ridin' round on them solid-paved roads an' havin' everything done for yuh an' just turnin' a nickel tap to git your wash water."

Kadiak nodded his abstracted assent.

"Well, if the swell folks do it, it's up to yuh to learn how. Yuh've hankered to move in them high circles an' your pop's a-goin' to give yuh the chance."

A meditative look came into the girl's eyes as she moved an explorative finger tip along the roots of her raven-wing hair.

"I've been readin' up on N' Yawk," she observed, scratching the nape of her neck. "They've a train system they call Subways, runnin' plumb under the house cellars. And they've another system they call the Elevated, runnin' along the housetops like a flume on stilts. An' that Seattle Sunday paper was a-sayin' the women members of the Four Hundred took mud baths to make their skins soft."

The old miner at the deal table seemed to resent this information.

"An' them's the folks we'll be asked to associate with, two-legged varmints doin' what Skeemo an' his tribe did afore 'em!"

"Mebbe we'll have to do some o' the askin'," suggested the girl with the moccasin.

"Yuh naturally ain't goin' to tear open a town like N' Yawk in a day," conceded Kadiak. "But I guess money like ours'll git us about anywheres we aim to go."

"Yuh know, pop," pursued the girl called Juneau as she sewed, "a lot's goin' to depend on the kind of a start we git off to in that noo town. I mean we've got to make 'em see we was somebody before we got there. We got to keep away from the cheap folks an' carry ourselves right."

"Yes, Junie, you're plumb right there," agreed Kadiak as he knocked out his pipe. "An' it ain't jus' dressin' genteel that's a-goin' to git us over the divide. It's the way we carry ourselves all along the line. For instance, there's the question o' Skeemo. I assoom, naturally, you ain't figgerin' on carryin' no bear cub into the metropolis with yuh?"

Juneau's movement as she turned on her parent was a peremptory one.

"An' I assoom you ain't a-figgerin' I'm craven-hearted enough to abandon a cub I've milk-fed from the day he was took away from his dyin' mother?" she demanded with a sudden deepening of color.

"But yuh can't take no wild critter like Skeemo into city quarters," contended Kadiak.

"Skeemo's no wilder'n I am," asserted the girl with the rebellious mouth. "An' when I mush East, that bear cub's goin' with me!"

"Yuh'll look fine, won't yuh, amblin' down Fift' Avenue with a fair-sized black bear doggin' along beside yuh!"

But Junie was oblivious to that shaft of scorn.

"I was readin' where an actress went down that same street with a pet leopard sittin' in the car seat beside her, an' if they can stand for leopards, they sure ain't goin' to bellyache much over a decent-actin' bear cub that ain't no more vicious than a spring lamb. No, sir! Skeemo's been my best friend up here in the bush, an' we stick together to the bitter end."

"Then I calculate it'll be some sudden termination," said Kadiak with a shrug of resignation. "For a live bear'll sure stampede them city tenderfeet off Main Street. An' leadin' a critter like that around won't add any considerable to your popularity."

"They'll have to get used to us both," proclaimed the girl with the cloudy eyes.

"But Soapy McCoy was tellin' me down to Dawson," pointed out the patient-eyed old prospector, "how they don't even stand for house dogs in them high-class city hotels."

"Then we'll get us a house of our own," asserted the new-fledged daughter of wealth. "For where I go, Skeemo goes too."

Kadiak sat silent for a ponderable length of time.

"I was wonderin'," he finally ventured, "how Skeemo's goin' to like this sudden change o' latitood himself. I mean, seein' as he's been brought up in the open an' always had the come an' go of a seven-mile valley slope, how's he goin' to take to bein' penned up in a plush-lined hotel room?"

"He'll get used to it, the same as yuh an' me 'll get used to it," contended the girl with the pugnaciously squared underlip.

"An' s'posin' we don't?" questioned the old man with the wistful eyes.

"Well, I want a chance to," averred Juneau. "If we've got money to burn, I want to burn it where it'll show me a side o' life I never got a look into before." She swung about of a sudden and bent an appraising eye on her troubled parent. "Say, pop, why're yuh so low-spirited about this streak o' luck yuh've been sighin' for ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper? Yuh've struck it rich, an' your days of grubbin' an' toilin' are gone forever. Your whole world's changed. Yuh're the biggest man between Alaska an' Lake Winnipeg, an' if yuh gimme a chance I'm goin' to turn myself into something yuh'll plumb be proud of. I'm goin' to study them city folks as close as yuh'd study a promise o' pay dirt, an' I'm goin' to git wise to their way o' livin' an' lookin' at things. I'm goin' to study harder'n a Nitchie in a mission school, an' I'm goin' to be as smooth-talkin' as that bishop's wife who came up to Fort Selkirk that summer. I tell yuh, pop, I'm a-goin' to pull down my chance. I'm goin' to be so genteel yuh'll doff your headgear ev'ry time yuh open a cab door for me, an' them city stiff-necks'll think I came out of a château in Italy instead of a bush camp back o' beyond!"

Kadiak sighed, for all his head wag of approval.

"Yuh're younger 'n I am, Junie," he said, as he lifted his jug of hooch up on the table.

"Young or old," said the girl, with sudden vehemence, "we're both in this big move together." Her face hardened, however, as she watched her father pour out a cupful of the amber-colored liquor. "An' lappin' up half a gallon o' fire water ain't the most promisin' way o' startin' off the new program."

"Mebbe not," assented the old miner, "but I'm a-goin' to celebrate in the ol' way for the sake of ol' times. This licker cost more'n a good rifle; an' I may be a millionaire, but I'm not wasteful."

The morose light went from his eyes as he put down the empty cup. He watched the girl as she put away her sewing and stoked the sheet-iron cookstove and hung a frayed flannelette nightgown on the rawhide clothesline between the pipe and smoke-stained chimney. He shifted in his chair so as to face the cherry glow of the stove hearth. But the frown came back to his face as he sat there.

"What 'd yuh think o' that city dood?" he asked, without turning about to face his daughter.

He was conscious of her arrested movement, even before she asked, "What city dood?"

"That minin' engineer the syndicate sent up here to look over Skookum Slope b'fore they closed; the cheechako yuh sent vamoosin' off the map yisterday."

"He ain't got backbone enough to bite a louse," said Juneau, with altogether unlooked-for bitterness.

"He's plumb smart at headwork," contended Kadiak.

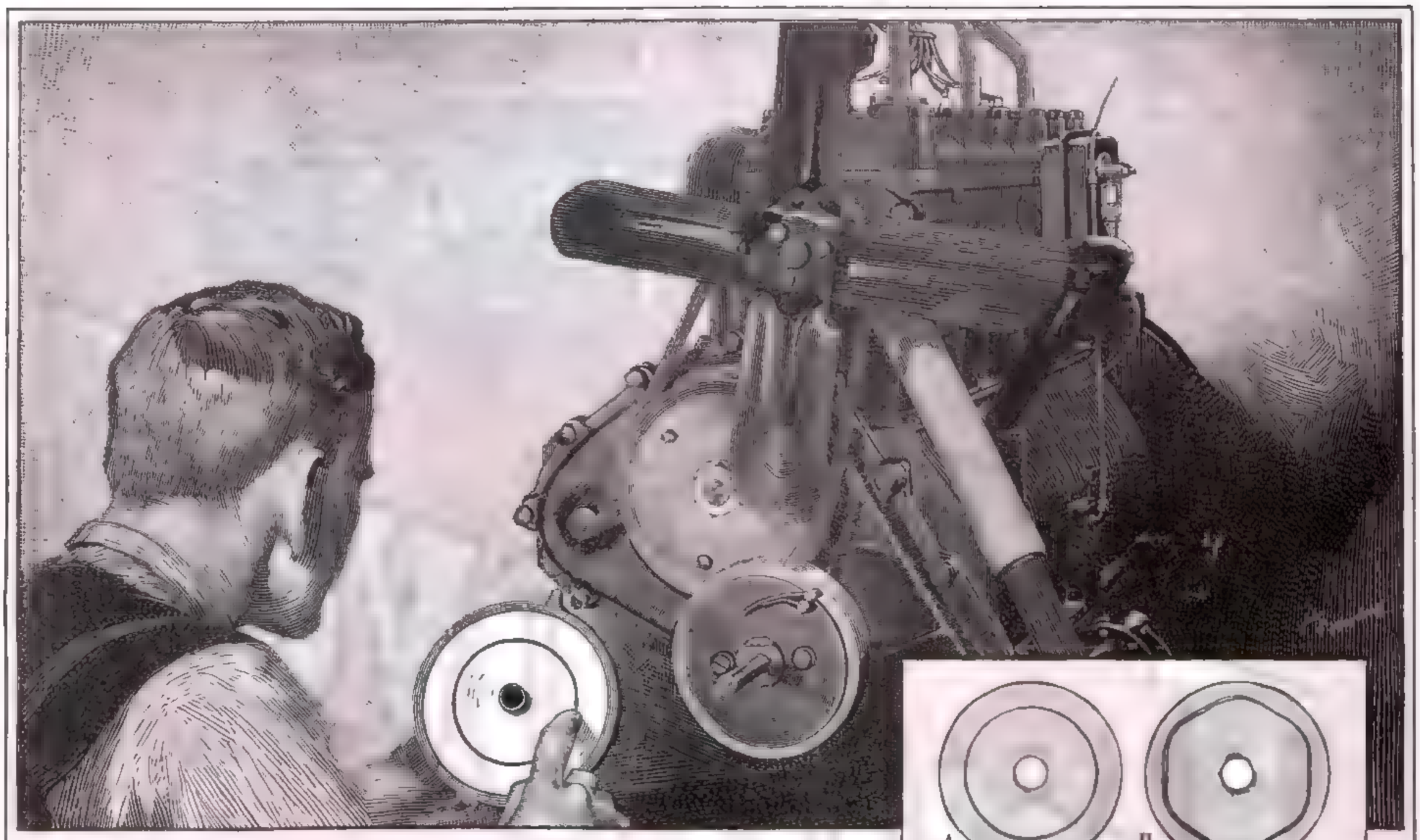
"How far'll headwork git yuh in this world?" demanded Juneau. And Kadiak, instead of answering that question, helped himself to another drink.

IV

JUNEAU MacLEAN was more stirred by her departure from Skookum Slope than she would admit even to herself. It was strangely like death and rebirth, that abrupt transition from one world to another, and it brought home to the slightly startled girl the depth to which the roots of habit had struck. Yet there was so little, she found when she came to appraise her worldly possessions, that she could take along with her.

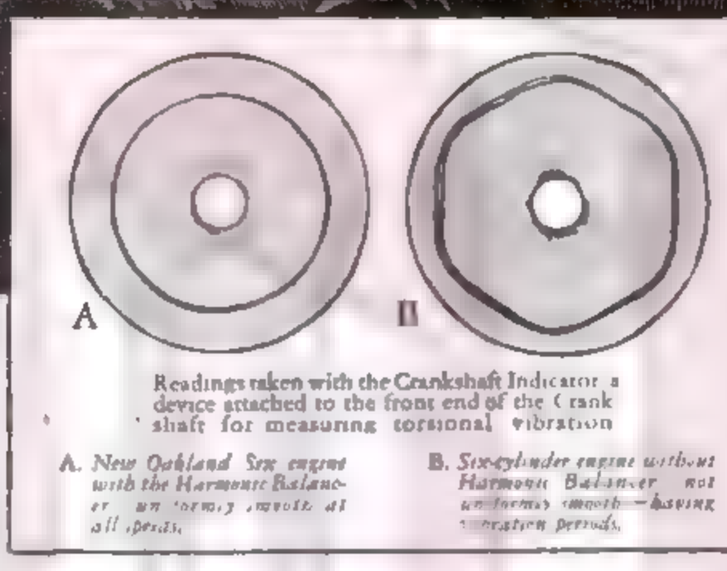
The journey from the Landing to Beaver Forks was made by canoe and was rendered doubly onerous by the restiveness of Skeemo, who chafed against the restraints so abruptly imposed upon him. He received, in fact, more than one surreptitious thump on the nose from Kadiak, who remained vaguely morose and silent after padlocking the lonely cabin between the northern peaks. Juneau herself was less talkative than usual. But as she rounded each new turn of the river, paddling bow, a strange look of ardency glowed in her eyes and a childlike smile of expectancy hovered about her lips. After a visit to the general store at the Forks, it is true, she discarded her beaded moccasins and her homemade turban of marten skin, supplanting them by a pair of pale tan oxfords, that cramped her undisciplined toes, and a slightly shop-worn picture hat of plum-colored velvet,

(Continued on Page 68)



What Is the Harmonic Balancer?

This remarkable new feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life.



Readings taken with the Crankshaft Indicator a device attached to the front end of the Crank shaft for measuring torsional vibration

A. *New Oakland Six engine with the Harmonic Balancer, uniformly smooth at all speeds.*

B. *Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer, not uniformly smooth—having vibration periods.*

Of all the new engineering features now being introduced at the Automobile Shows, none has a more vital effect upon motor car performance than the Harmonic Balancer. This remarkable Oakland development lends the final touch to the natural smoothness of the Oakland Six engine and renders it unmatched in freedom from vibration at all speeds. You have only to drive the Oakland Six, and experience its amazingly smooth performance, to realize how much The Harmonic Balancer adds to motoring enjoyment.

See the Oakland Six and its companion car, the new Pontiac Six, at the Shows or in your Oakland Dealer's showroom.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The

Improved

Now Chevrolet engineers reveal the results of many months' work in the Chevrolet Engineering Department, in the General Motors Laboratories, and on the hills and straightaways at the General Motors Proving Ground.

Now they offer you the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history—a car so smooth, so effortless, so powerful that its performance can be compared only with that of much higher priced cars.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Chevrolet

A TYPE of performance never before approached in any low-cost car—that's what you get in the improved Chevrolet!

To the world-famous power and economy of the Chevrolet valve-in-head motor have been added new elements of smoothness, flexibility, and acceleration. The result is nothing short of a revelation—not alone to veteran Chevrolet owners but to men accustomed to driving much costlier cars.

You may doubt that any car of this type can flash from 5 to 25 miles an hour in less than eight seconds—*but the improved Chevrolet does it!*

You may question the ability of such a car to idle in silence at 7 miles an hour and to speed along at 40—45—50 without the slightest trace of labor or effort—*but the improved Chevrolet does that!*

You may assume from past experience that no low-cost car can combine these brilliant power qualities with Pullman Car comfort over roads of every sort—*but that's what the improved Chevrolet offers!*

In addition, it provides an operating quality that borders on the sensational: going at top speed, you can lift your foot from the accelerator—and the car instantly floats into a smooth, free-running noiseless coast, whether on a down grade or level road.

The blunt truth is that the improved Chevrolet introduces into the low-priced field exactly the type of performance that until now has been the chief attraction of owning higher priced cars.

Remarkable as these improvements are, they have been achieved without any vital changes in Chevrolet's time-proved design.

A new, flexible, 3-point motor suspension makes a notable contribution to smoother, quieter operation. Lighter pistons and pins, accurately balanced, give a quickness of throttle response that cannot fail to delight you.

A redesigned motor head with larger cooling areas around the valves is responsible for even greater motor efficiency.

The generator is now driven by an endless V-shaped, silent belt; the oil pump is located in the crankcase so as to insure positive, noiseless motor lubrication under all conditions. For convenient removal, the valve cover has been changed to a one-piece steel stamping.

Springs of new design on all models, combined with balloon tires, provide pillowy comfort on rutty roads and make long tours a source of genuine pleasure and bodily relaxation.

Striking new colors in Duco finish lend a new beauty to all enclosed models: the Coach in Bloomfield Gray, the Coupe in Arizona Gray, the Sedan in a rich Algerian Blue. The new Chevrolet model, a modish, aristocratic, smartly appointed Landau Sedan, is finished in Arizona Gray Duco.

• • • • •

The improved Chevrolet is now being displayed by Chevrolet dealers everywhere. Visit the nearest salesroom. Ask for a ride.

Subject the car to the most rigorous test that you can devise. Loaf through traffic. Skim over country roads. Plow through mud and sand. Rush up hills that balk bigger and higher priced cars.

Whether you spend one hour or five at the wheel we make this emphatic prediction: *you will step from the car having undergone an experience the like of which you never dreamed possible in any car of this class, regardless of size, weight, wheel base or price!*

Long the world's largest builder of automobiles with modern 3-speed transmission, Chevrolet now bids for continued success with the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history!

And the time to see it and drive it is now.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY • DETROIT • MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

WINNERS

EVERY racing fan knows the name of the horse that won the Kentucky Derby last year. Not one in ten knows the one that ran second. Millions know the winner of the 500-mile automobile race in Indianapolis. Who was next? And as for those who finished third, fourth or among the also-rans in any race or game . . . how many can you name?

In the competition for business the fact of leadership alone is a tremendous asset. Every one of us unquestionably prefers to buy merchandise that is advertised over the signature of a reputable firm. We feel doubly safe in buying something that our neighbors own and approve. And we feel perfectly secure when we buy an article that has become a standard of value throughout the country—the winner. We buy it without thinking. We buy it without hesitation. It sticks in our minds because it has proved itself. It requires no explanations. The dominating trade-mark is the final stamp of value given and received.

In developing a winning product, the most important function of advertising is to shorten the way to the confidence of the consumer, to clear a road to the distributor and retailer. Advertising cannot add a single merit to any product. It does not, and cannot, contribute to the actual value of any article. But it has one tremendous advantage to offer—the inside track to public favor.

In every town and city there are products for sale whose names are household words the country over—winners. And it is interesting to note that the same sound and tested advertising ideas that helped us to create these winners have been applied to our own organization—and with a like result.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 64)

ornamented with orange-tinted poppies, that made her head ache holding it up. But in the thought of being resplendently attired, for once in her life, lay ample anodyne for all such ills.

The remainder of the trip to the coast was made in a depressingly dirty launch that smelled of stale halibut and engine oil. A steady downpour of rain obscured the last leg of their journey, and Juneau sighed with relief when they were finally installed in a wooden-fronted hotel run by an ex-Klondiker who recognized a friend of his earlier days in the suddenly expansive Kadiak.

These two old sourdoughs in fact secretly and joyously celebrated that unexpected reunion with a quart of illicit Scotch whisky, and while they awaited the steamer Kadiak remained in seclusion, nursing an honestly earned headache, and his disconcerted daughter was prompted to dine alone in the ship-lapped ten-by-twelve bedroom over the noisy pool hall.

And the tumult of the final departure, when the steamer arrived in the morning, was heightened by the belated discovery that Skeemo would not be accepted on board unless duly inclosed in a traveling crate. So a local artisan was hurriedly set to work to carpenter together a slotted box in which to confine a none too complaisant bear cub, and a smile spread along the line of coastal voyageurs leaning over the rail when Skeemo was triumphantly hoisted aboard. Open laughter even broke from their ranks when Juneau, carefully watching that operation, resented the roughness with which Skeemo's crate was dropped to the deck.

"If yuh duffel slingers don't know how to handle a defenseless animal," she cried in a sudden flash of anger, "I'll educate yuh so damn sudden it'll make your heads spin! An' if any Smart Aleck aboard this tub tries molestin' that cub bear he'll git put to sleep with a crack on the jaw!"

It wasn't until they were alone in their cabin that Kadiak confronted his daughter with a frown of trouble on his face.

"Yuh can't do it, Junie," he said with a headshake of disapproval. "Yuh can't go round assaultin' these outsiders with rough talk any more'n yuh can bust 'em open with a pick handle. It's worse'n tryin' to shoot up a town because some bar hand has pizened yuh with bad redeye. It don't git yuh nowheres, Junie, even if it does happen to ease your feelin's for the time bein'."

"Say, pop," retorted Juneau, as she sat down on the cabin floor to remove a pointed tan shoe that was squeezing her foot beyond further endurance, "when I'm walked on I'm sure goin' to holler. I'm as fair-minded as any female who ever kept her feelin's bottled up until the buttons were ready to fly off. But when I lamp a raw deal put over on me or anything that's dear to me, I feel something snap in the back o' my head and I've got 'o let off steam or blow up."

"I comprehend your feelin' close enough, Junie, but yuh're a-goin' into a circle where folks is plumb self-restrained an' it ain't accepted as seemly for a young woman to blow up like a she adder. The further east yuh travel, I figger, the more yuh'll understand what your ol' pop is drivin' at. An' your travelin' 'll be considerable easier, kid, if yuh keep a tighter lash rope round your tongue."

Juneau, as she sat on the floor massaging her maltreated foot, gave a good deal of thought to those words of wisdom. But their influence on her actions proved calamitously short-lived. For when she entered the dining saloon that noon an audible titter went the rounds of the tables, and the fires of hostility burned hot in her body as she seated herself in the swivel chair and buried her shame in a printed bill of fare whereon unheard-of edibles were presented to her attention. The nettling of embarrassment that suffused her before she could decide on her particular wishes did not add materially to her urbanity. And once surrounded by what she had ordered, she defiantly proceeded to devour the food confronting her.

A rotund commercial traveler, across the table from the girl with the nut-brown skin, stopped in the midst of his eating to study the grim adroitness with which she conveyed mashed potatoes from her plate to her vivid red mouth by means of a knife point.

"What're yuh gawkin' at?" demanded Juneau, suddenly conscious of that concentrated gaze on her actions.

The fat man colored a little before the enmity of her stare, but he was not of the kind to cower before a woman's anger.

"I was merely admiring the skill with which you manipulate that cutting instrument," he said, with a half-satiric smile that only too unpleasantly reminded her of a certain cheechako from New York.

"Yuh try any more o' that admirin' and I'll cut your heart out with it!" she said with a ferocity that took the laughter out of his eyes, and she faced no more affronts at that table.

But it was a Pyrrhic victory for the girl from the hinterland. For as Juneau surreptitiously studied the other diners about her, she not only grew into a disturbing perception of the restricted use of the table knife, but she also awakened to the fact that her traveling companions confronted their food with a light-hearted nonchalance that was quite new to her. She perceived differences of speech and manner, differences of dress and deportment, differences of posture and outlook; and she became, of a sudden, less sure of herself. She opened her eyes for the first time to the complications and penalties of communal life. She had been an individualist through all her youth, without quite knowing it. She had always done as she pleased. But she began to see that the opinion of others was not to be altogether despised, that the rights of others were not to be too ruthlessly overridden.

This discovery, it is true, secretly angered her at the same time that it vaguely dismayed her. It touched her with a new moroseness and caused her to shrink in on herself. It even took a little of the glamour out of what she had first conceived as a high adventure. It tended to make her feel small and lonely and overlooked. It turned her, overnight, into something dwarfed and trivial, and a new wistfulness came into the nut-brown face with the troubled eyes—a wistfulness which she in her bewilderment failed to recognize as an odd replica of the dumb hunger touched with revolt that so often brooded on the face of Kadiak MacLean.

But the habits of a lifetime are not lightly shaken off, and when they forged out of Hecate Strait into the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound, the rolling of that none too steady coasting steamer caused Juneau to forget the miseries of the mind in the more poignant discomforts of the body. She was seasick for the first time in her life, and once she was persuaded she was not going to pass on to another world, she appalled a faithful steward by the languid ferocity of her oaths and the unpredictable turns of her temper.

"Say, pop," she averred to her anxious-eyed parent, "if yuh smoke in this cabin I'll turn inside out quicker 'n hell could scorch a feather!"

And the lonely and restless Kadiak betook himself forward to seek what consolation he could in the scenic beauties of the Strait of Georgia.

Juneau's depression of mind and body stayed with her, in fact, until they landed at Victoria and were confronted by the slightly overawing splendor of the Empress Hotel. There the girl from the north grew into her first vague realization of the power of money. She saw how it could surround one with seclusion and comfort; how it could bring one a queenly suite of rooms overlooking a terraced garden and a flashing stretch of blue water; how it brought one unimagined good things to eat and orchestra music as one consumed them, and an elevator that rather took one's breath away as it transported one uphill to one's room, and what seemed like endless miles of soft-carpeted corridors, and snowy beds and easy-chairs and water that ran out of a silver tap and a bathroom so intricately equipped with nickel plumbing that Juneau got gooseflesh in her first intrepid exploration of its mysteries and nearly scalded herself in her initial reckless manipulation of its hot-water shower faucet. And it brought telephones, which her father carefully avoided, though the grim-eyed girl, secretly needling with apprehension, eventually took up the receiver and put it to her ear as she had seen others do, and eventually experienced both the miracle of sending her spoken words along a thread of metal and the inconvenience of ordering ice water and ham sandwiches for which she could have no possible use.

But Juneau was not so much at peace with her own soul as she might have been, for the simple reason that an overnarrow pair of tan shoes were unrelentingly cramping all happiness out of her life. So she went forth determinedly to shop for new shoes, visiting store after store, only to find that all women's footwear was made too narrow for her undisciplined toes. She discovered, to her momentary humiliation, that the only thing in which she could be happy was a pair of boy's lace shoes with a liberality wide last and an incongruously heavy sole. But once these were broken in, she forgot about their appearance and clumped her way back to happiness.

She had more important things to think about. She was on the threshold of a new and totally unexplored world, and the sea-softened beauty of Victoria, as a whole, both solaced and silenced the wondering girl. She stood bewildered by its gardens, so incredibly prodigal in their late-autumn colors. She wandered amazed among delphinium and phlox and dahlias and asters. But most of all she loved the roses, the roses of unbelievable sizes and colors, that defied the season and bordered the vivid green slopes with a riot of color and filled the balmy sea air with a drowsy blending of perfumes. And she loved to slip away in a hired automobile, with the silent Kadiak at her side, and go rolling luxuriously over the undulating wide roads between the hills, the hills that seemed so quiet and settled and crowded after the tameless slopes of the Rockies. It seemed a strangely altered world, a world of order and beauty, a world that had been subdued and petted into quietness. And small wonder it was that a new wistfulness came into the eyes of the bewildered girl, and a vague ache of unrest kenneled itself in her troubled heart.

"She's a whale, ain't she, pop?" cried Juneau the next evening, after their journey in from Esquimalt.

"Yuh mean that dry dock out t' the sea front?" queried the man at her side.

"No, I mean this ol' world of ours," said the girl, with a faint tremolo in her voice. "She's sure a whale!"

"Why, kid, yuh ain't seen a quarter o' her yet," averred Kadiak, as he knocked out his pipe.

"It kind of upsets me," ventured Juneau, after a moment of meditative silence, "seein' so many people all wrapped up in what they're doin' or goin' to do and not givin' a tinker's dam who yuh are or what yuh're headin' for."

"Wait until yuh hit N' Yawk," said the man with the webs of wisdom about his faded eyes.

"I'm groomin' myself for that next jump," Juneau finally announced. "I know I ain't rigged out yet the way I ought to be. But did yuh notice that English navy officer's wife back to the hotel—the bony one with the big feather boa? Well, I'm a-goin' to get me one o' them feather boas."

"Clothes, Junie, is only clothes," demurred Kadiak. "They don't change yuh none inside."

"That's where yuh sure fall short of understandin' women, pop. Dress 'em right and they feel right plumb through."

"But how're they goin' to know what's right?" contended the old miner. "What seems right in one locality sure ain't right in another. An' the headwork that mebbe knocks 'em cold up at Wapiti Gap ain't goin' to go so big along Broadway."

"Well, we've got to live and learn," averred the girl with the pugnaciously squared underlip.

"Yes, kid, we got to learn," proclaimed the old prospector. "That's jus' the point." He sat silent a while. "Yuh know, Junie, I've been wonderin' if it wouldn't be best for us two outlanders to bivouac right here in this town over winter and git onto the ropes before we blow East."

"And what would we do here?" demanded Juneau.

"Why, yuh could git some reliable ol' lady t' sharpen up your book learnin'," was Kadiak's hesitating proposal. "Yuh could take lessons from one o' them female highbrows, mebbe, an' git rounded out in this newfangled way o' slingin' round your mother tongue."

The girl's eye grew morose.

"That means yuh ain't satisfied with me, pop," she said, a vague tremor in her voice.

"Say, Junie, I know yuh down to bed rock, an' there ain't never a kick goin' to come from me. But I ain't the one yuh've got to satisfy. What yuh've got to fit in with is them furrin-actin' Easterners. An' there's an ol' sayin' that when yuh git to Rome yuh've plumb got to do what the Romans do."

"But why should I worry about 'em?" contended the frowning Juneau.

"B'cause when they come crowdin' round, kid, yuh want to meet 'em on common ground," protested the man from Skookum Slope. "Speakin' impartial, yuh're the best-lookin' girl I've seen in a week o' travelin'. Yuh're mebbe the best-lookin' girl on the Pacific Coast. Some day yuh'll have more 'n half a million dollars in your own name. An' as a heiress, an' as a well-conducted lady it don't hurt none to look at, yuh're sure goin' to attract the attention o' the wanderin' male."

"Say, pop, up to date I ain't seen no stampede in my direction," retorted the girl with the clouded eye.

"Well, it's worth rememberin' that yuh don't usually shoot at a hill goat till he's come to rest," countered the man from the north country. "An' once yuh git known, kid, they'll come swarmin' around yuh fast enough."

There was a touch of bitterness in Juneau's laughter.

"It won't be no blockade," she protested, "if they're all as stand-offish as that bleached-out city engineer friend o' yours called Burkett."

It was Kadiak's turn to wear a frown.

"I sure can't line up young Burkett in that deal," he acknowledged. "He was plumb square in puttin' through that final dicker, an' he was as nice a young feller t' talk to as I ever met up with. But I notice he ain't breakin' his neck none to welcome us into his own camp."

"Mebbe he reckons us too wild and woolly for associatin' with," said Juneau; and she said it with a ferocity that might have gone far to justify Burkett's private apprehensions in the matter.

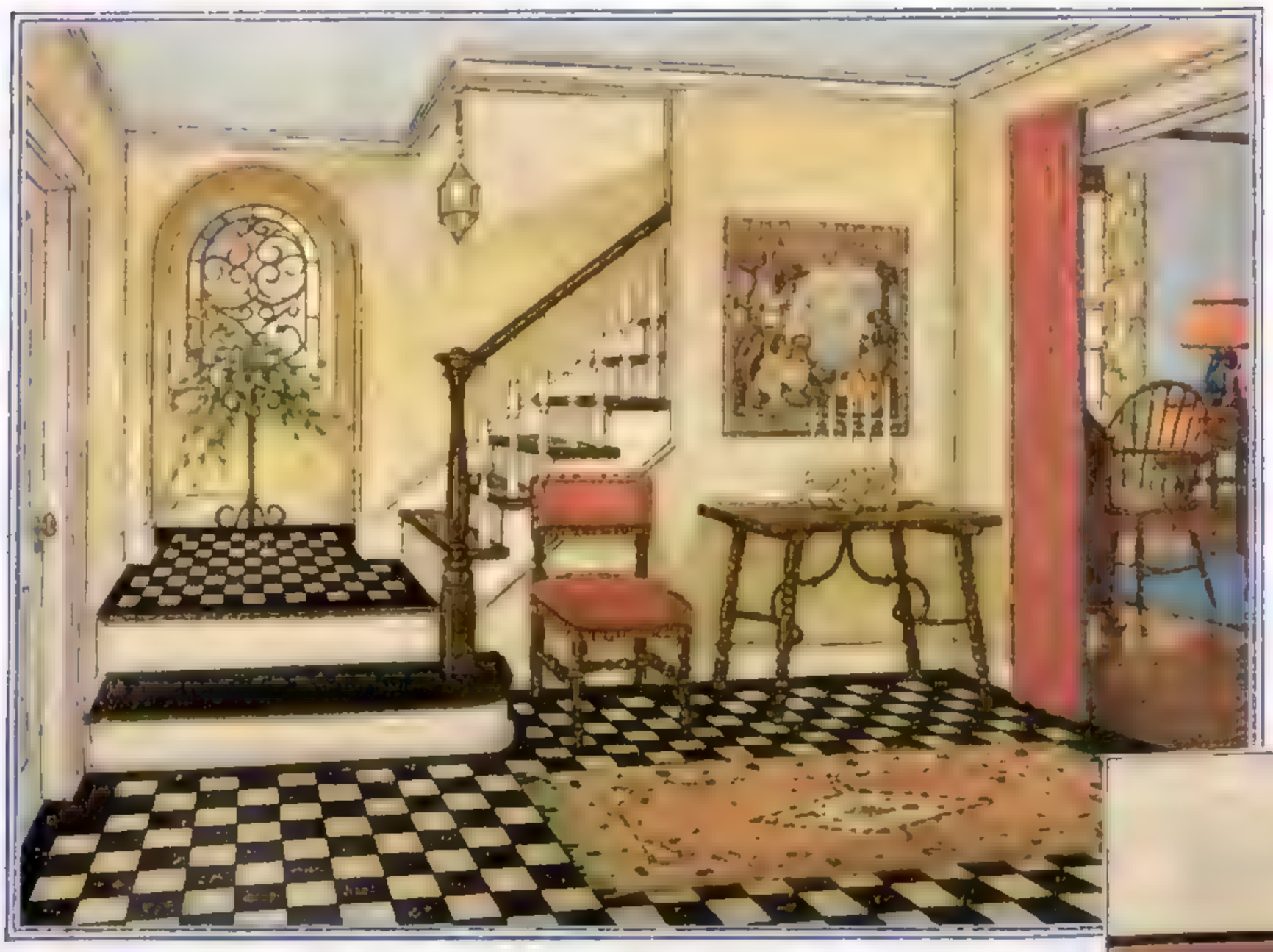
"That's the p'int I was drivin' at," ventured Kadiak. "We got to absorb enough surface finish to show 'em we're as human as they are."

"All right, pop," agreed Juneau, after another of her meditative silences. "I'm ready to absorb the surface finish. But I'm goin' to do it in my own way. So the sooner we git across t' N' Yawk and git civilized, the better."

"Then yuh're willin' to leave Skeemo behind, here in Victoria?" asked Kadiak, attempting to give his query an air of the casual.

"I'm a-goin' to take Skeemo with me," declared Juneau with a stubbornness that made the old man sigh as he reached for his pipe.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Beautiful? Long-lasting?

Decorators recommend this new floor

Architects say: "For a generation!"

WHAT a happy reaction from the unimaginative yellows and browns of yesterday is the floor in this smart entrance hall! It's cheerier—brighter. It has *color*. Truly, decorators have opened our eyes to an almost bewildering world of color and beauty in the largest single area in a room—the floor.

This modern floor beauty is now available to all home-lovers because of a belief long held by Armstrong's that new and better linoleum designs could be developed—designs that were worthy of careful cementing in place as a fine floor of linoleum should be laid.

Today your floors may be plain or patterned, subdued or strongly colorful—for today there is an Armstrong design for every kind of room. And despite the fact that decorators recommend these patterned floors for the finest of homes, they are less costly than other floor materials which afford color and design.

Permanent as well, say architects

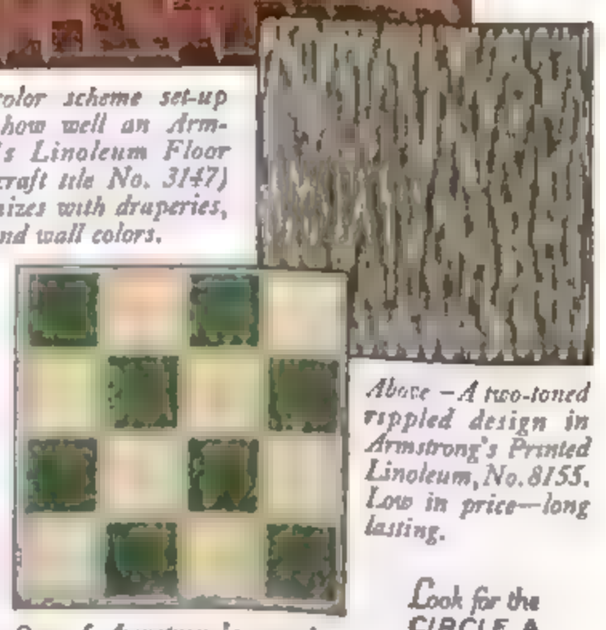
And wear! Here's a delightful surprise for you. You've walked on linoleum floors in offices, in schools, stores, and shops. Architects say such floors should last at least twenty-five years and even longer. Armstrong's Linoleum Floors in your home will never be subjected to the wear a floor gets in an office. Yet they are made of the same long-lasting materials—finely ground cork, oxidized linseed oil, and burlap. Waxed occasionally, say twice a year, the floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum you install in your house should retain its original beauty for a lifetime of the heaviest wear.

Decorators use these new patterns

Good furniture and department stores are displaying the new Armstrong patterns that decorators are urging their patrons to see. If you are planning to refloor, or even to do over your present floors—first see these new patterns.

Our Bureau of Interior Decoration will gladly help you not only in the selection of attractive floors, but also in the decoration of your entire home. Just write to this Bureau, describing the room or group of rooms you would like to redecorate. Complete color set-ups of actual materials will be sent you, all specially selected for your particular needs. This service is free. Just write to Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 887 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

This color scheme set-up shows how well an Armstrong's Linoleum Floor (Handcraft tile No. 3147) harmonizes with draperies, trim, and wall colors.



Above—A two-toned rippled design in Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, No. 8155. Low in price—long lasting.

One of Armstrong's new inlaid patterns, No. 427. By a special process, the colors in alternate squares are marbleized, bringing a new note of softness and interest to the whole design.

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Write for new book on home decoration

EVERY woman who plans her own home decoration will find real help and inspiration in Agnes Foster Wright's new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color."

Mrs. Wright, formerly president of the New York Interior Decorators' League, has filled this book with practical suggestions for decorating homes, large or small. Full-color reproductions of ideal rooms enable you easily to carry out these suggestions in your own home. Sent to anyone in the United States on receipt of 25 cents to cover mailing costs. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 887 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

FOR EVERY FLOOR IN THE HOUSE

PLAIN — INLAID — JASPÉ — PRINTED

SHOOT THE MOON

(Continued from Page 15)

Of course they could not let it go at that. They could not believe that Atlanta, who still seemed to them an incompetent child, though she was nearly thirty, could dare to defy them. The narrow range of their imaginations was searched to think of anything Atlanta could have spent all that money on—the sum had grown larger to their vision as it vanished. They could see with their own eyes it was not clothes or household adornment. It was Lily, being more fleshly minded than either of the others, who at last suggested a man. Atlanta had been hoodwinked by some man!

Atlanta's action confirmed this thrust. She became as white as the snowdrop bush outside the dining-room window, and then a painful flood of crimson washed over her face.

"Oh, Lily!" she cried faintly.

Then she sprang up from the table and went toward the kitchen door. But before she could escape, Martha had voiced what was in each mind.

"Well, all is, 'Lanta Griswold, when you're dependent on us for your daily bread, you'll be sorry you were a spendthrift."

Atlanta, stricken on the threshold, stared back at them whitely. It was a new thought, a terrible thought. And suddenly she broke into a weak little run across the yard, across the pasture and toward the hill, as if she must escape from that vision of her future. They saw her standing stock-still on the ridge of the hill a long time, her skirts blowing about her.

"I guess when she comes down she'll tell us," they said.

But she did not; not that day or any day. The silence of Atlanta on that one subject became like a diseased spot in their consciousness. It was from that day they began to say Atlanta was queer, that she was not entirely responsible. It was probably this rumor, combined with the inaccessibility of the farm in winter, that discouraged Clem Marvel, who had shown Atlanta some attention about that time.

At any rate she slipped into being an old maid with a reputation for queerness; not from anything she did or said or looked, but from the fact that she had mysteriously managed to go through two hundred and seventy-five dollars, with nothing to show for it. No greater proof of her slight craziness could be adduced.

Thus some eighteen years passed slowly over Atlanta's head. Her father became a tyrannical invalid; the farm slipped back to weeds and rocks. They could not afford hired labor, and Atlanta milked, cleaned the stable, made the garden, shoveled snow, and twice a month drove into the village with a few eggs and a pot of butter to exchange for their small necessities.

And on Sunday afternoon, when her father napped, Atlanta would slip out to the top of the hill. Her reputation for queerness might then have been justified could anyone have seen how she sometimes wept and sometimes laughed and sometimes merely stood staring wildly out to the chimneys of Parson's Crossing. But generally a light and a peace came into her face as she gazed at the misty folds of hills stretching away. She would then draw a long breath, as if she drew in strength to endure another week, another year.

The farm beyond the Griswold place was at last abandoned; the road became so bad that finally the county authorities put up a sign at the fork warning the public it was impassable. Atlanta then tried to get her father to move into the village; they could live in two rooms and she would try to get work. But he said no, his father had died on that farm and he meant to die there too. Which presently he did, and it was twenty-four hours before Atlanta could get word to the others that father had passed on.

There was a man at Parson's Crossing who had a stone quarry around the bend of the hill from the Griswold farm; and after much bargaining with Joshua and Martha he bought the farm, lock, stock and barrel, for four thousand dollars cash. Atlanta was moved to Joshua's house, for Joshua meant to see that this time Atlanta did not throw away her money.

There was some squabbling over this arrangement, for Martha, too, had a protective eye on Atlanta's inheritance. She said that Atlanta could buy a good 6 per cent mortgage with it and the interest would pay for her clothes.

"If I have to feed another mouth for four months every year, I cannot afford to pay for Atlanta's clothes," she put it.

But Joshua being the eldest, it was finally conceded that he took precedence; Atlanta was to live with him the first third of the year, with Martha next and with Lily last.

Atlanta said nothing one way or the other. But while they were squabbling over which one should have her first a wildness came into her eyes that made her look at last really queer.

There was only one consoling thing about her going to live with Joshua. That was Marcia, Joshua's oldest daughter. Marcia, interestingly enough, looked like her grandmother, Atlanta's adored mother. She was a quiet, self-contained girl, not noticeable except when a startling spot of deep wild-rose color came into her cheeks. This often happened after a longer day than usual over her father's books—he had now a general store as well as the cheese factory, and Marcia kept the books for both.

Outsiders, seeing this stain of color, looked at one another significantly. There was a history of consumption in Marcia's mother's family.

Marcia and her Aunt 'Lanta had always instinctively liked each other. Atlanta, on her lonely farm, had had plenty of time to think, and she had thought a good deal about Marcia. There was an expression sometimes in Marcia's eyes that reminded Atlanta of her own mother's eyes, when she had given up her hold on life and was gradually slipping away.

"That child isn't long for this life," Atlanta would think, and would shut her lips hard together.

So it was that one evening at Joshua's when the house was quiet—Joshua and his wife being at prayer meeting—the sound of Marcia's cough behind the closed door of her bedroom drew Atlanta to knock timidly at the door.

Marcia was sitting round-shouldered over a novel, a romantic tale located in a burning but well-furnished desert. She looked up dreamily as her aunt entered.

"What have you done for that cold, Marcia?"

The girl shrugged one shoulder. "Nothing. What's the use? I have it every winter." Then, as if something in Atlanta's face called to her, her lips unexpectedly quivered. "Maybe this winter it will take me off," she said.

Atlanta's distressed eyes searched the girl's face.

"Marcia, are you—afraid?" she whispered.

Marcia nodded. "I've been afraid a long time. But I don't care very much. I—the trouble is, I haven't anything to look forward to. I hate keeping father's books. I feel so—so numb all the time."

Atlanta was silent for a moment or two, then she nodded. "I've often felt that way. It's the lonesomeness."

She went back to her own bedroom presently, but she could not sleep. She thought about Marcia, working too hard for her niggardly father, and about herself, parceled out among Joshua and Martha and Lily. She felt as if her very soul were cut into three pieces and the pieces blown like dead leaves before a wind.

"They'll kill me, between 'em," she whispered. And then added, "They mean well."

But suddenly a fearful panic seized her. She had never lived, and now she was to be harried all the rest of her life. She rose, shaking, from her bed; she ran to the old-fashioned black walnut wardrobe and from under the paper on the top shelf she took a flat pocket. Then she threw a shawl around her shoulders and crept down the hall to Marcia's room.

Marcia was still reading, and when she saw her aunt's eyes she recalled the family legend about Atlanta's queerness. But the plan Atlanta unfolded was coherent, as if she had thought about it quite a little. She proposed to her niece that they two should run away together. Tomorrow she would say that she was going to visit Lily. She would take their night things in her big knitting bag, they would meet at the station and take the through six o'clock train to Boston. She showed Marcia the packet of bank notes.

"But I thought father was going to invest that for you."

Atlanta tucked in the corners of her mouth in a droll way she had.

"He thinks so too. But he isn't. I'm going to take you away somewhere for a good time, like a girl ought to have."

"Oh, but they'll be so mad at you! They'll never get over it! You don't know!"

"I do," retorted Atlanta grimly. "I've had eighteen years of it."

It ended by their meeting next night at the railroad station, looking like two badly scared conspirators. Atlanta pretended to be valiant, but it had taken almost more courage than she possessed to pin that money in her bosom with three large safety pins, to step into that huge panting train and to be whirled away from Joshua and Martha and Lily. For, of course, she knew that sooner or later she would have to come back to their wrath.

"Well, I'll have something to look back at, if I ain't got much to look forward to," she told herself.

In Boston, Marcia sent a telegram to her father:

"Auntie and I taking vacation. Back in a few days."

She wanted to add something conciliating, but that would bring it over ten words. She, too, was New England.

For two days they looked in shop windows and went to the movies, and on the third something odd happened. Atlanta saw a palm tree. It was only a badly colored photograph in the window of a ticket agency, but it touched some deep spring in Atlanta's heart. After she had stared a long time, suddenly she gave a defiant twitch of her head and marched into the ticket office. She bought two tickets to Florida, one way only.

The rumor that Atlanta was an eccentric but wealthy spinster from Boston started with a woman who came down on the same train with Atlanta and Marcia. She said Atlanta told her she had inherited. The amount of the inheritance was not mentioned by Atlanta, but with the local inability to think in anything less than thousands the mere word "inheritance" was enough to inflame the imaginations of the young salesmen of Halcyon Shores and Paradise Park.

And besides, there was the fact that Atlanta wore such old clothes. A tragic incident had but recently happened to one of the cleverest lights of the Halcyon Shores selling force. He had been told off to act as guide to an extremely shabby old man, whose poverty was so apparent that the salesman did not exert himself. Next day the poor old fellow had gone over to Paradise Park and bought an apartment-house site and a whole block of lots.

"That little slip made us all very friendly to old clothes," said Mortie Leonard. "And then, you know, we were all so wise we

War brought him his pipe-tobacco thrill

English Tommy introduced to a certain American tobacco by friendly Doughboy in France

While Mr. Ellender of London isn't in favor of war for the purpose of finding a better tobacco, nevertheless one of the unforgetable memories of the last one seems to be his discovery of Edgeworth.

And the fact that Edgeworth tobacco is available throughout most of Europe has made it possible since the war for this Londoner to enjoy his pipe of peace.

Read his "hands-across-the-sea" letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

I've just read in a magazine the remarkable letter of the traveling man of Seattle, who smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth tobacco.

Until early 1918 I didn't know that such pipe tobacco as Edgeworth was waiting to be enjoyed.

It was a U. S. Army man who gave me my first can, and with the idea that it couldn't be as good as the usual tobacco I had smoked since 1911, I decided to try a pipe.

I've smoked all kinds of tobacco during the war with the British Army. I even smoked tea leaves when I couldn't get tobacco—in fact, I smoked anything that would fill a pipe, but Edgeworth won all battles.

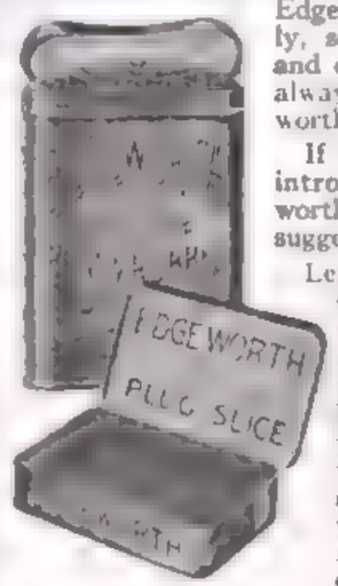
Right from the first can I've kept to Edgeworth at Base 3, Headquarters Section of the United States Army.

Your traveling man didn't have any trouble to obtain his supplies like I have had. Running around Britain for a dealer who stocked Edgeworth is not an easy run, but I have been amply rewarded when a dealer did say, "Yes, I have a stock."

"Edgeworth doesn't bite the tongue—doesn't give that thirsty-after-smoking-feeling, satisfies always, and always comes in tip-top condition. I have to buy my can, for others like it like I do, but I cannot afford to supply them all. Let them search for it like I have done. Then they will enjoy it better.

Yours very sincerely,
Theodore Ellender

Some pipe smokers get acquainted with Edgeworth accidentally, some deliberately, and others have "just always smoked Edgeworth."



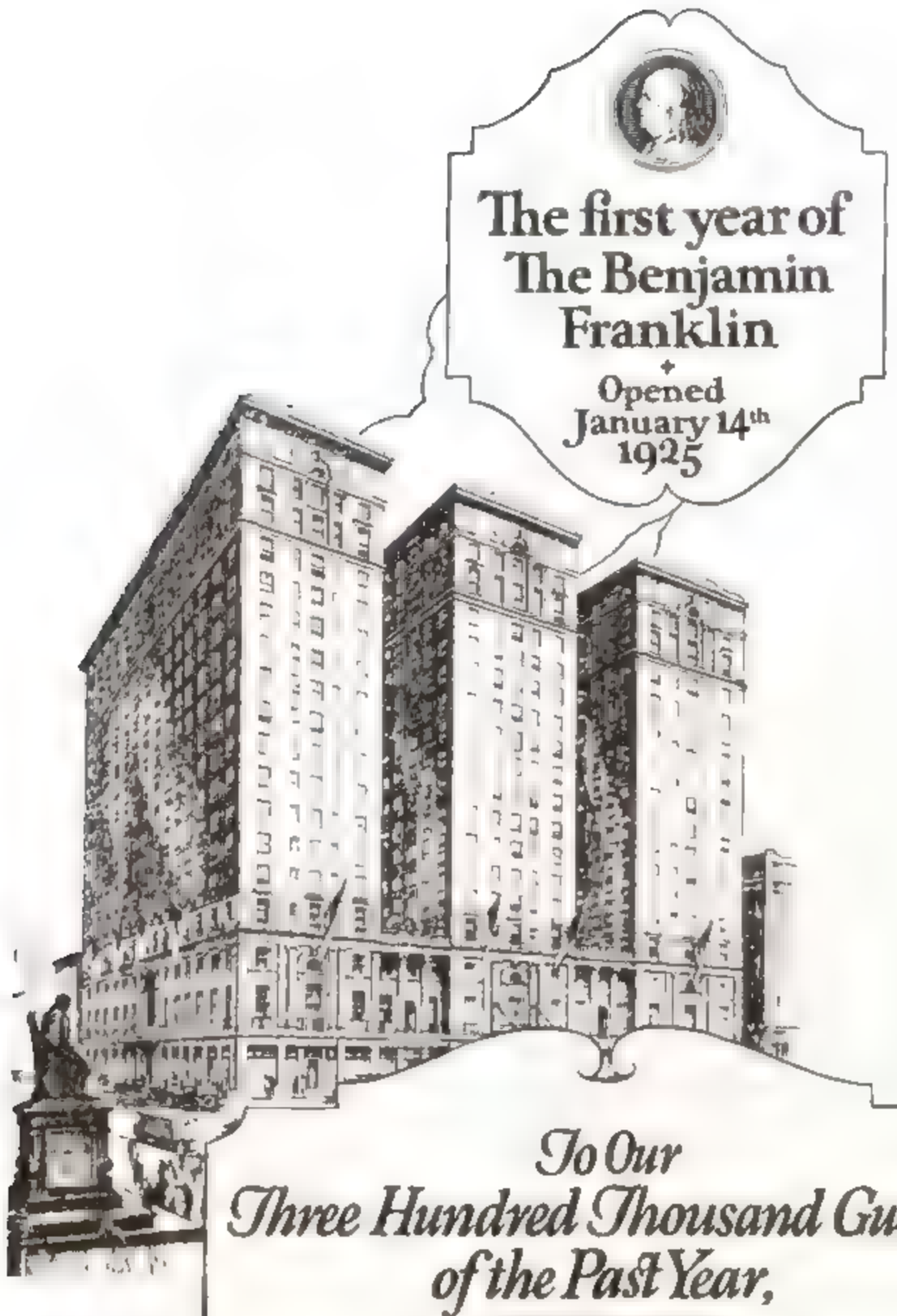
If you haven't been introduced to Edgeworth as yet, here's a suggestion.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-N South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



The first year of The Benjamin Franklin

Opened January 14th 1925

To Our Three Hundred Thousand Guests of the Past Year,

GREETINGS:

AS A BODY, you would equal in number the entire population of a city about as big as Indianapolis. Or, if each of you were the head of a family, you would represent all the families of a city the size of Detroit.

You have come from nearly every state in the Union and from various foreign countries. Some noble titles and many internationally distinguished names have been written upon our register in this twelvemonth.

But, although over 300,000 registrations have been made with us in our initial year, we well know that this figure does not represent that number of different persons. For many thousands of you have been our guests repeatedly. In the past year, you and we have grown well acquainted and The Benjamin Franklin has become your Philadelphia home—at least, so you have been kind enough to tell us.

We believe that you will be glad to know of the success enjoyed by your chosen hostelry, and we take this opportunity to tell you that we highly value your evident appreciation of our efforts to make you fully at home here.

Our motto shall continue to be:

Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort.

Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

Plan to visit the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition
Philadelphia 1926

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street

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Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

didn't know innocence when we saw it. Just because she talked so free and friendly with everybody, we didn't believe Miss Atlanta when she said she had inherited a little money. And then, too, she was so happylike. Thinking about nothing but money, and big money, at that, we wise ones couldn't get the idea of anyone being happy on anything less than a hundred thousand. For six days we certainly courted that lady."

Atlanta and Marcia gave themselves over to this courting with the most innocent pleasure. Having found themselves a modest hotel, and Marcia having sent a picture post card of it to her father, telling him they were well and couldn't believe it was almost Thanksgiving and love to mother, they were ready for anything. Furthermore Atlanta had insisted on buying Marcia a white sport suit and a rose-colored hat which disclosed in the girl a charm that would have astonished Poultneyville.

They themselves were astonished by the hospitality shown them. On a certain newly famous street given over almost entirely to the vending of real estate they observed that most of the stalwart young men in the country had congregated. Coatless and alert, in white linen knickers and manly stockings, these stood watching all day for prospects in front of offices designed by New York architects with a Moorish complex.

Thus if Atlanta and Marcia so much as hesitated to admire some highly imaginative pastel of the latest Venetian palace built at Dreamland-on-the-Dixie, up stepped one of these optimistic young men and a moment later he had them standing awe-stricken, ankle deep in Oriental rugs, under the vast dome of a Spanish banquet hall, while into their hands were put free tickets to bus rides, to luncheons and to instructive lectures.

"I must say I think everyone is real kind to us," said Atlanta happily. "Perfect strangers we are too."

"Don't you think maybe they expect to sell us some land?" suggested Marcia doubtfully.

"Mercy, no! Anyone could tell I haven't any money to spend that way. Besides, that nice young man out at that Halcyon Shores place today didn't say a word about selling anything, did he?"

"Oh, no!" cried Marcia almost indignantly, for already the pleasant ways of Mortie Leonard had begun to engage her thoughts. "But I think he is different."

Mortie himself did not find it at all irksome, taking Miss Griswold and her niece to luncheon at the company's expense, and afterward driving them about the new streets and boulevards of Halcyon Shores. At the office, after Atlanta and Marcia had been sent off on the company's yacht on their free ride to Halcyon Shores, Mortie had been assigned their numbers.

"Old lady and her niece," said the manager. "Hotel Biscayne. Come from Vermont. Woman who came down on the same train with them says the old lady has inherited a fortune. Hop to it, my boy."

Mortie hopped to it cheerfully, in his new car. He might naturally have been a bit disgruntled with such an assignment, for women were so deplorably slow at making up their minds to take the family nest egg out of the savings bank; but when he saw Marcia he felt rewarded for his willingness. Atlanta, too, he liked for herself alone, though there was a kind of gleam in her eye which in his sophisticated judgment could come only from the possession of a half million or so.

It is true there was a provocative light in Atlanta's eye, but it was merely from the flame of her indomitable spirit intoxicated with freedom, with sunshine and with the movement of many persons all eagerly engaged in an exciting game. There was something else in the air, too—a rebellion against drabness and monotony. She had felt it when she looked out of the windows of the train and saw the little cars headed south, loaded with children and hound dogs and radios and bedding rolls. She was aware of it when she looked around at the faces in the grand stand, where, after the yacht ride, they had been artfully piloted to listen to a lecture.

"Why, they're folks like myself," she thought. "They've worked hard. Maybe they couldn't go on like that, either. They wanted a chance. Like me, they wanted to get out where they could see the passing."

There were women who looked as if they had taught calves to drink, and steamed frozen windows open and fed harvest hands; and men with deep wrinkles of endurance in their weather-beaten faces.

Their patience, as they listened to the sandy young man who rocked on his toes under a striped umbrella and told them all about the beneficent Gulf Stream, was beautiful. He pelted them with passionate facts to prove that they should leave their rocky farms and dirty factories and come to Halcyon Shores to spend their declining years. And they listened wistfully, perspiring under the roof of the grand stand. Finally, after his hour of eloquence, he cried out smilingly:

"Now, folks, I know you want your lunch, but before you leave let me tell you what you're going to do this afternoon." He rose on his toes. "You're going to buy two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of real estate right here in Halcyon Shores. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth, my friends! I thank you!"

The figures meant nothing to Atlanta. They were purely rhetorical. She joined in the polite laughter, but what really thrilled her, what meant something to her, was the crowd. People at her elbow, people to whom she could talk, whom she could watch. People like herself, leaning over the Spanish parapets, looking down into the jade-green waters of a romantic pool where girls swam like goldfish in and out under little bridges and played under waterfalls. Venice and Spain and Tangier. Shadowed arcades and bell towers, artful stairways, little white tables at the edge of the lime-green water, orange awnings and a tinkle of guitars.

Oklahoma and Missouri and Nebraska and Vermont, they gazed elbow to elbow. This opulent and theatrical gayety embarrassed them and made them think strange thoughts.

"It sure is real pretty," said Oklahoma to Vermont; and Nebraska answered, "It sure is."

Then there were Mortie Leonard and a cloud of young men in white knickers, come to escort them to luncheon. After the meal, Atlanta and Marcia were led to Mortie's shining car, they were whisked smoothly about avenues and circles and plazas and parks; they were shown the future sites of universities, community centers, country clubs.

"This will be the apartment-house district," chanted Mortie. "Where you see that dredge working will be the Venice of Halcyon Shores—that's the Grand Canal they're digging there. Over there will be the biggest sanitarium in the country, here will be two miles of shopping district. And this is the best residential district, where you ladies will live."

They smiled at this pleasantry. It would be like some bright dream to live on a street with hibiscus and palms down the center of it. But of course it couldn't be. They gazed, however, at the new houses of stucco—late Fred Harvey, though the booklet called them eighteenth-century French, Persian, Neapolitan, Dutch South African, Spanish and Moorish. Such gay and fantastic houses they had never seen. Surely in these houses, under those rainbow awnings, life must be livelier and freer than in Poultneyville.

Mortie took them back to the very door of their hotel and they thanked him again and again. He invited them to drive across the causeway to dinner at the beach that evening.

When they reached their room there was a letter from the Paradise Park Real Estate Company inviting them to take one of their

(Continued on Page 74)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

In the home of REX BEACH, *the author, you will find the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact Receiving Set and the Model H Radio Speaker.*

Radio is meant to be heard —not necessarily seen

Model H, with 9' flexible cord, $22

Model 20 Compact, including battery cable, but without tubes, $80

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Sunday evening at 9:15 o'clock Eastern Standard Time through stations—

WEAF	New York
WJAR	Providence
WEEI	Boston
WCAP	Washington
WGAR	Cleveland
WTAM	[illegible]
WFI	Philadelphia
WGN	Chicago
WSAI	Cincinnati
WCAE	Pittsburgh
WJR	Detroit
WGR	Buffalo
WSB	Atlanta
WLW	Cincinnati
KSD	St. Louis
WMAQ	Chicago

No longer than a row of a dozen books, no higher than your fountain pen, light enough to be carried on one hand—that's the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact.

It is the Receiving Set of tomorrow, here today. It has all the power in half the space.

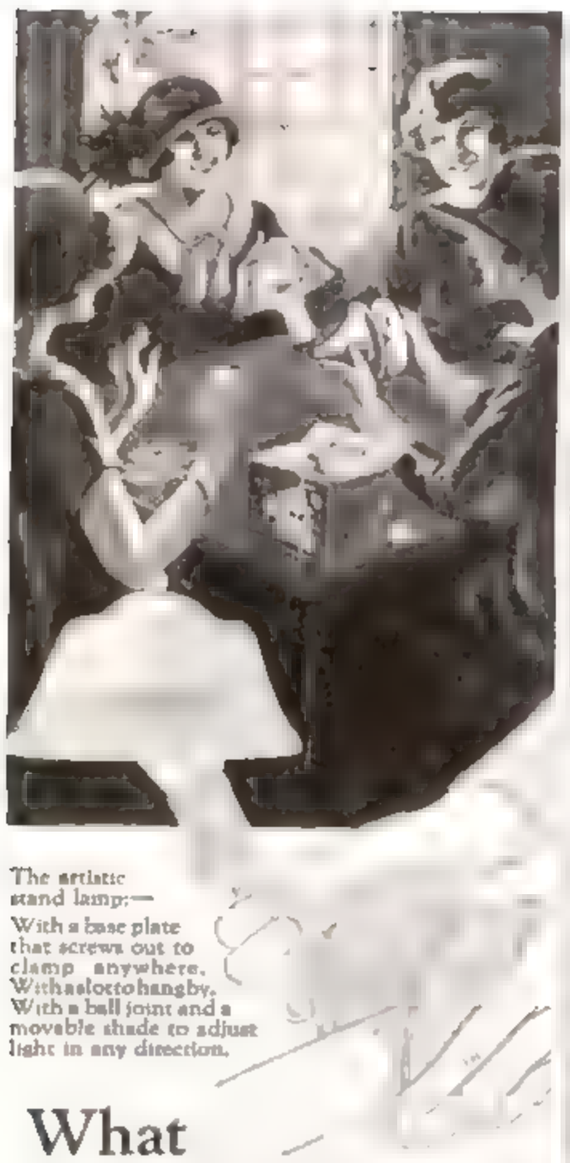
It is only 6½ inches high and 19¾ inches long. It is right in step with the modern trend of saving space. You can put it anywhere—on a small table, beside your favorite arm-chair, among your books and flowers and magazines; no new furniture is needed.

For any room, in any home—for beauty, convenience and efficiency—you can do no better than to select the receiving set so satisfying in so many homes—the Model 20 Compact.

See it—hear it at any store where Atwater Kent Radio is sold—today.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE • PHILADELPHIA, PA.



The artistic stand lamp:— With a base plate that screws out to clamp anywhere. With a loop to hang by. With a ball joint and a movable shade to adjust light in any direction.

What an adorable prize! —a Buss Light

"Just what I have always wanted. A Light of my own to use as I like. Mabel, you couldn't have made a happier choice for a prize. Look girls! Isn't it a little beauty?"

If all the hostesses knew what a charming, useful, original and inexpensive prize a Buss Light makes, it would settle the prize question for many a bridge party. (As welcome to a man as to a woman.)

Can you imagine anything more useful! An individual, personal light, so made that it can be clamped anywhere, hung anywhere, and adjusted at any angle!

Because it will grip anything up to 2½ inches thick, you can clamp it on the bed or chair for reading—on the sewing machine to make close work easier—on the dresser for primping—on the bathroom mirror for shaving—on anything anywhere in the house, cellar or garage.

Wherever you need a circle of bright light, there is where you need a BUSS Light.

Sold in nearly every place that handles lights. Get one today for a bridge prize, for a gift, or for your own eye-saving use!

BUSSMANN MFG. CO.,
3825 N. 23rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

$2 Plain Brass or Bronze finish.
Complete with extra long cord (9 ft.) and combination plug. (Bulbs not included.)
In Canada $3.00
Decorated Ivory or Bronze $3
If you can't find Buss Lights nearby, order from us—send money and specify finish
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BUSS
The Handiest Light
Light
in the World

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luxurious busses next morning as their guest for the day at Paradise Park Casino.

This was only the beginning of a round of junkets. Atlanta was so enlivened she wanted to chirp. Marcia's cold was cured, every day she looked less dreamy and more alive. Their gayety was tinged with an eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we-die tone, for even with free entertainment their money could not last forever.

Marcia had persuaded Atlanta to put it in a bank on their arrival, from which it could be drawn out as needed, and for Atlanta the worry of seeing her legacy melt away was assuaged somewhat by the frequent chats she had with Mr. Treadwell, the vice president of the bank. He came from New Hampshire and he knew Atlanta's mother's folks in Salem. Atlanta always referred to the institution as Mr. Treadwell's bank. Mr. Treadwell's standing joke with Atlanta was to caution her not to buy any ocean-front acreage this morning.

Then one evening they came home and found a telegram which rang the knell of their freedom. It was from Joshua. He was furious. He threatened to come to Florida, to have Atlanta restrained forcibly if necessary. She was not to spend any more money and she was to wire him that she was returning with Marcia at once.

"He's terribly worked up," quavered Marcia, "or he would never have sent such an expensive telegram. What shall we do?"

But of course there was nothing they could do but prepare to bend their heads before the storm and go back to Poultneyville.

"But I'm not going to be hurried," declared Atlanta, tightening her mouth. "It's my own money. And anyway, there's things I want to do."

"If I could only get a job," cried Marcia, "we'd never go back!"

But nevertheless they were quite subdued all next day. The long shadow of Joshua reached all the way from Poultneyville. They took a free ride to Hibiscus Villas without much enthusiasm. Atlanta—Marcia recalled it afterward—was especially abstracted.

In the middle of the night it seemed to Marcia she heard Atlanta rustling secretively, as if she was turning out the varied contents of the big knitting bag. And the next morning while Marcia was downstairs talking with the switchboard girl about jobs, Atlanta must have walked out a back way, for when Marcia went upstairs she was not there, and she did not return until mid-afternoon. The only explanation she gave was that she had been to Mr. Treadwell's bank.

It was not until two days later that the dark suspicion occurred to Marcia that Atlanta was speculating in real estate. Common sense told her it couldn't be done, not with what there was left of Atlanta's money. But nevertheless there were Atlanta's mysterious absences and a certain expression in her face, as if, thought Marcia, she had swallowed the canary. When that morning her aunt walked right out without inviting her niece to come along, a presentiment of catastrophe overwhelmed Marcia. She pulled on the new little sport hat which only yesterday had given her such joy and ran down to the street. Luck was with her, for the traffic had momentarily held up Atlanta and she was visible only a couple of blocks away, walking spryly along with an effect of purpose.

Marcia followed at a distance and saw her aunt turn into Mr. Treadwell's bank, and her worst fears were confirmed. Here she was, alone in a strange city, with a relative who was undoubtedly queer, bent on throwing away their last dollar. If only—only they had their return tickets!

She stood across the street from the bank, wondering what she ought to do, when all at once she thought of Mortie Leonard. "All at once" is perhaps not quite accurate, for it formed the pretty constant background of her thoughts.

The offices of the Halcyon Shores Company were just around the corner. Mortie was just easing his car up to the curb in readiness for the morning's work.

"Look here, Mr. Leonard," she began at once, "I want to know if you have influenced my aunt to put her money into real estate."

"Why, no," drawled Mortie, with his engaging smile; "but any time she gets ready to sign up for a real bargain ——"

"Don't talk nonsense. You know my aunt hasn't any money to waste that way. We'll be lucky if we get home, as it is."

"Huh?" Mortie stared at her with a puzzled incredulity. "How come she's riding around then with J. J. Treadwell and Prince Charley of Paradise Park?"

"Where? When?"

"Yesterday. Saw 'em myself when I was coming along the Dixie. And believe me, Miss Marcia, no one rides with Bonny Prince Charley unless they've got a wad to spend."

Tears suddenly and disconcertingly welled in the frightened eyes of Marcia. She put her hand to her breast.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do to stop her?" she breathed. "We've got only four hundred and seventy dollars left and she mustn't spend it. She must not!"

The words astonished Mortie Leonard, but the tears for the moment were of more importance. He drew her within a doorway, holding her hand tightly.

"Don't cry, please don't. You—you honey! Just you lean on old Mortie. Come along now, dry your eyes and we'll hop over to the bank and see what's up."

They walked around the corner, Mortie holding Marcia tenderly by the elbow, and arrived in front of the bank just in time to see J. J. Treadwell himself handing Atlanta into his imported car. The way the neat old gentleman did it was kind and deferential, and Atlanta was chatting happily.

Behind them both stood a stout bland gentleman who should never have worn white linen knickerbockers, but was doing so. His tropical outfit was topped by a pith helmet.

"Bonny Prince Charley," muttered Mortie, completely mystified.

"Who is he? What do you think they ——"

"He's the president of Paradise Park. And what on earth he and old Treadwell ——"

"Look, they're starting. I'm going to stop them."

But Mortie seized her arm. "No! You watch which way they turn while I get my car. This'll bear looking into." He was back in a minute and a half.

"They went that way, around that corner," cried Marcia.

"Just what I thought they'd do. Dirty work in Paradise Park. Don't you worry, though; we'll just trail along with our eyes open."

They followed the sedate but expensive car of Mr. Treadwell in and out among the streets of new stucco bungalows.

"I'll bet my hat," said Mortie, "that Bonny Charley thinks he's going to unload a chunk of that new division of his. It hasn't been going very well and he's keen to get it started."

He reflected that probably the woman who told him about Atlanta's wealth had also spread the news among the bright young members of the Paradise Park sales force. That would account for the Bonny Prince, but for Mr. Treadwell he had no explanation. Mr. Treadwell was singular in that he was not a real-estate broker.

He was surprised when far ahead of them he saw that Treadwell's car did not turn in past the romantic Spanish bell tower that marked the entrance to the Paradise Park development. It continued on the highway some distance and then suddenly turned to the right. When Mortie came up to this spot he found that it was a new road through a sparse pine wood. He gently turned his own car into this road, and when he had nosed along it a short distance he drew off to one side and stopped. Far down the road they could see that the occupants of the other car were leaving it. They moved away to the left and disappeared.

"Suppose we just stroll along behind them quietlike," Mortie suggested, "because maybe we're not wanted. And anyhow I'd like to see what the Prince is up to before he sees me."

So, after a discreet wait of a few moments, they too left their car and walked through the thin ranks of the pines. The far-off sound of steam riveters like the tapping of busy woodpeckers came to them through the trees.

They left the wood road and came into a path that led along the edge of an uncleared path of some five acres. At their backs as they stood on this path was the gigantic skeleton of a new hotel. It was surrounded by a welter of trucks, a workmen's camp, dredges, stone crushers, cement mixers and steam shovels.

"This is where Halcyon Shores property meets Paradise Park," murmured Mortie. "But this little junk straight ahead of us is No Man's Land. Our people and the Paradise crowd are just waiting for it to be up for a tax sale. It ——"

"Look, there they are!" murmured Marcia. "What on earth is auntie doing?"

Out of the road farther down, Atlanta, Mr. Treadwell and the president of Paradise Park had stepped, to the edge of the five-acre jungle. There the two men stopped. The Bonny Prince could be seen waving his arms to indicate his property lines, but Atlanta paid no heed. She was looking at a single coconut palm, a lone outrageous tree that grew near the center of the riot of palmetto and saw grass and scrub pine. As her niece watched her wonderingly, Atlanta left her two companions. The saw grass and palmetto caught at her skirts, but she plowed through them.

When she had reached the palm tree she put her hands tenderly on its gray trunk. And the tree made its languid curve over her; it stood out against the blue of the sky and the water beyond, bizarre, outlandish. In that bright air, powdered with golden particles like dust of the sun, against the glitter and clash of the bay and the sky, Atlanta Griswold stood at the foot of the tree, small and shabby, looking up intently at its waving fans.

There was something about the whole thing—that small prim figure in the lonely midst of the semitropical waste land and the palm tree clashing its metallic fans over her head—that made Marcia feel distinctly uneasy. Could it perhaps be that her family was right and Atlanta was indeed queer?

"I'm going down to get her," she said to Mortie Leonard.

"Look here, would you mind if I leave you for a few minutes?" returned Mortie, a light in his eyes as he stared at the Bonny Prince. "There's something I have to do in a hurry. I can pick you up here later, unless you want to go back to town with your aunt. Don't let her sign anything till I see you again, that's all I can say."

At the last words Marcia advanced with determination through the thick growth of the uncleared land to her aunt's side.

"Auntie, you haven't gone and let those men sell you this worthless jungle, have you?" she demanded.

Atlanta stared. "Sell me? Mercy, no! What they're trying to do is to get me to sell to them. But I won't do it. I've always said I wanted a palm tree, and now I've got one ——"

With that Marcia burst into tears. What overwhelmed her was the problem of getting Atlanta back to Poultneyville; she wondered if the railroad people would let her take Atlanta in the Pullman if she assured them her aunt was harmlessly insane. She felt terribly alone and frightened.

"Don't speak to me," she snapped at Mr. Treadwell and the Bonny Prince as she guided her aunt past them. "I don't know what you've done to her. Take us straight back to the hotel."

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UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Just how freely do you use your car in Winter?

YOUR car is an investment for *comfortable, convenient transportation.*

It should serve you *even more* in *bad* weather than in good.

If you catch yourself *restricting* your use of it —*Why?*

Look to your *tires*—and remember that the U. S Royal Cord Balloon takes the winter roads as they come, and *asks no favors* of snow, slush, ice, or frozen ruts.

Its Latex-treated Web Cord construction has the *strength* and *flexibility* to do the work without harm.

It operates at True Low Pressure—*comfort* for the passengers and *cushioning* for the car.

Its Low Pressure Tread brings *six rows* of *tread blocks* and the center rib into contact with the road—better *traction, protection* from skidding, maximum *brake* control.

Put Royal Cord Balloons on your car—and forget the weather!

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U.S. Royal True Low Pressure Balloons

Built of Latex-treated Web Cord

"Let's call up Bush . . .

He's got a good memory"

A GREAT many firms have their Mr. Bush, the man who is called up by others to tell when a thing happened or who said what. And it seems a pity that Mr. Bush could not put his mind to better use than stocking it with odd facts that ought to be, *in every case*, recorded on a printed form.

It is no reflection on Mr. Bush, but rather on the lack of system in the business he works for. When instructions are written out, they are definite, permanent records, always available. They save everyone's time, oil the wheels of routine, and keep minds clear for constructive thinking.

Modern business would not be possible without printed forms—those conveniently printed slips of paper that make it so quick and so certain to order, to make, to ship, to invoice, to bill; or those simple memo blanks and sheets for reporting what was done and *when*.

The paper you choose for printed forms has a good deal to do with their effectiveness. For example, the twelve colors and white of Hammermill Bond make it possible to have different forms on different colors that tell just what they are at first glance.

Hammermill Bond has exactly the right characteristics for printed forms and letterheads. It is reasonable in price, the right paper for all sorts of work, and tough enough to stand a lot of handling.

The quality of Hammermill Bond is highly standardized. You know beforehand just what you will get. Furthermore, you know that you will get it without delay. Many printers even carry Hammermill Bond in stock, and all know it and can supply it promptly.

Let us send you, without charge, our Working Kit of printed forms and samples of Hammermill Bond. Please write on your business letterhead.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

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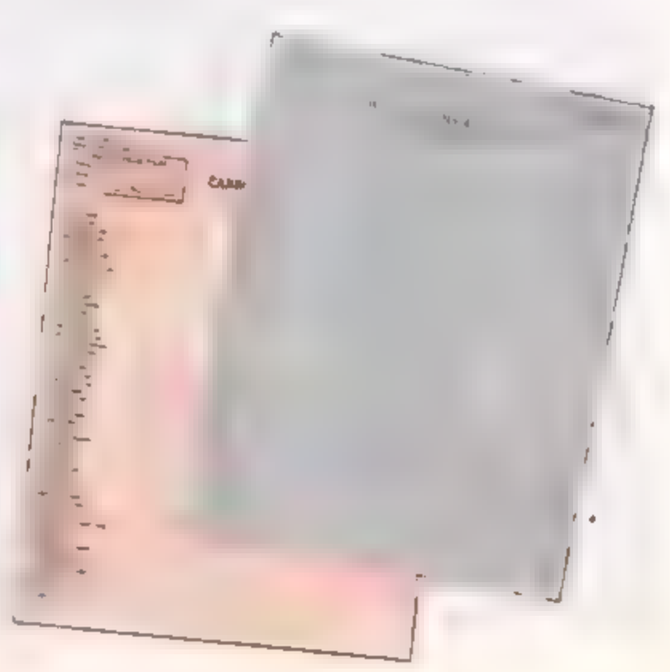
Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.



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Atlanta, at her side, was so perplexed by this outburst that she spent all her time on the drive back soothing her overwrought niece. Prince Charley, on the front seat, turned about from time to time and attempted something that sounded as if he were about to talk business, but Marcia flashed her eyes at him and, bewildered, he stopped. But finally as Atlanta's hotel came into sight he turned again determinedly.

"Now, Miss Griswold," he said in his most richly soothing voice, "I've been thinking it over, and though I'm not sure your holding is of much value to us, still, I'm prepared to make an offer. But things move fast down here, you know, and quick decisions are necessary. I think your friend Treadwell will agree with me that twenty an acre ——"

"Twenty an acre?" cried Atlanta indignantly. "My sakes! I wouldn't take a cent less than fifty—and anyhow, I don't want to sell."

The two gentlemen followed Atlanta into the hotel, Mr. Treadwell looking as if something amused him and Bonny Prince Charley with a flabbergasted expression seldom seen on his somewhat hard-boiled countenance.

But just within the lobby door Atlanta stopped suddenly, and Marcia, over her shoulder, took in a perturbing fact: There, examining the register with a suspicious and hostile eye, stood her father!

"Joshua!" murmured Atlanta in a small voice. "Oh, my!"

With a lowering of his visage and a flapping of his black overcoat, Joshua advanced to meet them.

"Well, Atlanta!" His long jaw bit off the words. "What have you got to say for yourself? Do you realize you've cost me a lot of money and taken me away from my business and abducted my daughter? What ——"

"You didn't need to come down here, Joshua," parried Atlanta mildly.

"Hah!" The word expressed all of Joshua's pent-up emotions. "I suppose you've run through all your money. Well, I'll pay your fare back, but it's my opinion an asylum is the place for you. Martha and Lily ——"

"Don't talk foolishness, Joshua." Atlanta showed unexpected spirit. "Mr. Treadwell, this is my brother Joshua. And this is Mr. Charles Bonbright, of the Paradise Park Real Estate Company," she unfortunately added.

The effect of these words was to explode the walking mine that was Joshua. Ignoring the hands of greeting held out to him, he shook a long bony finger.

"Real estate!" he rasped. "I knew you were sharks the minute I set eyes on ye. Unprincipled sharks, that's what you all are down here. I've heard about ye. You can't pull any wool over my eyes. But you get hold of a poor fool woman that's had a little money left her and you —— Say, I bet a doughnut you've sold her a piece of swamp land that's under water and full o' alligators!"

The organ note of Mr. Bonbright's voice broke in: "But, my dear Mr. Griswold, we're not trying to sell your sister anything. On the contrary, we're trying to buy something from her."

Joshua looked as if another word could cause him to qualify for an asylum himself, and his voice rose to a squeak of exasperation.

"But she ain't got anything to sell! By hickory, you're crazy! She ain't got nothing but a little money that was left her, and I suppose you've taken that away from her by this time."

Mr. Treadwell here advanced into the fray. He suggested that since there seemed to be some misunderstanding, perhaps they would all better sit down and talk it over.

"Yes, do," said Atlanta cordially. As Joshua grew more flustered, she grew calmer, and she now led the way, with quite an air of hospitality, toward a group of wicker chairs in a quiet corner.

"Now, Mr. Griswold," said Mr. Treadwell, who had the chairman habit, "the situation is this: Your sister holds title to a piece of property which is of—er—some definite value. She has presented a deed, an old deed, but one which I believe to be all right—we are having the title search made now—and yesterday she paid the back taxes. You see, the tax statements for nearly four years have been coming back to the collector marked not found——"

"Which explains," cut in Mr. Bonbright skillfully, "why we were unable to get in touch with Miss Griswold to make her an offer."

"You mean it explains why you and the Halcyon Shores people were waiting for a tax sale of the property," murmured Mr. Treadwell politely.

But for Joshua all this was beside the point. He leaned forward, making his chair creak wildly.

"What I want to know," he cried huskily, "is where she got that property. She has never had any money of her own to speak of."

An odd little tuck appeared at the corners of Atlanta's mouth.

"You forget, Joshua—grandfather's legacy."

Joshua threw up his arms and shook them. "I knew it, I knew it! I knew someone had persuaded you to go into a wildcat scheme. I suppose it was some sharper down there to Boston that time you visited Jenny Rand, eh?"

The first pink of a growing exasperation showed in Atlanta's cheeks. "He wasn't, no such thing. He was a young man who had the most awful time with chilblains, and he wanted to be a missionary. If he sold a certain amount of land for his company—it was a Chicago company—he could pay his way through theological school. Besides, he told me there were so many palm trees down here you couldn't hardly miss getting one or two no matter where you bought. So I just took grandfather's money and I said, 'Give me that much worth.'"

In the dead silence that ensued she turned to Mr. Treadwell: "You see, my brother wanted me to put that money into his cheese factory. That's why I didn't give the young man my home address. Jenny Rand forwarded the tax bills in her own letters to me. But four years ago she moved away and I didn't get any more. And, anyhow, I'd read in the papers that Chicago company had gone into bankruptcy, and I said to myself, no use throwing good money after bad. I had always kept the deed under a board in the attic floor, and though I didn't think it was worth anything, I took it along with me to Joshua's when we sold the farm. I liked to think that I'd helped that poor young man to be a missionary. I suppose he got over his chilblains in India. I've heard it's quite a hot country."

The three men stared at her, wordless, until Mr. Treadwell found his voice.

"Very remarkable indeed," he sighed. "Did the young—er—missionary urge you to pay on the installment plan?"

"Yes, he did," chirped Atlanta. "But I never did believe in that way of doing. I told him I'd pay cash and take my deed."

"You were fortunate. That company would have failed before you made your final payment and asked for a deed. That was their system. When you paid in full and demanded a deed they had to give it to you. They owned a certain amount of property to cover just such contingencies and to protect themselves if the authorities got after them."

Joshua moved to speak, but his words were cut short by the voice of a page boy calling for Miss Griswold. Marcia started up.

"Auntie, there's Mortie Leonard."

"You sit down, miss," snarled Joshua.

Mortie caught sight of them and advanced rapidly. He was followed by a brisk gentleman whom he introduced to Atlanta as Mr. Prentice, of Halcyon Shores. Mr. Prentice took Atlanta's hand warmly.

"Ah, Miss Griswold, this is a pleasure. When our Mr. Leonard told me you were the owner of that little piece of property abutting on our new Venice division, I said that I must come around and make you a little offer for it. What would you consider a fair ——"

Up shouldered the Bonny Prince. "Excuse me, Prentice, but I've an offer in for that little junk of ground. Miss Griswold, I made you an offer of twenty an acre ——"

"But, Mr. Bonbright, I paid fifty dollars an acre for that land," cried Atlanta with spirit, "and I won't take a cent less. Besides, I don't want to sell it. I want to live there."

Joshua rose nervously from his chair. The eyes of Mr. Prentice and Mr. Bonbright met, full of inexpressible awe. Both of them started to speak at once, but Mr. Treadwell intervened quickly, silencing them.

And his words as they fell upon the stillness were to Joshua like a star shooting down to hit him on the head, like a bit of the moon falling—that moon Atlanta had shot at so long before.

"My dear Miss Griswold," said Mr. Treadwell, "Mr. Bonbright's offer was twenty thousand an acre. If you will allow me to suggest ——"

Joshua's face went a pale pea green. "Twenty thousand an acre?" he whispered. "How—how many have you, Atlanta?"

"Five," replied Atlanta in a clear small voice. She was white, but self-possessed. "And thirty thousand an acre would be my price—if I sold. Only I don't mean to sell. I mean to live there myself."

Joshua made a strangled sound. His hands trembled. "She's crazy!" he cried. "She's always been queer. Don't listen to her. She'll sell or I'll have her locked up."

With that Atlanta turned. "You be quiet, Joshua. You're not in on this at all—not you or Martha or Lily. You've never done anything but heckle me all my life. And this land is mine. I'm not asking for any advice from you."

"But business is business, Atlanta." Joshua was in agony. "If you'll just let me attend to this ——"

"I will not! I'm going to live under that palm tree for the rest of my days, Joshua. When I want to see you or Martha or Lily I'll invite you. You can tell 'em I said so."

Here the Bonny Prince interposed soothingly: "But unless you have an income, Miss Griswold ——"

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Prentice. The eyes of the president of Paradise Park met those of the president of Halcyon Shores.

Mr. Treadwell smiled at Atlanta. "There is such a thing as an income from a long-term ground lease," he suggested. He looked at Bonbright and Prentice. "I've understood you gentlemen would like to run a yacht canal up to your hotels through Miss Griswold's property."

Atlanta's New England blood spoke in the quickness of her uptake.

"Tell you what I'll do," she said, canting her head on one side. "I'll lease you a strip for your yachts and I'll keep two acres around the palm tree for my house. You'll clear the entire acreage and pay me—how much would you say a year, Mr. Treadwell?"

"Well—er—on an equitable valuation of the property ——"

"On my valuation," said Atlanta firmly. "No, Joshua, Mr. Treadwell is my business adviser."

"Miss Atlanta, I doubt if you need further advice," smiled Mr. Treadwell. "But I would suggest twenty ——"

"—— thousand," murmured Atlanta quickly.

No one observed that Mortie Leonard and Marcia had clutched each other's hands behind a chair back, for Joshua was in a painful trance, while Mr. Bonbright and Mr. Prentice met each other's eyes like trapped souls. Only Mortie Leonard grasped the essential poetry of the moment, and he was murmuring to himself ecstatically, "She's got 'em! By golly, she's shot the moon!"

Sympathy and—Sauerkraut

"Hello—Jean? Mabel. Why haven't you been over?"

* * * * *

"*Is that so?* What's the matter?"

* * * * *

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Both of you, eh?"

* * * * *

"That's just the way Harry felt—until he began eating sauerkraut."

* * * * *

"Yes, sauerkraut! Didn't you ever—"

* * * * *

"Well, I should say it *is*! Dr. Law told Harry to eat it. He says he's put lots of his patients on it."

* * * * *

"Well, he gave us a little booklet that tells all the things that doctors have found out about it. You'd be surprised."

* * * * *

"Oh, I should say we *do*! Why we both feel so well, and Harry sleeps so much better now."

* * * * *

"*Is it?* We're awfully fond of it. And the children are just wild about it. We have it three times a week—in different ways, you know."

* * * * *

"You *don't?* Why, there are lots of new recipes in the booklet, and they're perfectly *delicious!*"

* * * * *

"I'll bring the booklet over tomorrow. Then you'll know all about it."

* * * * *

"Well, I hope so. Yes, I surely will. Goodbye."

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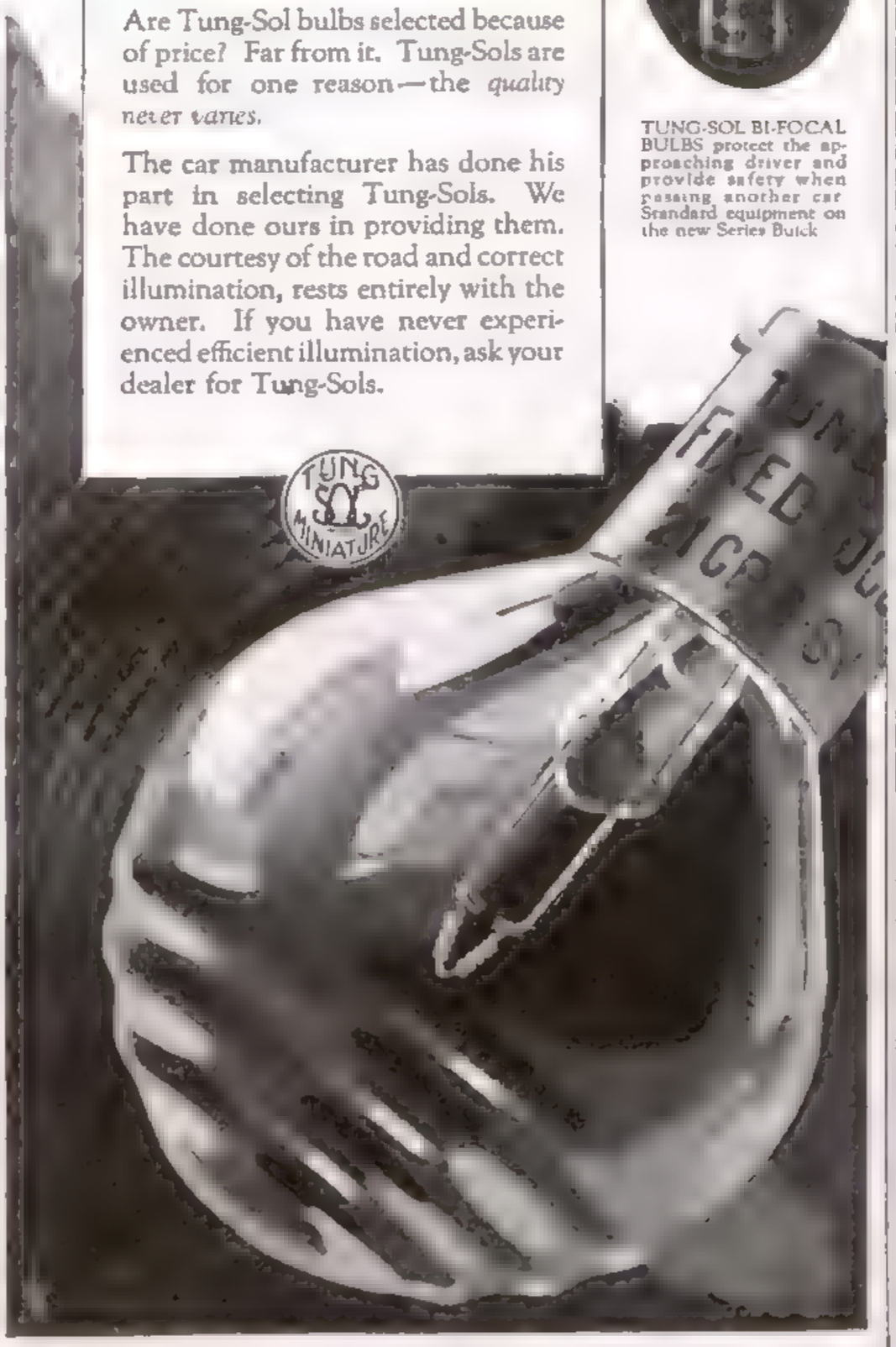

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EASY

(Continued from Page 9)

that of Mr. Tweedy. He mentioned the used-car firm in a voice slightly furtive.

"Get one as low as twenty a month."

"Been figgering on it," confessed Mr. Tweedy. "Don't seem to be no way I can manage it. You take the payments I got to make on the house and my own policies and that there washing machine I got Hannie last Christmas, and two-three other things, and they ain't much left, come first of the month."

Seymour Basset ventured a sidelong glance. Here, outspokenly self-confessed, was a fellow addict of his own degraded and besetting vice! Mr. Tweedy splendidly illustrated Uncle Walter's sermonic jeremiads as to the installment buyer's inevitable destiny. No wonder he had to work for a company that was itself dedicated to the insurance needs of improvident hand-to-mouthers like Seymour Basset and Mr. Tweedy himself! Basset's sense of fellowship deepened. He was on the point of confession in the matter of the flivver when Mr. Tweedy signaled for a halt before a tiny wooden house, identical as to architecture with the others that flanked the street, but distinguished by the barbered neatness of its little square of grass, the climbing rose that overhung its door, the whiteness of its window curtains and the clean brightness of its yellow paint.

"This your place?" For some reason he seemed to participate in its creditable possession; the unreasonable feeling heartened him against forebodings and a consciousness of guilt.

"Will be soon's I make thutty-four more payments on her." Mr. Tweedy's face brightened and, as he descended gingerly, darkened to grave concern. He tested one leg with caution. "Stiffened up more 'n what I thought," he said. "Kind of bad, that is—We'n'sd'y night's my longest rowt."

Seymour Basset's conscience bore down hard upon him. Mr. Tweedy's wispy body looked reproachfully old and frail and tired.

"You mean you've got to work tonight?"

"Think my customers stay home daytimes?" Mr. Tweedy's tone was slightly impatient. "Night's the only chance I got to catch 'em, ain't it?" Again he experimented with the doubtful knee. "Don't see how I'm going to traipse all over the Hollow on this here leg, like I got to."

"Look here—suppose I took you in the car?" Basset spoke eagerly. "I could, just as easy as not."

Mr. Tweedy brightened again. "Right good of you, but ——"

"Glad to do it," said Basset. "Guess I owe you that much, don't I? When do you want to start? I got to go home first, but"—he resolutely diverted his thought from that inevitable talk with Uncle Walter—"but I could get back here by six easy enough."

"That'd be first-rate." Mr. Tweedy looked relieved. "Hate to bother you, Mr. Basset."

"Shucks!" Seymour Basset's gesture disposed of the idea. Even after he had turned the flivver's stubby nose in the direction of Uncle Walter, he was curiously inspirited by a protective and benevolent feeling. It dwindled, to be sure, as he approached the formidable house on Elmwood Place, but some remnant still sustained and soothed him when he tapped at Uncle Walter's study door.

His attention wandered from the oration that engulfed him. Many of its phrases were old acquaintances, their original hostility softened by usage to something like friendliness. Like a prisoner who had come at last to think of his cell as home, Seymour Basset's ear had reconciled itself to some of Uncle Walter's favorite remarks. Only as the address from the throne swept up toward its climax did it introduce new matter.

"I gave you warning that this was absolutely your last chance," boomed Uncle Walter. "I told you, didn't I, that the next time you bought so much as a postage stamp on the installment plan I'd wash my hands of you, once for all?"

Seymour nodded to a question purely rhetorical. He knew better than to try explaining; for that matter he couldn't explain even to himself just how it had come, all in a second, to seem utterly necessary to possess that flivver. Uncle Walter's chin became more rectangularly resolute than ever.

"Well, I meant it. This thing is a disease with you and there's only one cure for it. You won't learn to wait for what you want till you can pay for it; you won't learn this sloppy part-payment mania of yours is the direct reverse of sound economics. You're a grasshopper who deludes himself that it's always going to be summer. All right. Try it. Pack up your things and move out—right now. I'm disgusted with you, but I'm not doing this on that account. It's for your own sake. When you lose your job again you'll begin to understand the difference between some money in the bank and a choice collection of petty debts on a lot of junk."

"I was just coming around to your office to take out that policy," said Seymour Basset, hazily defensive. "I had the money and ——"

"And of course you couldn't waste it on a rotten investment like an endowment policy in the Mammoth when there was a chance to buy one tire of a tin teapot that'll shiver itself to death before you get the radiator paid for. Oh, no! You couldn't wait!"

"That's it!" Seymour Basset discovered that it was possible, after all, to talk back to an Uncle Walter no longer in the position of benevolent despot. "You have to wait so long for the—the sensible things. You have to pay premiums for twenty years before you get anything back, I mean. You have to keep putting money into a savings bank forever and ever before it amounts to anything. But you can have the other things without waiting. Like that car—if there'd been a policy in that window, instead ——"

Uncle Walter laughed heavily. "Yes, I know. It's not your fault, of course. If people like me would just make it as easy for you to buy something worth having as these skin-game artists make it to get their worthless junk, everything would be lovely. If the banks would only credit you with a thousand dollars right now and let you save it up afterward, eh? Well, it's too bad that nobody does business right except crooks, but ——"

"I just meant to explain, kind of," said Seymour. "Seems as if every time I got the money to start in on that policy—I mean if I had it first and then had to pay for it, the same as ——"

"Well, that's easy." Again Uncle Walter's laugh was charged with scorn. "Take out a policy in a cheap-John company and pay a dime a week on it. I guess that's where you belong, Seymour. Maybe you'll learn something out of this, but I doubt it. Anyway that's how it stands. No hard feelings. I'm trying to hammer sense into you, that's all."

Seymour Basset recognized finality in the voice. A little stunned by the suddenness of the blow, he surrendered to the dismissing gesture. In his own room, the sight of his largely nominal possessions gave point to Uncle Walter's words. Even if he hadn't bought the car he'd have had tight squeezing to meet his payments on the radio set and the snappy overcoat and the business books, after paying for his room and his board. He regarded them gloomily. They were liabilities suddenly, instead of being assets.

Persistently, as he packed his suitcases, he reflected on the unfairness of it. Men like Uncle Walter, with sound investments to offer, like old Farquhar at the bank, with his everlasting bulletins about savings, made it just as hard as possible for you to

deal with them; people who wanted to sell you things that you didn't really need and hardly even desired, on the other hand, made it so cunningly easy.

Seymour Basset held doggedly to a blurred notion that it ought to be just the other way round.

He decided to leave everything except his clothes until he'd found a lodging. Without intruding any farewells on Uncle Walter, he bore his two bags down to the car. In spite of his uneasy forebodings about the second payment on it, there was a stubborn thrill of ownership in the sight of it, in the growl of the starter under his heel, the throb of the engine, the docile obedience of the wheel. His spirits rose persistently as he drove back along Genesee Street to keep his tryst with Mr. Tweedy. He could sleep, he told himself, at the hotel for one night. It was too late, anyhow, to go hunting up a room in a boarding house.

He was a little ahead of time at Mr. Tweedy's cottage. A cordial smell of ham and coffee emerging from the side door which Mr. Tweedy opened to his knock reminded him that he'd skipped supper. Mr. Tweedy, it appeared, was still engaged with his, and Seymour Basset followed him in to the welcome of a fragrant kitchen where a placidly plump Mrs. Tweedy said that she was real glad to meet him and urged him to set right down and have a cuppa coffee and a cruller.

Partaking of these, Seymour Basset was uneasily aware of an unrepentant attitude. Mrs. Tweedy was tarred with the same brush that had marked Seymour Basset for destruction; that Christmas washing machine, for instance, the house itself, denounced her; she lived under the shadow of Mr. Tweedy's unhallowed calling. Seymour Basset knew that he ought to disapprove of all these things and of both Tweedys, and it troubled him to discover that he didn't. Indeed, prompted to unburden his mind about his merited misfortunes, he found himself somehow aligned and allied with these people and against Uncle Walter and old Farquhar. They took his side with insidious warmth.

Mrs. Tweedy had never in all her born days heard of any such-a-thing; Mr. Tweedy wanted, in a bewildered tone, to know. It was manifest that his respect for Walter S. Basset had been weakened. Seymour Basset's attempts to state Uncle Walter's position sounded oddly lame.

"You got any place to go to?" demanded Mrs. Tweedy irrelevantly in the middle of one of these elaborations. Seymour shook his head.

"Got to look tomorrow. Stay at the hotel tonight, I guess."

He saw and understood the consulting glance that passed between the Tweedys.

"No sense to that when we got a spare room," said Mr. Tweedy stoutly. "Can't afford to go slinging money away on no hotel, the way you're fixed. You stay right here, that's what!"

Basset's protest was hollow. The little house gave him a curiously convincing sense of sanctuary, for a place on which thutty-four payments must still be made. Mrs. Tweedy had, moreover, an unmistakable genius for both coffee and crullers.

"You can put the autymobile right in our shed," she announced, a certain flutter in her tranquil voice suggesting that the prospect afforded her a vicarious pride of possession.

"Well, all right, if you're sure it's no trouble."

Seymour Basset was puzzled by the unreasonable feeling of relief the decision engendered in him. It was silly, but somehow he already felt—felt safer here than in the intrenched security of the big house on Elmwood Place. The Tweedys, he saw, were honestly glad to have him. His conscience prodded him at Mr. Tweedy's limping progress toward the car. The way these people acted you might think it was a favor to knock a man down and tear his clothes and—he fumbled in his pockets at the memory of that missing forty cents. His hands came away empty.

"About that money that was lost—I'll bring it out tomorrow," he said. "Buying the car that way and everything ——"

"Any time," said Mr. Tweedy heartily. He climbed painfully into the seat. Basset shook his head dubiously.

"Think you ought to risk using that leg? Maybe you better stay home this once and rest it up."

"Never get caught up on my c'lections the rest of my life! Ain't fit to be trusted a minute with no loose change, my customers ain't! Spend it, sure as shooting, if I don't get it off 'em right on time. Spend it anyhow, some do, dog-gone 'em! Le's get started, son. Never you mind about my leg getting let off easy, this time, that there leg is."

Easy, Seymour Basset discovered, was a term purely relative. Mr. Tweedy's damaged leg was spared the long tramp down to the Hollow and the varying distances that spaced the halts of a deviously intricate course through the slattern alleys of that sooty district, but it carried Mr. Tweedy up a good many stairways and down into a lot of basements and in pursuit of straying clients who seemed to have been at some pains to throw him off the scent. Now and then he would catch some unwary or affluent customer within earshot of the car, smoking on his doorstep or working in a melancholy garden or leaning on a fence, and Seymour Basset would hear the resulting interview.

Mr. Tweedy was inexorable. The ringing bark of authority was in his voice as he dealt sternly with evasions and excuses. Basset was reminded of collectors with whom he had unfortunately matched wits; none of them, he decided, had been a patch on Mr. Tweedy. He seemed able to distinguish instantly between disingenuous stories of misfortune and those based solidly on fact, but even in the face of genuine trouble he was adamant.

"All the more reason to hang on to this here insurance," he would say. "Sight better to go get me a quarter from under the bed than to leave it go to waste on you. Soon's you're working again, you better leave me start a savin's account for you, like I been trying to tell you about. Wouldn't be in this here fix if you'd of done it before."

The most reluctant payment jingled in his pocket as he wetted his stubby pencil and lifted his pad of receipts. In the car again, he explained to Seymour Basset a hardness of heart of which he seemed slightly ashamed.

"Hate to do it sometimes, but you got to in this here business. It ain't like handling high-class folks that can do their own figgering. Got to take and go right through their pockets every week, some of 'em. Ain't like rich folks that 've got sense enough to save up and buy big policies in the Mammoth."

Basset observed that in addition to the insurance money, Mr. Tweedy frequently extracted other minute payments that went into another pocket and were entered in a separate notebook. Often there was more heated argument about these than over the premiums.

"Saves me a sight of lapses, that notion," said Mr. Tweedy, under question. "Take and worry 'em into starting a savin's account whenever I can. Got to go to the bank every day, anyhow, and it ain't much extry trouble to make a few deposits for customers. Long as they got to go clean uptown to draw money out, they ain't apt to do it if they don't have to, and any time they get into a bad mess they got something put by so's they can hang onto their policies a spell. See? Long as I know they got money in the bank, they know better'n to try and tell me they're broke."

Seymour Basset frowned. If anybody like Mr. Tweedy had bullied and wheedled and browbeaten him into putting something regularly into that savings account, it wouldn't be so dangerously low right now. Maybe Uncle Walter was right in saying that he belonged with the cheap Johns and pikers. The thought rode back to the Tweedy house with him; it oppressed him

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as he stabled the flivver in the shed at the end of the grape arbor; it followed him up to bed in the truncated little room under the roof, where the patchwork quilt was strangely pretty in the thin light of his glass lamp. It was still at the back of his brain when, after breakfast in the spiced warmth of the kitchen, Mr. Tweedy rode down town with him as far as the Bank of Binchester.

Seymour Basset's condescending attitude toward this institution was strengthened by the discovery that it catered to Mr. Tweedy and his jitney customers. He drove on toward the M. & M. with an agreeable sense of identification with its aloof, aristocratic dignity.

Nobody who worked for the M. & M., in however humble a capacity, could be wholly a cheap-John piker. The ideas were mutually exclusive.

He parked the flivver between two painted lines in the center of the open space before City Hall, and his mood lifted a little further at the sight of other cars in the long row. Owning, on a tenure never so fragile, one of that lordly file, seemed definitely to lift a man out of the piker class. He put more than his usual energy into his work on the S-to-W ledger. The Tweedys had suggested his renting their spare room instead of hunting up a boarding house, and the price agreed upon would leave almost enough to meet the sum of next month's payments.

He could let them take back the business books and the radio set, if worst came to worst. After all, yesterday's disaster hadn't been so fatal.

"His Whiskers wants you." The clerk who brought the message used a phrase that Seymour Basset secretly yearned to apply to D. P. Farquhar. He obeyed the summons blithely. Maybe they were going to give him that long-overdue raise. He'd earned it, all right. He paused just inside the throne room, forewarned by the terrible solemnity of Mr. Farquhar's majestic beard.

"One question, Mr. Basset." The voice was even more awful than the whiskers. "Did you or did you not buy a car yesterday at the Binchester Motor Mart, to be paid for on the installment plan?"

"I ——" Seymour Basset confronted the utter impossibility of making D. P. Farquhar understand the several extenuating circumstances, the mitigating absence of premeditation. "I just—you see, sir ——"

"Yes or no!" boomed D. P. Farquhar.

"Yes," said Seymour. There was the kind of pause during which the judge reaches for the black cap.

"Under the conditions of which you can't possibly be unaware, that is equivalent to presenting your resignation, Basset. It will take effect"—another effective pause—"at once."

The beard moved in dismissal. Seymour Basset hesitated only for a wavering moment; the gesture seemed to transfer him beyond the threshold against his weak resistance. Dazed, he went mechanically through the motions of collecting his pay and turning over his work to a discreetly sympathetic comrade. With a dim sense of retaliation he drew out the contemptible balance to his credit in the savings department.

As he turned away from the savings window fate went a step too far. This time it hit below the belt and after the bell. At the teller's wicket across the lobby stood the selfsame girl whose accidental presence yesterday had started all the trouble. She was counting a sheaf of the bright new bills that the M. & M. always supplied to its feminine patrons, and her clear glance, lifting from this cheerful preoccupation, met Seymour Basset's gaze for an instant.

He stumbled down the broad steps, hotly rebellious against the needless cruelty of this final cowardly stroke, in a mood for dark and desperate adventure. It found expression presently in acceptance of Mr. Tweedy's proffer of employment in his own abandoned calling. For Walter S. Basset's nephew, working for a cheap-John insurance company was almost as satisfactorily, romantically unrighteous as burglary or bootlegging.

II

"TRYING to hold out a five-spot for another little game with the dancing dominoes, eh? What do you think I am? Quit stalling and kick through!"

Seymour Basset had learned the effectiveness of Mr. Tweedy's professional manner. Brisk, abrupt, commanding, touched with the impatience of importance, his speech on this occasion was even more peremptory than usual, and as he extended a confident and authoritative hand toward Mr. Clarence Arthur Tripp, colored, he was perhaps a trifle more anxious to complete the transaction than was apparent to Mr. Tripp, who grinned apologetically as he fumbled in the pocket of his livery Norfolk.

Always these weekly calls at the garage behind the pleasant house on Lakeview Drive were provocative of conflicting emotions for Seymour Basset. On the one side there was a pleasurable sense of proximity, a stubbornly romantic thrill at treading hallowed ground, a touch of danger, too, that gave a spice of adventure to a commonplace and sordid affair of business. On the other, the visit inevitably stressed the gulf impassable that separated those who rang the bell at Marion Pomeroy's front door and those who slunk along the driveway to kitchen and garage. Never throughout the rest of the week did Seymour Basset feel half so happy or half so abject.

He had found her name under a half tone in the Sunday brown-ink section of the Binchester Express, a photograph almost libelous in its inadequacy, but infallibly recognizable. Afterward, pursuing Mr. Clarence Arthur Tripp from his previous address, there had been another dim suggestion of predestiny in the discovery of that migratory client as Edward Pomeroy's chauffeur. For some reason the circumstance impelled Seymour Basset to deal high-handedly with Mr. Tripp, immediately doubling both his insurance and his weekly savings. Somehow this mitigated the shamefulness of the proceeding by a little; exacting from Mr. Tripp's reluctant clutch a weekly tribute of five dollars made Seymour Basset feel less miserably guilty of his pikerism.

Today, as Mr. Tripp turned out his pockets in substantiation of his pleaded poverty, Seymour Basset felt the stimulating influence of the locality upon his wits. He laughed harshly and without pity.

"Knew I was coming and hid it out on purpose, eh?" He laughed again. "Well, hop to it. I'm in a hurry this trip."

"Honest, boss ——" Mr. Tripp's protestation hung in the air. His eye, directed past Basset's shoulder, brightened as at the sight of rescue.

Something tightened in Seymour Basset's throat. He'd always known it would happen, of course, but ——

"What's the matter, Clarence? I've been waiting for five minutes."

"I 'uz jus' stahted, Miss Pom'oy, on'y 'is gen'mun ——"

Seymour Basset found unsuspected aplomb. His apprenticeship under Mr. Tweedy had schooled him better evidently than he had guessed.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Miss Pomeroy. It's just a business matter—life insurance and savings that your chauffeur wants to spend on something else, of course." He achieved a tolerant grin. "They're all like that— we just about have to use a gun on them every week." Command rang in his tone as he turned on Clarence Arthur. "Don't keep Miss Pomeroy waiting. Skip upstairs and get that money, quick."

"Yas-suh!" The black puttees twinkled on the skeleton stairway. Again Seymour Basset's smile endeavored to lay stress upon the humorous aspect of this incident. There was, however, no answering amusement in Marion Pomeroy's look. Her brows had drawn together.

"I don't understand. Do you mean that you come here and—and simply make Clarence give you the money for the savings bank?"

"Guess it must have sounded sort of queer." Seymour Basset grinned apologetically and lowered his voice. "You see, Miss Pomeroy, there are a lot of people that just have to be handled sort of rough, for their own good, I mean. Haven't got sense enough to look ahead or else they haven't gumption enough to save unless somebody just about makes 'em do it. Easy enough to sell 'em life insurance, same as you can sell 'em mighty near anything else, but making 'em pay for it's something mighty different."

"Insurance?" Again the frown aggravated the—the niceness of her face. "I thought you said it was savings."

"Well, it's both. Long as I have to call on 'em once a week for their insurance money and go down to the bank once a day to deposit it, I might just as well tend to their savings for 'em too." He lowered his voice another tone. "Long as I keep the pass book they can't draw it out, and the only time they see the book is when I show it to 'em once a week to prove I made the last deposit. Any time things go wrong they've got a little something saved up to keep the insurance in force, anyhow, and maybe enough to help out with the rent and the grocery. You'd be surprised to find out how fast it piles up for some of 'em. Your man's got ninety dollars down at the Bank of Binchester, for instance." He shook his head as Clarence Arthur reappeared. "Wouldn't have a cent if we didn't make it mighty easy for him."

He illustrated by twitching the creased bill from Clarence Arthur's sorrowing fingers and tearing out the receipt stub, already filled in and initialed. Miss Pomeroy's head tilted. She certainly looked nice when she scowled that way, Seymour Basset decided.

He touched his hat. Her gesture stopped him.

"Would I have to take out life insurance to get you to come around every week and just make me put something in the savings bank, and keep the pass book so I can't draw it out?"

Seymour Basset struggled helplessly with a sagging jaw.

"I just can't seem to do it for myself," she went on. "But this way, why, it sounds as if it would be easier than spending it."

"Is." Basset managed the one word with a mighty effort.

"And it wouldn't be too much trouble for you? You're quite sure you wouldn't mind?"

Seymour Basset drew a deep breath. "Mind!" He controlled his emotions on the brink of injudicious declaration. "Wouldn't mind a bit, Miss Pomeroy. Honest." A happy thought presented itself. "Got to stop here anyhow to collect from Clarence, haven't I? No extra trouble to stop and see you."

"That's so." The idea seemed to reassure her.

His fingers were clumsy with the sheaf of signature cards and the fountain pen, but she didn't notice his excitement. Resting the card on a fender, she filled it out briskly and investigated the contents of a purse.

"How much must I put in at a time?" Her eyes rose to consult his. "Would it be enough if I began with a dollar? I've only got a one and a ten here and I want ——"

"Anything you ——" Professional instinct came back to halt his flourish. She wanted him to make it easy for her, didn't she? He set his teeth. "A dollar? When you've got a ten right there?" He laughed, his harsh, enlightened, compelling laugh. "Come on, Miss Pomeroy—hand over that ten."

He took it deftly and scribbled a receipt for the amount.

"Show you your pass book next week, so you'll know I'm not holding out on you."

He saw her look darken, saw it consider, saw the sudden returning smile bring back the dancing glint to the straightforward eyes.

"I guess it's going to be easy, sure enough," she said, "if you can keep it up."

"Keep it up?" Seymour Basset showed determined teeth. "Watch me!"

III

"COME on, now! Quit stalling and come through! Trying to hold out on me again, eh? Oh, never mind showing me that purse. That's an old one! Knew I was coming and hid it out beforehand. Think you can stand me off with ——"

Seymour Basset's voice froze in his larynx. Edward Pomeroy's face, visible above his daughter's shoulder, was quite enough to disturb even a clear conscience given over for the moment wholly to benefaction. Pomeroy's arm pressed Marion back a step toward the door. He brought the terrifying countenance a little nearer Seymour Basset's.

"Now then! Suppose you tell the rest of it to me. You wanted money from my daughter. Just why? I'm listening."

"I ——" Seymour Basset's schooled eloquence utterly forsook him. Pomeroy advanced another step. Marion's laugh came just in time, not more than a split second too soon.

"It's all right, father. This is Seymour Basset. You know his uncle. He's just helping me save ten dollars every week."

"Helping you sa——!" Pomeroy turned toward her a look hardly less terrible than that which had fascinated Basset. "Helping you ——"

She laughed again. "It must have sounded awfully third-actish, but it isn't a bit thrilly when you know. Show him my pass book, Seymour, while I go and get the money. I was going to give it to you anyway. I just wanted to hear you speak your piece again, or I wouldn't have pretended I was broke."

Still uneasy, Seymour Basset produced the bank book and exhibited its balance. Edward Pomeroy listened to a limping, elliptic explanation, his scowl relaxing only after Marion, returning with her ten dollars, had filled in the gaps.

"Mean to tell me you make a regular business of it?" he demanded. "Don't see how the bank can afford it. Must cost a year's interest at the inside on every dollar just to collect it."

Seymour Basset enlightened him. He nodded slowly, his eyebrows drawn together in a way that reminded Basset of Marion's scowl because it was so different.

"Insurance, eh? I see. Good notion." He laughed. "Funny thing, but I'd have carried a lot more if it had ever been made as easy as that for me. Split up the annual premium over fifty-two weeks and you'd hardly feel it, but every salesman that ever talked to me wanted it all in a lump. Quarterly, anyway." He paused. "This company of yours any good?"

"Strong as they make 'em," said Basset stoutly. He cited familiar statistics. "Safe as the Mammoth. Costs you a bit more if you pay by the week, but ——"

"Worth a little extra to have it made so easy," said Pomeroy. Almost unwillingly Seymour Basset saw and recognized in his face the very look he strove to bring to the countenances of his lowly clients. Instinct was strong in him; habit could not resist the invitation of metal glowing for the hammer. He struck.

His fingers shook a little, presently, as he folded the signed application for a ten-thousand-dollar policy, but his voice was calm.

"Better let me open a savings account for you, too," he said. "Be calling on you every week anyway, and it won't be any extra trouble. Easy way to save."

The word had its old potency. Pomeroy chuckled as he signed the bank's card.

"Can't help laughing when I think how Dan Farquhar would snort if he knew about this." The grin faded. "Or your uncle either. Been after me for years, both of 'em." He frowned. "It's funny how different this thing sounds when they tell it. They always make me feel as if it was something like having a tooth pulled without gas. Know you ought to do it, but that

(Continued on Page 85)

THE VANISHING AMERICAN

The Trade Mark of Romance

Paramount Pictures

© Copyright Reinthal & Newman N Y

Personalities of Paramount and their Paramount Pictures

Lois Wilson

—is the winsome teacher of the country school in The Vanishing American. Those who remember her wonderful performance in The Covered Wagon will watch eagerly for this new rôle. Other Paramount Pictures featuring her are: Welcome Home, Rugged Water, and Irish Luck

Richard Dix

—plays the title rôle of The Vanishing American. He makes a magnificent Indian, combining the lion and the fox in plot and deed. Other Paramount Pictures in which he is appearing are: The Ten Commandments, The Lucky Devil, and Womanhandled

Zane Grey

—is the envy of even best-selling authors. He wrote The Vanishing American. The vast number enjoying the book are keenly expectant of its Paramount picturization. Other Paramount Zane Grey Pictures are: Wild Horse Mesa, Light of Western Stars, and The Thundering Herd.

Noah Beery

—plays the official in charge of the Indian Reservation. Villainy and smiles go together, and the more you hate the character the more you admire the actor. Other Paramount Pictures in which he is seen are: Light of Western Stars, Wild Horse Mesa, and Lord Jim

Raymond Griffith

—is the touchstone of mirth. Indifference becomes smiles, and smiles a volley of laughter when he appears. Make a list of his Paramount Pictures and enjoy them. Start with: The Night Club, Paths to Paradise, and A Regular Fellow

Betty Bronson

—leaped into fame as the Peter Pan Girl. Today her success in A Kiss for Cinderella has outranked even Peter Pan. Other Paramount Pictures in which she appears are: The Golden Princess, Not So Long Ago, and Are Parents People?

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
Adolph Zukor, President
New York City

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Races pass and leave the old, old story of strife and song. The Indian passes in this our time, within the Reservation gates; a figure as sinister as a bloody arrow, but filling the eye and the heart with his tragedy. "Adieu, *Vanishing American*, adieu—may you find the Happy Hunting Ground of your campfire dreams."

This epic of the Indian has already been acclaimed by hundreds of audiences as ranking with The Covered Wagon in scope, power and human interest.

Here is a picture of enmity and gallantry and fierce love-making in the very shadow of danger. The vision of Paramount, Zane Grey, Director George B. Seitz and Supervisor Lucien Hubbard searched out and composed all this for you, the Paramount organization pursuing, as it always does, the ideal material for the greatest shows that human beings can desire.

* * *

Like stately ships magically appearing one after another on the horizon, and slowly coming in full view, came *The Covered Wagon, The Ten Commandments, Peter Pan, The Pony Express, A Kiss for Cinderella, That Royle Girl*, and now *The Vanishing American*, sailing the sea of more than one or two seasons' brief popularity, and even so being but leaders of a great fleet cruising literally to the admiration of all lands and peoples.

Wherever you find the name PARAMOUNT you've found The End of the Trail to the Greatest Show in Town.

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

Winter drivin

A

Cold weather driving tips

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.

2. When starting in cold weather hold choke closed only while cranking. Open it part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.

3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.

4. Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freezing mixture in the radiator and keep at proper strength during cold weather.

5. Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during cold weather.

6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil in crankcase.

To assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

2. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.

3. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.

4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.

6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Consult the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations for correct grade for winter driving. Refill with this grade of Mobiloil. Change oil every 500 miles thereafter.

VACUUM O

g—*for pleasure!*

new experience awaiting many motorists

The winter landscape has a beauty all its own. To lay up your car in cold weather or to use it merely for "hacking" about town is to miss real pleasure.

Bundle up well and set your expectations high!

Don't be satisfied if your car merely gets you there and back—*somehow*. Don't put up with unduly hard starting. Refuse to accept occasional battery and oil pump troubles as necessary evils.

Read the Cold Weather Driving Tips on the opposite page. And be wide awake to the dangers of incomplete distribution of the lubricating oil with its inevitable results—inconvenience and too rapid wear on expensive engine parts.

Where winter troubles originate—
how they depart

In cold weather the importance of scientific lubrication is doubled. So is the danger of merely asking for a quart of oil. Doubled, too, is the risk of accepting less than Mobiloil protection.

Why does winter make it harder to start your engine?

Three reasons are (1) the engine is cold, (2) the gasoline vaporizes less readily, and (3) the oil may be congealed and thus actually gum surfaces together and be slow to get into circulation.

When you follow the winter recommendations in the Mobiloil Chart, you secure an oil which is scientifically correct for your engine in cold weather. No other adequate oil which you might select will circulate more freely. No other oil will more perfectly protect the moving parts during the period when the engine is warming up.

Mobiloil safeguards those expensive surfaces when they are *cold* as well as when they are *hot*—an advantage which you cannot overlook at this time of the year.

The background of Mobiloil consists of 60 years of specialization in the production of lubricating oils. The Mobiloil Board of Engineers have at their command resources and lubricating experience which are unduplicated in the automotive field.

And in quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. It is made from crude petroleum selected solely for its *lubricating* value—not gasoline yield. Many oils commonly offered you are not made with one-fifth as much care.

And in addition—

A host of Mobiloil dealers are ready to supply you. Mobiloil is sold by more dealers than any other oil. The typical Mobiloil dealer carries all the grades of Mobiloil. He has also the Mobiloil Chart as his right-hand lubricating assistant. It makes him infallible in prescribing and supplying the correct oil for your engine and the correct lubricants for transmission, differential and chassis.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E")

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc
" (other mod'ls.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other mod'ls.)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

How to buy:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with the convenient faucets.

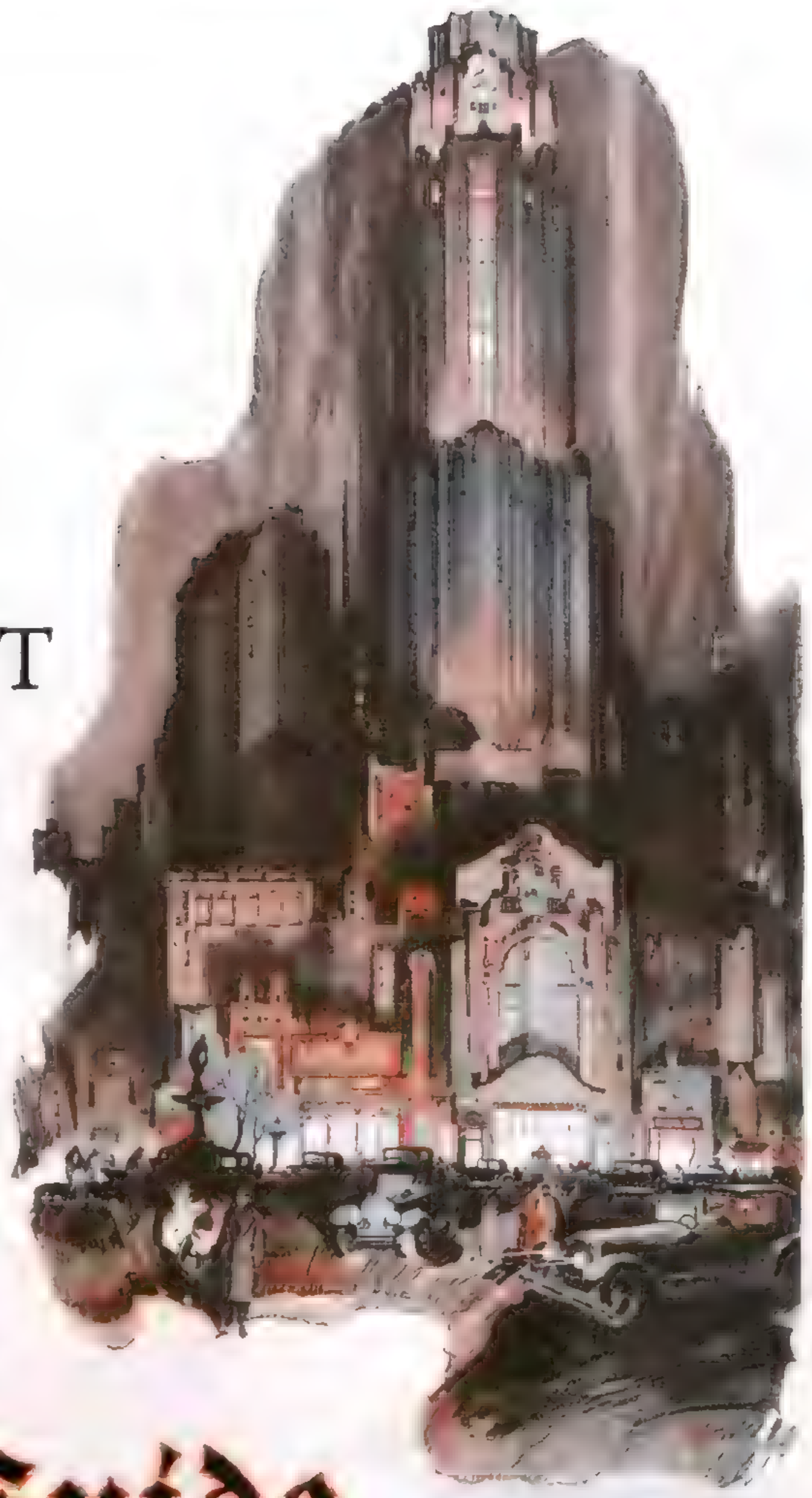
All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, Kansas City, or Minneapolis.

This sign will lead you to new pleasure in winter driving.

L COMPANY

All of a sudden the CITY NEEDS LIGHT



Mid-afternoon, and black thunder-clouds gather over the city. Suddenly in thousands of offices and homes the lights are turned on until the towering city looks like an illuminated honeycomb.

The central power stations cannot be brought into action quickly enough to supply the sudden demand for current. For just such emergencies, or for any interruption whatever in the power supply, huge Exide Batteries installed in the central stations are called upon to meet the crisis. So powerful are these Exide Batteries that, in one city, for instance, they can supply more than eighty million candle-power, enough to take care of almost every light.

Exide Batteries serve you daily in many ways—they supply the current to carry your voice over the telephone; they propel street trucks and mine locomotives; they operate fire alarms and railway signals; they light trains and start automobiles.

In fact, Exide Batteries are made for every purpose for which batteries are used. They are made by the largest manufacturers of storage batteries in the world. . . . . .

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
PHILADELPHIA
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

For your CAR When the present battery in your automobile wears out, get an Exide—for the sake of economy. The price is extremely reasonable, repair bills little or nothing, and the life is notably long. . . . . There is an Exide Battery dealer near your home.

Exide BATTERIES

For your RADIO There is an Exide Battery type for every set and a size for every tube. They give uniform current through a long period of discharge. See the Exide Radio Power Unit and the rest of the complete Exide line at radio stores or any Exide Battery dealer's.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 80)

just makes you hate it worse." The grin returned. "Your scheme makes me feel I'm just buying ten thousand on the easy-payment plan!" He chuckled. "Painless extraction guaranteed too."

Dutifully Seymour Basset echoed his laugh, but there was a certain grimness in the set of his jaw as he drove away. A man with a daughter like Marion to think about, drifting along, grasshopper fashion, as if it were always going to be summer. He saw that his high opinion of Pomeroy had been falsely founded. No wonder Marion had to have saving made easy for her, with that kind of a father! The jaws clamped tighter. Painless or not, there wouldn't be any doubt about those weekly extractions. Seymour Basset would see to that!

Mr. Glynn, the president of the Bank of Binchester, stopped him as he crossed the lobby a day or two later. Seymour's attitude toward him was still faintly colored by the reflection of D. P. Farquhar's magnificent disdain toward the Binchester and all its works. It was appropriate for such a business as Mr. Tweedy's to be transacted through such a bank, a bank that stooped to all sorts of undignified expedients to enlarge its deposits, running loud advertisements in the newspapers, operating Christmas clubs, even sinking to the ignominy of watching the birth records and opening a savings account, with a credit of a dollar, for every new Binchester baby. Seymour Basset had a fine contempt for all such devices; he couldn't help liking Mr. Glynn personally, but there was no avoiding the fact that he didn't look like a banker.

"Step in a minute, will you?" Glynn clapped a cordial but wholly informal hand on Basset's shoulder. Yielding, pleased in spite of himself, to the friendly pressure that urged him to the almost improperly accessible inclosure where Mr. Glynn's desk stood in plain sight of everybody in the lobby, Seymour Basset couldn't help thinking how differently a real banker like D. P. Farquhar would have acted.

"Noticed you landed Ed Pomeroy for a savings account," said Mr. Glynn, unpresidential even in his diction. "How'd you put it across?"

Basset explained briefly that it had been in the usual routine of a business method well known to the bank. He had sold Mr. Pomeroy some insurance and protected himself against a possible lapsing of premium payments by offering to attend to weekly savings deposits.

Glynn looked thoughtful. "I see. Thought perhaps you had a pull with Pomeroy. We'd like first-rate to get his checking account too."

"Guess you don't want it much," said Seymour Basset. In spite of Mr. Glynn's want of suitable dignity, in spite of the lamentable publicity of his office, you couldn't help feeling something of the confidential, privileged quality of the confessional in conversation with him. "He makes a lot of money, I guess, but it gets right away from him. Only reason I signed him up was because I made it so blamed easy for him. He's that kind."

"Same as you and me, eh?" Glynn chuckled. "Well, that's a lead, anyway. We can get his business if we make something easy for him, the same way you got it." He reflected. "The point is: What?"

Seymour Basset saw, suddenly, a chance to escape from the task of extracting those weekly payments. For some reason, ever since he had made his bargain with Edward Pomeroy, this prospect had disturbed him. Browbeating Marion's ten dollars into her pass book hadn't interfered with the establishment of an entente exceedingly cordial, but Basset had a strong premonition that her father wouldn't regard it as a delightfully humorous affair, wouldn't insist, as Marion did, on his "speaking his piece" every week. Experience had taught him that only very exceptional people, like Marion, were able to take pleasure in the visits of a collector.

"Look here, Mr. Glynn—suppose Mr. Pomeroy opened a checking account here, would you tend to these payments for him? Just debit his account, say once a month, for savings and insurance, and let him straighten out his check book when he got his canceled vouchers? That'd be even easier than paying me, and ——"

Mr. Glynn sat up straight. "By gosh!" he said softly. Seymour Basset winced at the expression, but the tone and look contained a quality oddly similar to something in Mr. Tweedy's manner when he had heard the news of that ten-thousand-dollar policy. It informed Seymour Basset sufficiently on one point. He needn't worry any more about the necessity of those painless extractions in respect to Edward Pomeroy.

IV

THE presence of mind demanded of even the lowliest of collectors enabled Seymour Basset, in spite of the guilty surprise with which he turned, to interpose himself between Uncle Walter's eye and that insidious placard in the shop window. Uncle Walter's manner was heartily forgiving.

"Well, well! Haven't starved to death on those husks after all? Come around, anyhow, and we'll see about some fatted calf."

He shook hands. Seymour grinned uneasily, conscious of the revealing window at his back.

"You're looking first-rate." Uncle Walter's glance manifestly appraised the new suit. "Looks as if I did the right thing in making you paddle your own canoe. Hated to do it, Seymour, but ——"

"I know." Seymour nodded hastily. He had never harbored any malice. "No hard feelings."

"That's the proper spirit. What you doing?"

Seymour felt a desire to wriggle. Uncle Walter wouldn't approve, of course. He spoke in the manner of one who makes, reluctantly, a discrediting admission.

"Got a sort of job down at the Bank of Binchester."

To his relieved astonishment, the downward twist did not appear at Uncle Walter's lip.

Instead there was in his look and tone a suggestion of that careful respect with which, in the old days, he had always mentioned such honored enemies as the Gibraltar and the Everlasting and their like.

"The Binchester, eh? Getting to be quite a bank these days. Shrewd fellow, Jerry Glynn." He chuckled. "Caught us all asleep with that savings-and-insurance scheme of his. Just been down talking to him about it. Tells me he's written over a quarter of a million of new insurance in less than three months. Brought in a lot of new business for the bank, too, I understand, from the way Farquhar talks. First-rate idea, of course. I'm trying to get the Mammoth to take it up."

"You—the Mammoth!" Seymour Basset gulped. "Why, I thought you were dead set against buying anything on the easy-payment plan!"

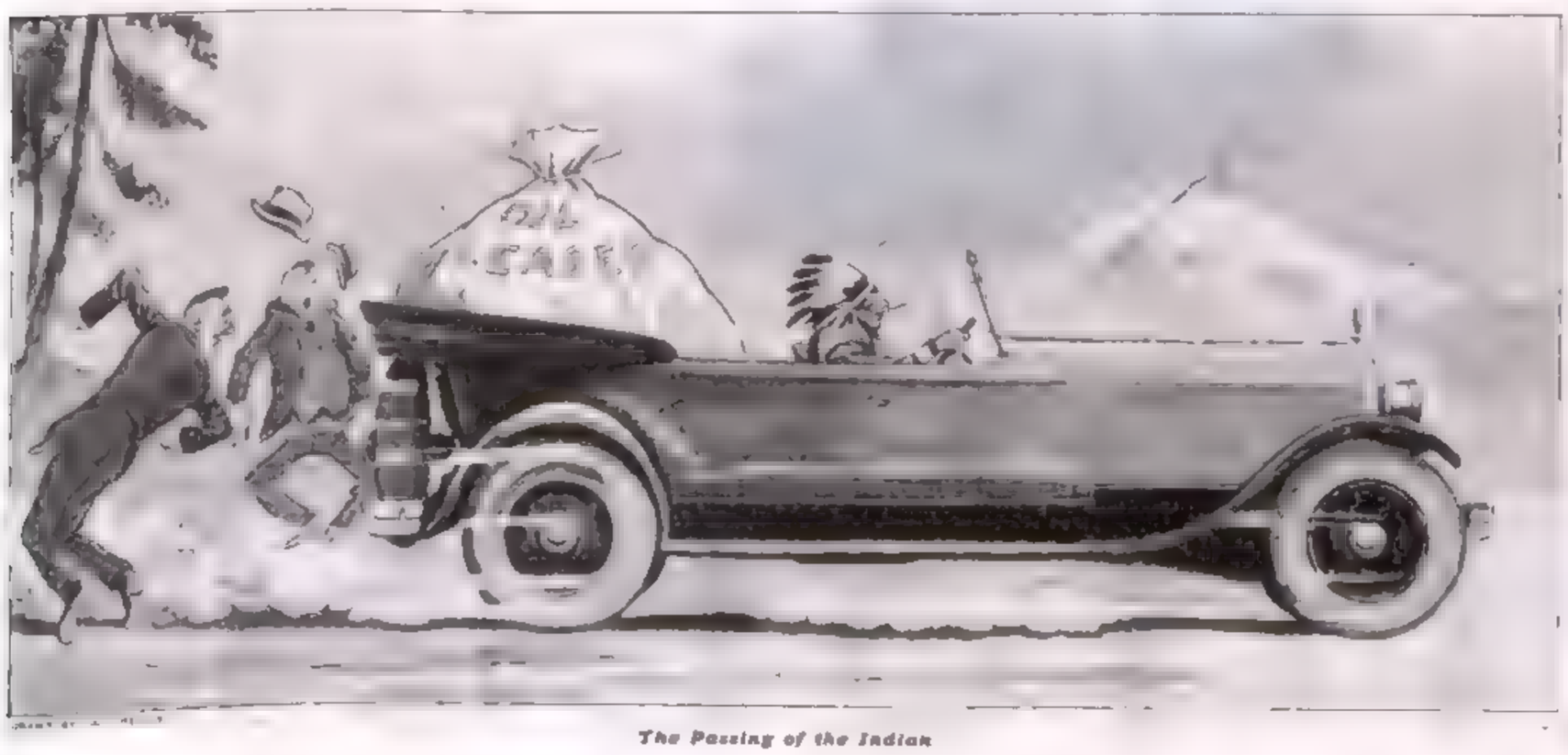
"The easier the better, if you buy the right thing! Glynn's absolutely right." Uncle Walter struck fist against palm. "The world's full of people who won't do the sensible thing unless somebody makes it just as easy as the silly thing—and there'll always be plenty to help 'em make fools of themselves, you can bet! All the more reason, isn't it, for making it easy for anybody to insure and save? And, when you come right down to it, what's saving except buying capital on the installment plan?"

Seymour wagged his head feebly. The address swept on to its climax, quoting, without credit, from the circular on which Seymour had collaborated with Mr. Glynn.

"No, sir! There are a few things so valuable that nothing matters except having them and having them now!"

Uncle Walter lapsed into his conversational key, repeating his reference to that fatted calf. He administered another accolade and departed. Seymour Basset, turning, seemed to hear a formal avuncular blessing on that placard in the window. Some things so utterly worth having that, as long as you got them right away, it didn't matter much how you did it! Even the newest assistant cashier at the Bank of Binchester, in full charge of the insured-savings department, no longer saw any reason for resisting the appeal that urged upon him the most sensible of all possible acquisitions and promised generously to make swift and smooth the way of the possessor: Any Solitaire in This Window on the Easiest Payment Plan in Town!

Seymour Basset moved blithely toward the beckoning doorway.

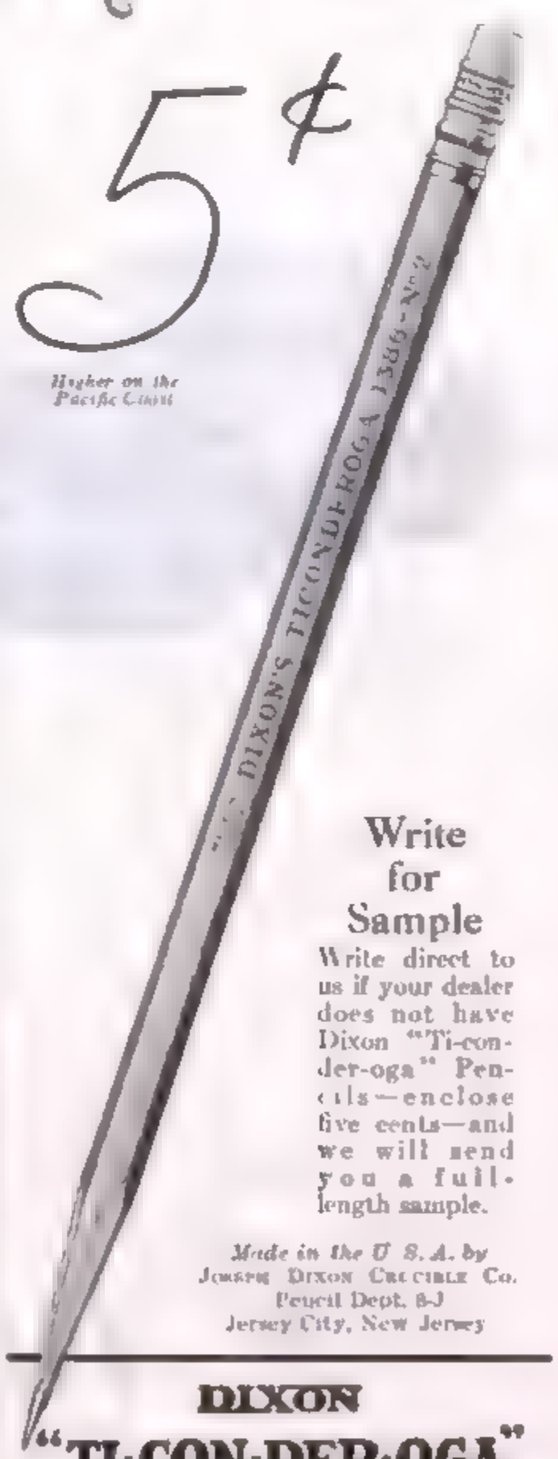


The Passing of the Indian

Thoughts rally 'round-words and figures take their place in quick succession when a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil leads the way across the paper. Buy it-try it-and see!

5¢

Higher on the Pacific Coast

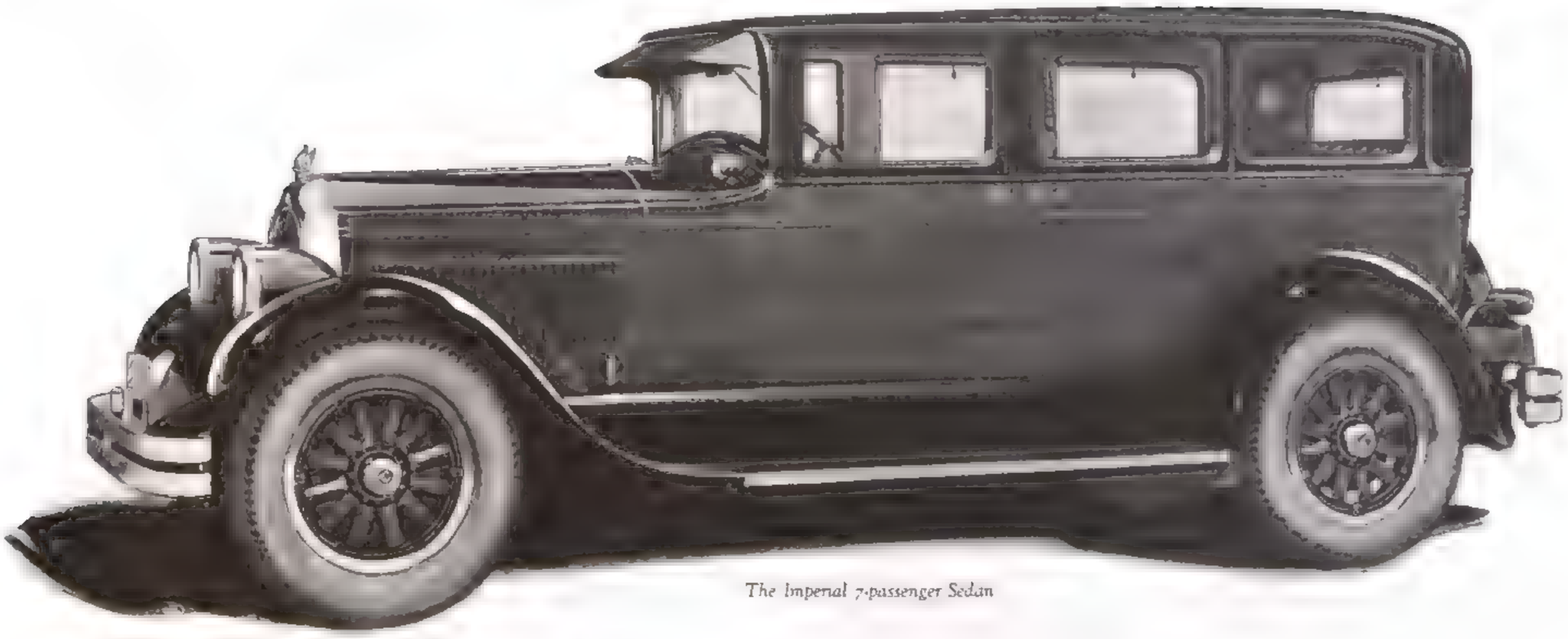


Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils—enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample.

Made in the U. S. A. by
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Pencil Dept. 8-J
Jersey City, New Jersey

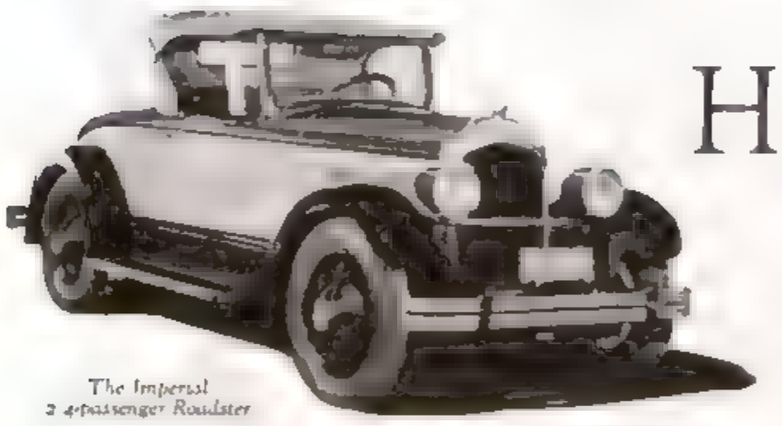
DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
The Business Pencil



The Imperial 7-passenger Sedan

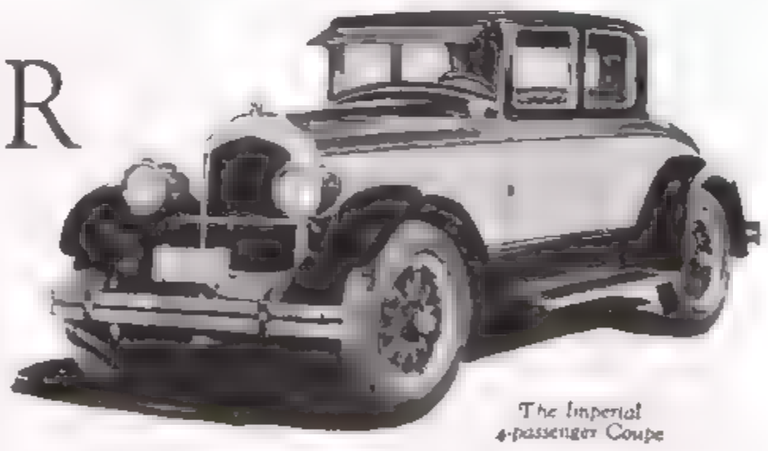
UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 to 7 PASSENGERS

92 HORSE-POWER



The Imperial 2-4-passenger Roadster

80 MILES PER HOUR



The Imperial 4-passenger Coupe

The Imperial Phaeton

The New CHRYSLER

AS FINE AS MONEY CAN BUILD

In the conception and the building of the new Chrysler Imperial, Chrysler engineering has had no limit imposed, either in money or manufacturing resources.

There was only a single requirement, but that so high and so all-embracing that it would test the mettle of any organization, namely—

To make this car just as fine as money can build.

Such an attainment is not easy, for it means, in practical terms, that the best in the world must be excelled.

But it has been accomplished, with a completeness and a finesse that mark the Chrysler Imperial a very gem among the finest cars that Europe and America are producing today.

Every Essential of Luxury

It affords the luxury of power, and both low and high speed performance, never before achieved with any engine of like piston displacement—

The luxury of unprecedented performance in terms of smooth quietness—

The luxury of swift, silent transport in a vehicle whose advanced Chrysler body design and accommodations have no counterpart, save perhaps in the very costliest cars which Europe sends to us, or which are produced by America's pre-eminent custom coach builders—

The luxury of advancements which make for the marked reduction of mechanical care and attention, and of scientific safeguards for vital operating units.

The Chrysler Imperial is the elaboration and further development of the principles and practices with which Chrysler revolutionized motor car design and performance two years ago.

Bodies, hood, radiator, lamps and fenders all contribute to the dynamic beauty which is given full expression only by Chrysler.

The thought as you look at the car is that it is delightfully low; sweeping in its length, with all its lines flowing into an ensemble of extraordinary charm.

The color harmonies are new in their conception and execution, and in that are distinctively Chrysler.

Most generous passenger space, broad expanse of windows, and furnishings and fittings represent the finest quality that Chrysler could discover. Most of the items of equipment have been produced to Chrysler's special order.

The instrument panel is not only a thing of beauty to the eye, designed in symmetry with the interior hardware, but is a model of convenience.

Engine Balanced by Unique Method

In its construction and operation, the Chrysler Imperial engine is as nearly perfect in balance, symmetry, and smoothness, as science can make an engine today.

It develops 92 horsepower; it gives the car a speed of 80 miles per hour and more.

These unique abilities mean an agility and a flexibility never found in the cumbersome, costly cars which are the only possible quality-comparisons.

Chrysler methods of balancing this new engine and mounting it in the chassis frame are entirely unique.

The engine is cushioned at the rear end on resilient, sound-absorbing blocks of live rubber, which insulate it from the chassis frame.

The pistons of this new engine serve admirably to illustrate the heights to which Chrysler engineering has risen—pistons having all the advantages of lightweight alloy, all the advantages of cast iron as well, and none of the restricting disadvantages of either. These pistons are exclusive with Chrysler.

Chassis Lubrication Is Eliminated

One of the most notable advancements in all motor car practice, which the Chrysler Imperial now presents for the first time is the elimination of chassis lubrication, and even of the thought of such lubrication.

Ordinary spring shackles, shackle bolts and bushings are among the most prolific sources of wear and rattles on an automobile.

Chrysler Imperial does away with them entirely; does away with 12 spring bolts, 12 bushings, 8 shackles, 12 oilers, 36 working joints; does away with noise and squeaks at the spring-ends; does away with frequent oiling or greasing, and parts replacements.

The ends of these Chrysler springs are ingeniously anchored in specially molded blocks of live rubber, and these in turn are securely held under compression in malleable brackets at the frame ends. Thus the springs are effectively insulated from the frame.

The rubber cushions—for they are cushions in effect—absorb road shocks and road sounds. They make riding more comfortable. They make the car more quiet. They materially increase the life of the chassis springs.

The springs are fitted with specially tailored covers, which protect them from mud and water. They contain sufficient lubricant for thousands of miles.

Hydraulic Brakes Always Equalized

Chrysler's original adoption and two-year use of the tubular type of front axle and hydraulic four-wheel brakes have borne out every expectation.

Hydraulic brakes are self-equalizing. They preserve positive and permanent braking efficiency at *all four wheels*—because they maintain perfect equalization, which is the first fundamental of successful four-wheel brakes.

They are entirely free from all need for lubrication and from the wear and rattle that must surely come to a complicated train of metal linkages.

At every vital point, the Chrysler Imperial provides safeguards to the end that nothing may interfere with wholly efficient operation.

For the first time on any engine, the carburetor has an adjusting device of scientific precision and greatest simplicity, which is exclusive with Chrysler.

A gasoline filter of special Chrysler design prevents the entry of water and dirt into the carburetor.

An air cleaner excludes road dust and grit—destructive agents which ordinarily enter motor car engines.

The water level in the battery is made known by an automatic signal each time the starter is used.

Engine Efficiency In Cold Weather

The electric fumer for cold-weather starting—developed by Chrysler—provides a fog of instantly vaporized fuel for starting, instead of a flood of inert liquid gasoline.

Chrysler has also developed a simple arrangement whereby the hot exhaust gases are diverted to surround the intake manifold, giving free engine operation immediately without the usual spitting and sputtering of a cold engine.

An oil filter cleanses all the motor oil as the engine runs, and protects all lubricated parts by removing every particle of dirt, grit and abrasive from the oil.

Other notable convenience, comfort and efficiency features of the Chrysler Imperial are thermostatic control of motor heat; a three-gallon gasoline reserve instantly available, Watson Stabilators and a three-stage road illumination system controlled by a single switch.

Riding Ease Must Be Experienced

The net result of this peak of Chrysler engineering achievement is a luxury never remotely approached—in riding ease which has to be experienced even to be conceived, in quietness of power-flow simply beyond description, in beauty and fineness that will captivate the connoisseur of fine things.

The Chrysler Imperial is as fine as money can build, and a great deal more.

It is built to an ideal—to incorporate all the luxury which heretofore only the very costliest cars of Europe and America have presented.

It is built for those who can well afford to maintain such cars, and who have looked with longing eyes on the unprecedented Chrysler performance which came into being two years ago.

It is built for those who desire the very fullest measure of motoring luxury but have never before found all of their desires embodied in one beautiful creation.

Every man and woman who aspires to own and enjoy a motor car as fine as money can build will be interested in the Chrysler Imperial.

IMPERIAL

—when
the Gas Company
Heats Your Home!

Your gas company can free your home of all heating nuisances. A good gas heating plant needs no more care or attention than a pup can give it!

Positive, uniform warmth in every room—always exact within a single degree—without dirt, smoke nor labor! No fuel storage! No odors! No noise of pumps nor electric blowers! No ashes to carry out!

BRYANT
GAS
HEATING

—lets the pup be your furnace man!

The operating efficiency of a good, modern gas heating plant, designed and built for the purpose—and the very low gas rates now granted for house heating—have brought the wonderful comfort and convenience of gas heating well within reach of most home owners.

Write for booklet of gas heating information—or, 'phone your local Bryant office if there is one listed in your telephone directory.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. CO.
17853 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.
Branches in 21 Principal Cities

—for Hot Water, Steam, Vapor and Warm Air Heating Systems

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

(Continued from Page 36)

bright yellow gloves, and was twirling a Charlie Chaplin cane. He proudly introduced himself. He told me that he was looking for a song to fit his paper-tearing act in place of Kathleen Mavourneen, which was beginning to be stale. I had my pianist play over some songs for him. After he had finished, the Tearer came into my office carrying a copy of one of my songs. He said he would consider a proposition to sing the song in his act if I would make it worth his while. He impressed upon me the fact that the song would be a sure-fire hit if he used it.

"Did you make Kathleen Mavourneen a hit?" I asked pointedly.

He replied, somewhat embarrassed, that he was just using the song temporarily until he could replace it with a new one. I grew hot under the collar and asked him to leave my office. I learned afterward that the Tearer went to the office of Oscar Miller, in the same building, and told him he had been insulted by a fellow named Harris who thought he could write songs. Miller laughed and told him that this same Harris was the man who had recommended him for the engagement at his theater.

To his credit, when the Tearer learned of this he immediately returned to my office, with his hat in his hand, and apologized. I then told him always to do his best, as one can never tell who is sitting out in front. I also impressed upon him that he had the makings of a marvelous magician, but that he needed showmanship. I advised him to create new stunts and try to emulate the Great Herrmann. When he left we parted good friends.

I had lost track of him, until I happened to stroll into the Colonial Theater, New York, several years later. Upon the bill appeared a magician who looked strangely familiar to me. To my surprise I found him to be none other than my old friend the Tearer, now billed as the Great Lafayette, who was famous the world over. A few years ago he was burned to death, together with his performing lions, in London.

On returning from New York in the fall I found great excitement in Milwaukee over the expected visit of Prince Henry, brother of Emperor William of Germany. I learned that he intended spending several days in our town. David Rose, then mayor of Milwaukee, appointed me chairman of his entertainment committee. We were given instructions by the German consul in Chicago as to the sort of entertainment that would befit the occasion.

Feting Prince Henry

As a large proportion of Milwaukee citizens were German, we were expected to outdo all other cities. I was compelled to plan a three-day-entertainment campaign—no small job, as I surely had had no previous experience in entertaining royalty. I arranged for the Milwaukee Exposition Building and engaged all the biggest singing organizations in Milwaukee, combining them into one big chorus, and ordered them to rehearse all the well-known German and American songs. I also engaged twenty bands to be stationed along the route of the march, as far out as the Soldiers' Home, situated five miles from the city; and here I encountered my first conflict with a musicians' union.

A number of young men in the city—about forty—had formed what was known as the Milwaukee Cadet Drum Corps. Their drums and costumes were furnished by Captain Pabst, of the Pabst Brewing Company. They had rehearsed long and faithfully. Their leader came to see me and asked me to give his band a place along the line of march, which I agreed to do.

The day before the prince's arrival three officers of the musicians' union came to see me. They had read of the bands that were to take part in the parade and had seen the name of the Milwaukee Cadet Drum Corps assigned to a place. They insisted that I withdraw these boys from the parade for the reason that they were not members of the union. I replied that it was only fair that they be given a chance to show what they could do and then perhaps they would be glad to join the union.

I said with a smile, "Perhaps after you have heard them you will not be so anxious to have them join."

But the delegation remained firm and threatened to withdraw every band, and said there would be no music the morning of the prince's arrival. I told them I would think the matter over and let them know my decision at four that afternoon. I immediately phoned the mayor and told him of my predicament. He laughed and said that I was the chairman of the entertainment committee and I must use my own judgment.

Bands That Didn't Disband

At four o'clock the committee again entered my office and the spokesman demanded my decision. I threw down the gauntlet to them by stating that it was my wish to have the boys march in the parade; that I would inform the press of the city of the entire circumstances. I took pains to impress upon them that as they themselves were of German origin they certainly would be insulting the prince. They walked out of my office in a huff. I lay awake all that night, contemplating the outcome of this reception to the royal visitor, minus music.

Early next morning I drove down to the Union Station, where the prince was due to arrive at noon. The streets were jammed with people, eagerly waiting for the great event. Not a musical note was heard. Entering the Union Station, I met Robert M. La Follette, at that time governor of Wisconsin, who was also there to welcome the prince to our city. I told him of my difficulties with the union musicians. With a twinkle in his eyes he told me that as long as I felt I was in the right, to stick to it.

He said, "I doubt whether the prince will miss the music, owing to the cheering crowds."

Just the same, my heart was heavy.

At last the prince's train pulled in, with his entourage, Captain Pabst and Mayor Rose, who had gone to Chicago to escort him to our city. Also among them was Rear Admiral Bob Evans, one of the most popular officers in our Navy, who had been chosen by our President to make the tour with the prince. Governor La Follette and I were introduced to the prince and his staff. I escorted them to their respective carriages, and in my little side-bar buggy started to lead the procession all the way to the Soldiers' Home.

Suddenly my ears were greeted with the welcome sound of music, and to my great relief every band was in its position. The Milwaukee Cadet Drum Corps was there in all its glory and was applauded all along the line of march.

The prince was welcomed at the Exposition by ex-Mayor Koch, who spoke in the German language, and by Mayor Rose in English. It was a magnificent sight when the combined musical societies arose and sang Die Wacht Am Rhein, with the audience all joining in. This was followed by The Star-Spangled Banner, accompanied by the waving of small German and American flags.

There was not a hitch in the three-day program. I felt quite proud of that entertainment. The prince told me that his visit in Milwaukee was one of the most enjoyable of his entire trip, and congratulated me upon my arrangements.

After the prince had departed and everything had quieted down, I learned that he had given small tokens of his regard, such as stick pins, cigarette cases with his monogram, and beautiful gold cuff buttons, to the other members of the entertainment committee. It seemed I had been entirely forgotten, as usually happens to the man who does all the dirty work. I was chaffed by the mayor and the entire committee. However, six months later the laugh was on these members who had received the prince's gifts, for I was the recipient of an invitation from Prince Henry, by way of the British consul in Chicago, to be present at the coronation of his uncle, King Edward VII of England. This was one of the few invitations sent to America. Illness in my family prevented my acceptance.

Meanwhile my publishing business was growing by leaps and bounds, and I was anxious to branch out on a larger scale and enter into the publishing of compositions other than my own. I opened an office in the Ogden Building, corner of Clark and Lake streets, Chicago, and engaged a young man as manager who had formerly been employed by M. Witmark & Sons, music publishers in Chicago. His name was Abe Shiffman. Abe was an ambitious young chap, and I paid him a salary as well as a commission on all sales he made. He certainly hustled like a Trojan to make the office a success.

One of my biggest customers there at the time was the Western Book and Stationery Company. They also owned the music department in that large department store, The Fair.

Two weeks before Christmas I took a run down to see my manager, as the music business during the holidays is always quiet, owing to the fact that people are more interested in buying toys and Christmas gifts. I was trying to plan some method of keeping music before the public during the Yuletide season.

Inspiration and Perspiration

Shiffman introduced me to the manager of the Western Book and Stationery Company, a Mr. Brewer. He greeted me cordially and said that business in sheet music always fell off at that time of the year. I told him my reason for coming to Chicago was to devise some plan for increasing the sales of music.

He suggested that I write a song, and offered to insert it in a full-page advertisement in the Chicago Daily News. He would also advertise the song during the holiday season to be sold at fifteen cents a copy. The regular price at that time was fifty cents. Furthermore, he guaranteed to purchase 10,000 copies as an initial order at ten cents a copy.

My manager, Shiffman, looked at me with sparkling eyes, as this meant a handsome commission to him under our agreement. But I had no idea for a song at that time and thought it impossible to create one on the spur of the moment. Besides, if I did, it might be a waste of effort, as far as the public was concerned.

But Mr. Brewer was persistent, and was willing to chance the order together with the page advertisement under those circumstances.

While talking to him in his office my eyes fell upon a small oil painting hung on the wall. It represented a pastoral scene, a number of cows grazing in the fields.

Suddenly I exclaimed, "I have an idea, also a title for the new song—'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia."

I told them it concerned a young man residing in Virginia. He decided to journey North, where there would be better opportunities for him, leaving his mother and his sweetheart to wait for his return. After several years up North he became a successful business man, but forgot his home, mother and sweetheart. One day a little girl entered his office to sell him some flowers. Their sweet perfume reminded him of his old home in Virginia and the loved ones he had left behind, and he decided to return.

(Continued on Page 91)

Frigidaire—Guardian of Health—Keeps Foods Pure, Fresh and Wholesome

FRIGIDAIRE electric refrigeration insures *safe* foods for growing children and safeguards the health of the whole family. It preserves the purity, the freshness, the wholesomeness of all foods. And it preserves the flavor, too, making every dish that is prepared more appetizing and palatable.

Meats are kept fresh and untainted, their strength-giving qualities unimpaired. Ripe vegetables do not become over-ripe. Fruits are always firm and juicy. Lettuce is always crisp. Milk, cream, eggs and butter are as sweet and fresh as you could want them.

Add to these advantages the great convenience of Frigidaire, the fact that it ends forever any worries about outside ice supply, that it freezes ice cubes and desserts, that it has the dependability of all General Motors Products, and that its operation actually costs less than ice. You will see then why over one hundred thousand users are now enjoying Frigidaire.

There are twelve complete cabinet models of Frigidaire—and twenty models designed for converting the standard makes of ice-boxes into Frigidaire electric refrigerators. Frigidaire costs as little as $190, f. o. b. Dayton, and you may use the General Motors deferred payment plan if you wish. A nation-wide organization of over thirty-five hundred trained representatives is ready to serve you.

Write today for the free book which gives complete information about Frigidaire electric refrigeration.

Left-overs, after-school lunches, between-meal bites, are always cold, delicious, SAFE, if they come from Frigidaire.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. B-112, DAYTON, OHIO
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
The World's Largest Makers of Electric Refrigerators

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY,
Dept. B-112, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me full information about Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.

Name ....

Address ....

City .....

State .

Through *Forty Winters* It Has Proved — Thirst Knows No Season

Now fountains are open all the year, and it's served in bottles everywhere.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA GA.

Continued from Page 88

My imagination was certainly working overtime. When I had finished, the manager of the Western Book and Stationery Company said he believed this idea embodied in a song would certainly catch the public fancy.

I rushed from his office, with Shiffman tagging behind, caught the three o'clock train and arrived in Milwaukee some two hours later. I went immediately to my office and worked until nine o'clock that night, when I finished the song. The next day I sent for my arranger and requested him to take down the melody and make a complete piano copy and have it ready by six o'clock that evening. It usually took him three days to do this. In those days I was paying five dollars for a complete piano copy. Today the charges are from twenty-five to a hundred dollars. I added an extra ten dollars to his fee and he made a special effort to complete the manuscript that night. I then purchased a copy of that pastoral scene in a small picture shop and used it for the title page of 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia:

'Mid the green fields of Virginia,
In the vale of Shenandoah,
There's an ivy-covered homestead that I love;
With its quaint old-fashioned chimney
And its simple homelike air,
'Twas the home of my dear parents now above.
Though I'm living in a mansion grand,
With wealth at my command,
I'd give it all just for a single day,
To play with my young comrades
And see my mother dear,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

CHORUS:

There's a peaceful cottage there,
A happy home so dear;
My heart is longing for it day by day;
Where I spent life's golden hours
In the vale of Shenandoah,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

'Mid the green fields of Virginia
Stands an old mill by the stream,
And I'd come to that old spot to sing and play.
Ah, how often would I throw the stones
Into that babbling brook,
And I dreamed some day 'twould carry me away.
Yes, the dream came true. One day in June
I left the dear old home.
They told me mother's heart had broke that day.
Oh, if I could but see her,
I'd lay me down and die,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

A week before Christmas, 'Mid the Green Fields was completed and delivered to the Western Book and Stationery Company. I told my Chicago manager that I doubted whether they would be able to dispose of 10,000 copies. I really feared the result. Not only did they sell all the copies but they ordered an additional 100,000, which sold just as readily.

Cutting "The Green Fields"

I shall never forget an amusing incident in connection with this song. It was sung by so many professional singers that it proved tiresome to the audiences. It was during a rehearsal in the Olympic Theater in Chicago that a young lady singer handed a copy of it to Max Hoffman, the leader of the orchestra. He glanced at the title and then told her that the grass was growing so long in Virginia he was compelled to cut it. I hardly blamed Hoffman for eliminating that song at the time.

While all this prosperity was following me I did not forget the little Southern girl whom I had met at the ball in Chicago. We kept up our correspondence and were soon married at her home in Chicago. I purchased a home in Milwaukee and we settled down to a quiet domestic life—as quiet as the music-publishing business permitted.

I remember one morning at breakfast my wife called my attention to an interesting item in a newspaper. It was the story of a coal dealer in Chicago who had lost his wife, and was left with a little daughter, aged seven. As he was reading his evening paper his little girl, who had been playing with some wooden blocks close by, suddenly threw them aside and climbed on a chair so as to reach a telephone hanging on the wall.

Turning the small handle of the old-fashioned telephone then in use, she said, "Hello, Central, give me heaven, for my mamma's there."

Her father looked up from his paper in surprise. Her little face was all aglow with excitement as she answered, "Oh, yes, mumsy, I'll be very good to papa, and I'll never cry any more. Good-by, mamma." Then she blew a kiss into the telephone.

The explanation of this scene was that when the child's message came to the operator in the telephone exchange she was rendered speechless. She told the other girls to listen in, which they did.

"Gee! I don't know how to answer the kid," said the operator.

One of the girls said, "Just say you're her mother and console her. It will soothe her little heart."

Songs Plus Scenery

The father then took the little girl upon his knee and kissed her, and with a smile upon her face she fell asleep in his arms.

That story gave me the idea for one of the most popular child songs—Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven:

"Papa, I'm so sad and lonely,"
Sobbed a tearful little child,
"Since dear mamma's gone to heaven,
Papa darling, you've not smiled.
I will speak to her and tell her
That we want her to come home.
Just you listen and I'll call her
Through the telephone."

CHORUS:

"Hello, Central, give me heaven,
For my mamma's there.
You can find her with the angels
On the golden stair;
She'll be glad it's me who's speaking.
Call her, won't you, please?
For I want to surely tell her
We're so lonely here."

When the girl received this message,
Coming o'er the telephone,
How her heart thrilled in that moment,
And the wires seemed to moan.
"I will answer just to please her;
'Yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home.'"
"Kiss me, mamma, kiss your darling
Through the telephone."

I walked into a dime museum one night in Milwaukee and heard a young man sing a ballad. The manager told me this singer was from Denver, and his name was Joseph E. Howard. I met him after the show and, of course, tried to have him sing one of my new songs. I had just written Is Life Worth Living? This ballad contained three verses and three choruses, as was usual with the songs in those days.

I told Howard I was going to think up a new idea to exploit this song. Instead of having him come out and sing it in the ordinary way, it was my intention to illustrate it in some manner while he was singing it. I sent for the scenic artist who had painted the crude flamboyant scenery for the dime museum. I told him that I wanted three canvases painted to describe the choruses of the song Is Life Worth Living? For example, an old lady walking across the street was struck by an express wagon; as she lay dying she whispered, "Is life worth living?" In the last verse there was a wounded soldier upon a battlefield, and before he expired he also murmured, "Is life worth living?"

The scenic artist agreed to paint the curtains for the princely sum of twenty-five dollars, provided that I furnish the paint. A week later he delivered them. They were crude, but he had done his best under the circumstances. The paintings were placed on rollers and connected with a rope. The plan was to have Howard sing the first verse; then as he followed into the chorus a stage hand would lower one of the curtains and Howard would point dramatically toward the canvas. Howard rehearsed the song faithfully and sang it as described in the dime museum. To my complete surprise, the audience applauded this innovation enthusiastically.

I wrote Billy Rice, then manager of Haverly's Casino Theater, Chicago, that Joseph Howard was making a hit with illustrated song paintings. On the strength of my letter Howard was engaged and I anxiously awaited the verdict of the Chicago audience. I received a wire from Rice following Howard's opening, telling me that the illustrated songs were a big success.

I attended a lecture—a travelogue illustrated with stereopticon views—given by a minister in his church. After the lecture I approached the minister and inquired where he had procured the slides and the cost of them, as a new idea had occurred to me—to have actors pose for the pictures to illustrate my songs. He informed me that he had taken the photographs himself, then put them on glass; then they had been hand-colored by a Chicago transparency company which made a specialty of that kind of work. The next day I journeyed to Chicago and called upon this firm and outlined to them a theme for a new song, I Love Her Just the Same. I explained that I wanted slides made for the song after I had selected actors to pose in the scenes. They said that as soon as I had taken the photographs to send them to Chicago and from these they would make colored slides.

When I returned home I found a photograph gallery which the proprietor allowed me to use. I also procured the services of the Silvers, a well-known singing team playing in vaudeville. In order to get the Silvers to sing with these slides I told them I would furnish them a stereopticon machine; that Mrs. Silvers could manipulate it while her husband was doing the singing. This was agreeable to them. A week later, at the Alhambra Theater, the Silvers appeared with the illustrated song slides in their act. Needless to say, it proved a big novelty.

Singing to the Slides

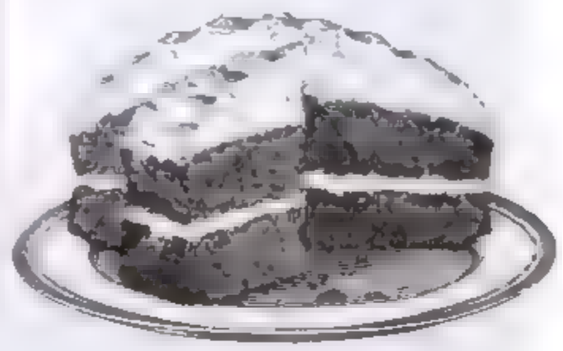
As I watched the first performance another thought came to me. There were many technical errors in that first set of slides that the public had overlooked but which failed to escape my notice. As the pictures were taken in the photographer's studio, the backgrounds were all painted—for example, a street scene, a church and a forest, as well as the interior of a home. In the street scene, in which the Silvers posed—which you will note elsewhere—they towered above the buildings like giants in a Lilliputian village. In those days double exposure and other photographic tricks were unknown.

In my next set of illustrated slides I mapped out the exterior scenes and situations exactly as they are shown in moving pictures today. I eliminated the studio. I wrote the continuity and used a real church, a lane and a beautiful park. I decided to engage a regular cast of actors to pose for this song, which was called One Night in June.

The Thanhauser Stock Company was playing in Milwaukee at that time; and Mr. Edwin Thanhauser, the manager, being a friend of mine, gave me permission to use the entire company. I explained to him that it would be a splendid advertisement for his company, as these slides would be shown in all the vaudeville theaters throughout the country, with the name of the Thanhauser Stock Company appearing upon each slide. He immediately recognized the advertising value of this novelty and told me the entire cast was at my disposal. By the way, a few years later this same Thanhauser became a motion-picture producer and retired with a fortune.

I distributed about 500 sets of the slides to singers of illustrated songs throughout the country; also a chorus slide, so that the audiences could join in and sing the song.

The Old Time Taste in a new LAYER CAKE



BRER RABBIT LAYER CAKE

Sift together 2 ½ cups flour with 2 tsps soda, 2 tsps ginger, 1½ tsps cinnamon, ½ tsp cloves ½ tsp nutmeg, and ½ tsp baking powder. Mix 2 beaten eggs with ¾ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup Brer Rabbit, and ¼ cup melted shortening. Add the dry ingredients, and lastly one cup hot strong coffee. Bake in a shallow pan. Put together with Mocha filling made this way. Whip 1 pt. cream stiff. Add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tbsp. coffee extract. Spread thinly between layers. Heap high on top.

AREN'T there times when the family craves something new and different—something that interests them, yet has a favorite flavor that they always want?

That's the time for a Brer Rabbit Layer Cake like this, with the tantalizing old-time molasses flavor that you loved in childhood.

You'll notice the difference in baking with Brer Rabbit; the uniform lightness and crispiness of your molasses cooking.

Delicious . . . and so good for you too. For it is rich in the mineral salts that doctors say we need. Just as well that it is! For once you open the can and the family savor that teasing delicious aroma — you'll find that they clamor for it every time!

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Two Grades: *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for eating and fancy cooking. *Green Label*—darker, with a stronger flavor.

FREE *Recipe Book*

Penick & Ford, Dept. 23
New Orleans, La.

Please send me my copy of the New Brer Rabbit Recipe Booklet, with 50 new recipes.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town State

ASK . . ANY . . RADIO . . ENGINEER

Burgess Batteries operate the receiving sets of radio-equipped mail planes

An every night adventure of Burgess Radio Batteries

ONE of the reasons why you should always buy Burgess Radio Batteries is that the batteries used by air-mail pilots—battleships—explorers—and the leading radio engineers—are evolved in the Burgess laboratories and manufactured in the Burgess factory.

These batteries are identical with the batteries sold by your dealer and thousands of other good dealers everywhere.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

I first located the desired scenes for the pictures, and engaged four funeral hacks to call for the actors at the theater. We were driven to the locations selected, where I posed the actors in the scene to fit the lines in the song, and photographs were taken. Let me tell you, not only was it a distinct change but it was the first artistic illustrated song slide flashed upon a canvas.

Naturally the popular-song publishers, who were then springing up in New York like mushrooms, grasped the idea immediately, and soon were having their ballads illustrated as well. They made one mistake. Instead of supervising the making of these songs themselves, they turned it over to the slide makers. When the slides were shown there was always something lacking. The public ridiculed many of these slides.

Martin Beck, president of the Orpheum Circuit, a very dear friend of mine, always had a preference for my song slides, because, as I gave them my personal attention, they were often far superior to the others. Beck went so far as to exclude all slides in his theater circuit but mine. I remember that many of the publishers of old classics scoffed at the idea, saying to me that it was only a fad and would soon pass away. They would never entertain the idea of having one of their ballads illustrated, as it would detract from the song.

However, I found it was the quickest and easiest way to popularize a ballad before the phonograph, player piano and radio came into existence. This so-called fad lasted for a score of years—until the advent of the moving pictures, which superseded the illustrated song slides, to my sorrow. From this it can readily be seen that the illustrated song was the forerunner of the motion picture.

My songs always told a story, incidents taken from life, and always contained a moral. The slides would follow one another in sequence. The chorus, of course, was reserved for the last, and the psychological result was that if the audience liked the melody they would really become interested in the scenes, and the chorus would find them all singing, which made the song very popular. Often within a week after the distribution of 500 sets of slides to the profession, a song would become a success. Today, with the slides discarded as old-fashioned, it needs more time and money to register a hit.

Both my New York and my Chicago offices were now in a flourishing condition, depending mostly upon my own compositions. After writing and publishing Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, there came a lull, for the reason that I had forgotten, in the excitement of making money, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I was feeling very much out of sorts, but did not consult a physician, thinking that I would feel better any day.

Three Flops in Succession

The business managers of my two offices were clamoring for me to write a new song to keep their commissions from stopping. So I wrote What Is a Home Without Love? I had illustrated slides made, professional copies printed and advertised it as usual in all the dramatic papers; but try as hard as we could, the dealers and the profession would have none of it, and proclaimed it a flop song.

Again I received word from my managers imploring me to write a hit. I then wrote Which Shall It Be?—a child number, which also proved a frost.

My managers were up in arms, fearing that other publishers, with their new songs, would soon overshadow us. I then wrote I Used to Know Her Years Ago. Joe Howard was singing illustrated songs in New York City at the time, and my New York manager, Mr. Cohen, asked him to take photographs of several of the most prominent places in New York to fit the slides of this song, which he did; and when the slides were shown they really were very beautiful—but all to no avail. There was something lacking—that little spark, as you may say, without which a song will never go over.

After that I consulted my family physician and after a thorough examination he advised me to lay off business at once and take a trip. He did not care where, but urged me to stay away at least two months; to eat, drink, smoke and be merry, but under no circumstances talk shop or write any songs. I visited as far east as Washington and as far south as Louisville, and had one great time. In fact, it was my first real vacation. Two months later I returned to my home in Milwaukee and found everything in good working order. I felt like a young race horse anxious to start.

While on my trip, in spite of the doctor's orders, I had jotted down several interesting incidents which had happened on the trip and which I felt I could utilize in new songs. Upon my return I consulted my little memorandum book and the first item which struck my fancy was that of a play I had witnessed in Cleveland called Young Mrs. Winthrop. The story was of a young society matron who attended a fashionable ball, leaving her little sick child at home, and the baby died while the mother was dancing. I titled the song While the Dance Goes On. I published it and within a few months it proved a wonderful hit.

From the Composer's Notebook

Again consulting my little book, I came across another item. While traveling on the train to New York a little girl and her father occupied a seat ahead of me. The man wore a black band around his sleeve. The little girl climbed upon his knee and, placing her arm about his neck, said, "Why are you sad, papa darling?" That gave me the idea for There'll Come a Time, which was launched in the usual way and also proved a big success.

I again consulted my little book and saw the item I had jotted down while in Indianapolis—my last stop before returning home. I had received a letter from my family wishing to know the exact time to expect me home. I then realized how I was longing to see their dear faces again. I wrote a song entitled I'm Wearing My Heart Away For You. I published this song and it proved another success.

It was then I received telegrams from both my managers to stop writing hits and give them a breathing spell, as it was almost a physical impossibility to do justice to the two other numbers, which were selling tremendously. I believe that I could have written a dozen hits that year if my managers had given me free rein.

My advice to anybody, not only to song writers, is not to try to write love ballads when suffering from indigestion.

Returning one day from a visit to my Chicago office, there were quite a few traveling men congregated in the smoking car. In this crowd was John Plankinton, who owned the Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, and his business partner, Philip D. Armour, the pork packer. They had been to Chicago, where they had attended a performance of the Metropolitan Opera Company, playing their first engagement at the Auditorium.

There was at that time a one-armed conductor on this train, traveling between Milwaukee and Chicago, who was very popular with all the traveling fraternity. After punching my ticket on this trip, the conductor turned to me and asked if I knew the gentlemen sitting opposite me, pointing to Plankinton and Armour. I replied that I knew who they were.

"I suppose they are the richest men in the West today," said the conductor.

Several of the traveling men also heard the conductor's remark.

One of them said, "I wish I had a part of their dough."

"Well," spoke up his friend, "suppose you did. What would you do with it?"

"Do?" said the first man. "I would help some of my poor relatives and friends."

Continued on Page 94

"Take her away Mike, *she's all fixed*"

...and *up* goes a locomotive like a bale of hay

When a locomotive needed some inside repairs, in the old days, the crew had to get out and get under. Now they run it into the shops and pick up the locomotive.

There is a traveling crane in the great C. B. & Q. shops out in Denver that can walk away with a 175-ton Mogul engine as though it were a keg of nails.

These shops were built to do big things in a big way. The steam hammers in the blacksmith shop crash out a tattoo with 5500 pounds behind every punch. The boilers in the power house are rated at 2000 horse power, under a chimney half as high as the Washington Monument.

Walworth material was used for the valves, fittings and fabricated pipe that hold in leash these gigantic forces. We shipped nine carloads of Walworth products out to Denver for this job—*and not a piece came back.*

"Whatever you build, you need Walworth"

You may be saying to yourself, "Why should I concern myself about valves and fittings? I'm not going to build a power house."

Making road repairs on an early American locomotive

Perhaps not, but even if you never build anything bigger than a bungalow you ought to know who makes and furnishes the right kind of valves and fittings that you will want for your plumbing lines and heating system.

Walworth has been manufacturing practically every kind of valve and fitting for every kind of piping installation since steam, water, gas, oil and air went to work for America.

One standard of quality governs the making and testing of all the thousands of Walworth items. One company, Walworth, assumes the responsibility for their satisfactory service.

These are the practical advantages of specifying "Walworth throughout" —and sticking to it.

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IT'S *ALL* WORTH-IF WALWORTH

"Whatever You Build You Need Walworth"

(Continued from Page 92)

"That is a good wish," said the other fellow. "But, nevertheless, money is not everything in this world. If I knew my wish would be granted I would wish I was a child again at my mother's knee."

Better Than Gold

The conductor listened to this conversation and then he said, "Boys, your wishes are very good; but I would wish for health and prosperity through the years that I am to live, for my baby, wife and home."

"You win," said the first traveling man, handing him a cigar.

That gave me the idea for Better Than Gold, or Three Wishes:

In a Pullman palace smoker
Sat a number of bright men.
You could tell that they were drummers;
Nothing seemed to trouble them.
When up spoke a handsome fellow,
"Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage,"
Said a bright knight of the grip.
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true.
We will give friend Bob the first chance;
He's the oldest gathered here."
Then they listened to a wish that's always new.

FIRST CHORUS:

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee;
Just to hear her sing the same old melody;
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy;
Just to kiss her lips again;
Just to have her fondle me with tender care;
Just to feel her dear soft fingers through my hair.
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers,
Not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling,
There was no man spoke a word.
For the memories of their childhood days
Had touched their dear kind hearts,
When as children they had play'd at mother's knee.
Then at last the spell was broken
By another traveling man.
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing,
So dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave."

SECOND CHORUS:

"Just enough of gold to keep me all my days;
Just enough with which some starving soul to save;
Just enough I wish to help me on my way;
Just enough to happy be;
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again;
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain.
You may wish for many things, but all in vain.
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor passing through the train,
Stopped in the smoking car.
He had grown quite interested
In the stories told so far.
"Please excuse my interruption,
But I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true.
Yet there is a wish that's dearer,
Better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say.
'Tis a longing that is in my heart
Each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way."

THIRD CHORUS:

"Just to open wide my little cottage door
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor;
Just to feel that I have something to adore;
Just to be at home again;
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear;
Just to know my darling wife is standing near.
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

I now made arrangements to take photographs for the illustrations of Better Than Gold. The first essential thing was to get a Pullman car, as the principal scenes were to be taken therein. I first went to see the passenger agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

"Impossible, my dear Harris," said he. "It would be a good advertisement for your song, but I cannot see where it would help our road any. Good day."

That did not discourage me. There is always some man higher up in the railroad business, the same as in politics. So I tackled John A. Hinsey, general superintendent of the road, located in the Union Station, Milwaukee.

After a great deal of patient waiting I was ushered into the great man's presence. He was a grim old Irishman who had risen from the ranks and who knew the railroad business from A to Z. He was one of the kindest men that ever lived, but you would not know it judging from his gruff voice and grim manner.

The Song in the Smoking Car

I laid my proposition before him and said, "I saw a model of your new train which is to make a fast run between Chicago and Minneapolis daily."

This was the first fast train, long before the Twentieth Century was put on between New York and Chicago. He arose from his chair, his eyes aglearn, and walked over to where a model of the train was standing and looked at it with pride. It was beautiful, and I stood there admiring it for a few moments.

"Young man," said he, "this train is going to revolutionize the railroad business, and the Milwaukee road will get the credit. What do you think of it?"

"Great!" said I, and I meant it. "See here, Mr. Hinsey, is that car ready yet?"

"It will be in the yard on Sunday next, complete, where it will be shown all day to visitors."

"Will you allow me," said I, "to have my photographer take a picture of the train as she stands, and also use the interior of the smoking car?"

Trials and Tribulations

I explained why, and told him that the slides would be shown in every vaudeville theater, not alone in this country but in Europe as well, and that the name upon the train, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, would be flashed and read by millions of people. He wrote an order immediately to the yardmaster to allow me the use of the car as well as the one-armed conductor.

"Be there around nine A.M., as the yard will be opened to visitors at noon," said Mr. Hinsey.

I met four traveling men who were stopping at the Plankinton House and explained to them what I wanted. I notified my photographer, and Sunday morning we took the pictures for Better Than Gold. The photographer took a photograph of the outside of the train and then photographed the interior.

I procured the well-known singers of illustrated songs, the Silvers, who were soon to play the Alhambra Theater, Milwaukee. I sent them a set of slides to Chicago and told them to learn the song and put it on the following week in my home town. I then sent invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Hinsey, as well as the one-armed conductor and his family, also to several officials of the Milwaukee road, asking them to be my guests at the theater the opening night to hear the song. I sat directly back of my guests that night, unknown to them.

When it came to the Silvers, there flashed upon the white sheet, "A new song written by your popular townsman, Mr. Charles K. Harris, entitled Better Than Gold." The first scene flashed was the beautiful train, all lit up. It received a wonderful ovation. As the song proceeded the scene of the interior of the smoking car was flashed, where the traveling men were all seated, smoking and chatting. The one-armed conductor entered; he was recognized by the audience and received a round of applause The song was a veritable success. After its rendition the officials of the road crowded around to congratulate me, saying it was one of the best advertisements their road had ever received.

My trials and tribulations while trying to procure original slides for my various songs in those days were terrific. Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven was a problem for me at the time, as I was receiving a great many requests for those slides. My first intention was to paint the interior of a telephone exchange and place the girl operators, sitting on chairs, before the telephone board; but it did not seem quite natural to me. So I went to see the manager of the Milwaukee Telephone Company and asked him to allow the use for a short while of the telephone room to take some photographs—and was turned down cold.

He said, "My dear Mr. Harris, the working of this exchange is a secret and must so remain to all outsiders."

"What is the great secret?" said I. "Do you think I'll steal the patents?"

"Not exactly, but no outsiders are ever admitted into the operators' room under any circumstances."

The following Saturday I was invited to attend a farewell dinner given to a very dear Chicago friend of mine who was sailing shortly for Europe, to be given at the Lakeside Club. Sitting beside me at the dinner was Sol Bloom, our present congressman, who was then a music publisher in Chicago and a very dear and close friend of mine. Sitting next to me on the other side was a distinguished-looking gentleman who was interested in my conversation with Bloom, as naturally when publishers get together they talk shop.

"What is your newest song?" said Sol.

"Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," said I.

"Good title," said Sol. "What's it about?"

I told him the story, also explained to him the troubles I was having to procure the interior scene of a telephone exchange for the taking of the pictures for the slides.

A Fair Exchange

The gentleman beside me then turned to me, saying, "I beg your pardon, but are you Mr. Harris, the author and publisher?"

"Yes," said I.

"My daughter sings a great many of your songs. I like them because they are clean and wholesome."

"Thank you," I replied.

"What about the telephone exchange? I heard part of your conversation with Mr. Bloom."

I explained to him.

"Why, that's simple. When would you like to use it?"

"Why, tomorrow morning if possible."

"All right," said he. "How about ten o'clock?"

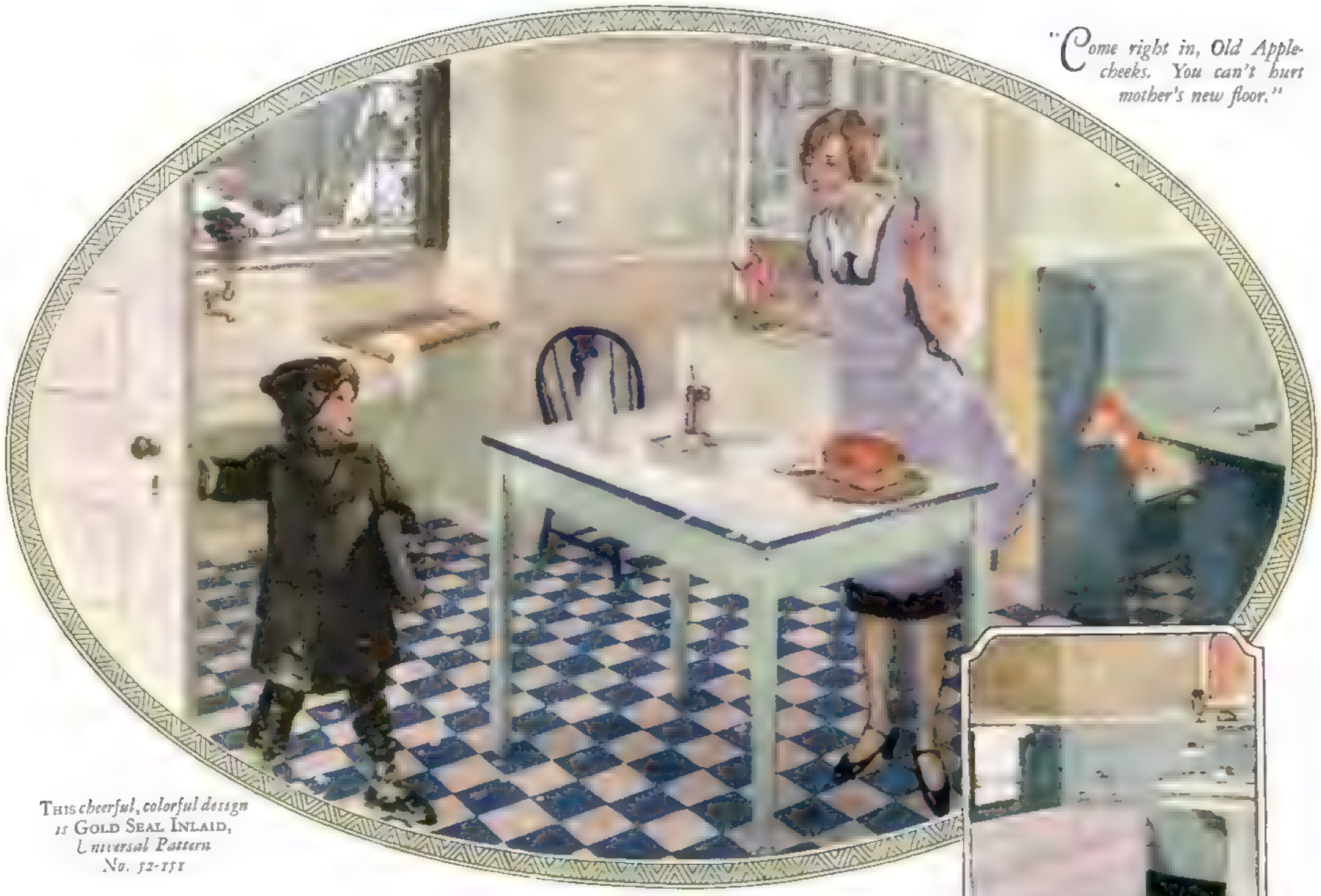
"And you will fix it for me?"

"Certainly," said he, handing me his card. He was an officer of the Chicago Telephone Company. I almost fell out of my chair. "Don't thank me. I ought to thank you. I think it a wonderful advertisement and am surprised your Milwaukee exchange did not grant you this courtesy."

I was there bright and early the following morning. They had some beautiful girls, who were delighted with the idea of sitting for their pictures. Under my direction they posed exactly the way I asked them to, with the result that when the slides of that scene were flashed it always drew a big round of applause. I knew the audience appreciated realism in a song, a story or a play. This song, with slides, was first introduced by Al Jolson, under the team name of Jolson and Moore, and how that boy could sing it even at that time!

Princess Louise Inlet, British Columbia

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.



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TRADE MARK

MAN ALONE

(Continued from Page 25

lash across his face. The smart took him out of himself and finally calmed him by carrying him back to the beginning of memory when he had ridden the roads on his father's shoulder.

Ever since he had started watching her, Janie had been less sure to run across to his private workshop whenever she saw his figure stepping off the bridge and then striding along the path to the oyster-shell mound. But there came a day when she wished she had not sat still at her window. Her eyes stared at something they had never before seen on that path—a well-dressed woman, picking her way carefully, as if every mud puddle were a bottomless pit, and leading a child. It was too far away to recognize more than that she was no workman's wife. As she disappeared into the glasshouse Janie arose swiftly and stood trembling, one hand holding to the back of the chair and the other raised to her throat.

She was frightened at the suddenness with which her sense of well-being had turned into a distress that threatened to suffocate her. She started toward the door, thinking she would run across the flats as fast as her legs would carry her; but stopped and turned, flushing with the thought of the shame which would overcome her at breaking in on Torquay and the stranger. She sat down again, her hands locked together, and remembered that in all the years of their marriage he had never looked at another woman. Suddenly she realized that what she was now feeling he must have felt with much more reason every time she had made deliberate allusion to Mr. Malcolm. She had been wicked; she had tormented him to feed her own emotions. It would serve her right—— She began to cry; but she would have been comforted could she have seen the surprise on Torquay's face as he greeted Mrs. Jake Damon.

She was a woman of about his own age, thin and angular in appearance and gesture but with a spirited face and of excellent carriage. Rumor had it that her wit had once been as sharp as her elbows, but years of battling with a drunken husband and crumbling fortunes had long since blunted her tongue and brought a twitching affection to her mouth which forced her to limited and deliberate speech.

"I went to see your father on a matter of business and he referred me to you."

Torquay led her into the mold room, where he had fitted up one corner with a desk and two chairs. Although they had doubtless passed each other many times on the streets since that day when he had been carrying Janie's trunk on his shoulder, and she had cried out to her children, "That's not Janie; you never saw that girl!" he could not remember consciously to have seen her. Now she was so changed as to seem another woman, and he found it quite impossible to resurrect the rage he had then felt. He motioned her to a chair and seated her child, a boy of four, on a box at her side.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"That's the classical opening, isn't it?" she said slowly, as if forcing herself to feel at ease. "Well, I'm going to surprise you; I'm going to tell you at once what you can do for me. You can buy the Damon house on Lion Hill."

It was beyond Torquay's power to avoid betraying how well she had succeeded in startling him. An involuntary smile lit up his heavy face for an instant, making it almost boyish, and then a frown as suddenly clouded his brows.

"You have surprised me," he said quietly. "How much do you want for it?"

"There's a mortgage of five thousand. I want eight thousand over and above the mortgage, and excluding the gardener's house."

He thought for some time before he spoke again.

"Excluding the gardener's house?"

"Yes; we must have some place to live." His frown deepened and she went on: "It's quite large enough, now that Gwen is married and Robert at college. He'll hardly want to come back here."

That she should speak thus familiarly of her children had a strange effect on Torquay. She might have said "My daughter and my son," but she had not, perhaps even to her own surprise. It was as though her instinct had recognized not only a situation in which she was perforce a suppliant but a common ground where two minds of unusual directness had chanced to meet.

"I shouldn't think Jake would stand for it," said Torquay presently, thinking aloud.

"Jake has nothing to do with the arrangement," continued Mrs. Damon with a sudden twitching of the corners of her mouth that forced her to pause. "His father lived long enough to leave the property completely in my hands."

There was a long silence before she went on in so easy a manner that she did not seem to be presenting an argument:

"The gardener's house stands on a triangle of land by itself, cut off from the main house by the cedars. I should wish to own the cedars. You would scarcely know we were your neighbors."

A sardonic curve came to Torquay's lips at those words and he flashed a look at her as if he had caught her in a slip, but her eyes met his unwaveringly. She had inferred that no money could buy him past those cedars and she did not retract.

"Thirteen thousand dollars is a lot of money in this town," he said finally.

"The land alone would soon be worth that, if I could wait," she answered; "but you and I are probably the only ones who realize it. It's something else that's bothering you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, frankly startled.

"I mean you're not worrying about the price."

He laid his hands on the desk before him in a gesture which seemed to suggest both strength and surrender. She knew at once that whatever he might say would be as final as doomsday.

"You're right," he said. "If you will move out with nothing but your distinctly personal effects and leave the house as it stands, I will give you twenty thousand dollars in cash, over and above the mortgage."

"So that's it," she said quickly, wincing in her turn from the blow, and then settling back to think, her thin hands locked on her knees.

The child on the box grew restless, climbed down and went to her.

"I want to go now," he declared.

She brushed him aside.

"Don't, Ralph; don't bother mother."

He left her, stared at Torquay speculatively for a moment, and then approached him boldly. Strangely enough, though a late comer and born under conditions which are supposed seriously to handicap offspring, he was in every regard the finest of the three Damon children. It was as though the banked fires of motherhood, overcoming every weaker factor, had molded an image of Eloise Damon's individual aspiration rather than the chance product of a partnership. Ralph was sturdy, straightforward, good to look at—the embodiment of his mother's spirit and the darling of her heart.

He laid his hand on Torquay's rocklike knee and looked up expectantly, but Torquay did not meet his glance, nor did the knee show any signs of life. Ralph started on a tour of the mold room. He found a crank and turned it, nothing exciting happened. He came on a clay die left to set in a box and dragged it toward him. It fell with a crash from the workbench, narrowly missing his toes, and the clay scattered over the floor in fragments. He looked around with a gasp, his mouth wide open, ready to bawl his grief if grief were necessary; but neither the big man at the desk nor his mother had moved.

Her brows were drawn so closely together that only a deep line separated them. She was going over in her mind, one by one, all the treasures which generations of Damons had gathered about them and that now Torquay, the son of Thomas Strayton—heaven save the mark!—proposed to take over wholesale. Then she began to think of all the things she had always hated, of accumulations of years on end of gifts, of bundles of rubbish awaiting in the huge attic the era of the rummage sale. As she thought on these her frown gradually smoothed out and was replaced by a very small but indubitably wicked smile.

"You have bought the Damon place," she said, rising. "What do you consider distinctly personal effects?"

"I leave that entirely to your sense of honor," replied Torquay promptly.

She nodded—"Because you know it would coincide with your own."

On those words she went out, dragging the now reluctant Ralph with her, and without bothering to make formal apology for the damage he had done. A direct woman, thought Torquay, a woman almost too thin to hold a black core. You couldn't break open a strip of rawhide, or even smash it. He had a strange feeling that he had been talking not only to a man but to his equal. She had not offered to shake hands on their bargain, and yet there had been no pointed omission, no awkward jar, for her parting words had contained all the implications of a handclasp. He was still Torquay Strayton, the upstart; and she still Eloise Damon, the essence of a passing age. But she could recognize a point of coincidence with a casualness which amounted almost to the acknowledgment of a bond.

The purchase of the Damon Glassworks seventeen years before by Thomas Strayton had been sudden enough in all conscience; but the clamor it had aroused was a mere chirp in comparison with the clacking of tongues which broke forth when it became known that between the rising and the setting of one day's sun, what was left of the Damon family had moved into their gardener's cottage and the entire Strayton establishment into the imposing mansion on Lion Hill.

The lawyers who attended to the details of the transaction had kept their mouths barred even against the temptation of the conjugal ear, and the peculiar terms had made a mock of the old saying that three movings equal a fire. Just as the Damons left behind them all the trappings of a tenure of generations, so did the Straytons abandon, lock, stock and barrel, the fixtures and miserable sticks of furniture which for so long had cluttered the house overlooking the flats. Up to the moment of their desertion, the haphazard arrangement of these crude household effects had seemed unreasonable; but now it assumed a deep meaning. It seemed as if years of disorder had been pointing with a rigid finger at this day and hour.

Mega arrived ahead, with Jim Balden, Thomas' coachman, and the trunks. She accepted the change with sardonic silence, tinged to the verge of betrayal with joy upon beholding the glories of the new kitchen. But Janie had not been able to repress a cry as the buggy into which she, Torquay and his father were crowded turned in at the familiar gate she had never passed since the day of her marriage. Struck too deeply with the humor of the situation to weaken its flavor with words, Torquay had merely told her to pack all her things for a journey. Of course, she guessed they were moving, and even that they were abandoning everything except their clothes, but nothing had been said which might arouse a suspicion that she was going back as nominal mistress to the house she had left in disgrace as a nursemaid.

On the evening of the day Eloise Damon had made her call, Thomas Strayton had raised one bushy eyebrow to Torquay across the table and Torquay had nodded his head; not a word was said. The old man had not bothered to ask the price of the purchase then or later. Money had never held any absorbing interest for him, and lately it had become such a nuisance to trouble with it that Torquay wrote all the checks and kept his father supplied with cash as perfunctorily as an indulgent uncle might keep his nephew in funds.

Though neither of them ever hinted at it, the truth was that Thomas Strayton had become a figurehead and was rapidly approaching the point where a pipe and a bench in the sun would represent all that money could buy. One thing alone bothered him—he wanted to live long enough to see his prophecy fulfilled in regard to Janie. If he prayed at all it was to ask that she might prove faithless before he died.

He must, however, have felt some deep emotion when Torquay stopped the horses at the front door of the Damon house. Under that portico Burk Damon had come out one early morning in answer to the summons of a complete stranger. It was beneath these old trees that he and Burk had walked, stood and talked, master and workman. Here they had closed the first deal whereby Thomas Strayton was to supply sand to the Damon glassworks. What had intervened between that day and this? An era; everything and nothing. Where was the victory unless he could stand as he had stood on that day with the blood chugging in his veins like the engine in a tugboat and his huge hands itching to get back to three men's work?

He stepped out of the buggy as if he were a young man—a well man. His stick clattered to the ground. His bad leg sank under him and he would have fallen flat if Janie had not thrown her arms around him and supported him in a grotesque position, one knee on the ground, the other leg straggled out to one side. Torquay leaped down so suddenly that the horses took fright and bolted.

A moment later came the sound of the buggy smashing to splinters on one of the stone pillars of the gateway, but none of the three heard it.

"Torque!" bellowed the old man. "Damn that leg! Put it under me again."

Mega and Jim came running from within the house to help carry Thomas to the room that had once been Burk Damon's. They laid him on the great mahogany bed, propped him high on the pillows and straightened him out. He asked for his stick, and when it was brought to him, before anyone could guess what he meant to do, he hit his bad leg a tremendous blow.

"What are you doing?" cried Torquay angrily.

"It's all right," said the old man quietly as he laid the stick aside. "I just wanted to make sure the thing was there, and it isn't."

To his other ills he had added a broken ankle. The doctors speculated as to whether the fracture would ever knit, and within a few days he became a subject of closer human interest than in all the years he had passed in Hopetown. Mega acquired a helper of her own choosing, and nurses followed each other in rapid succession, for he was still an enormously heavy man and otherwise mean to handle. But at last came Miss Ball, and from the moment she entered the room he was content. He saw that here was a woman who could give him a fight any time he wanted it, even if he should get back the use of his withered leg. Within two days she rang for Mega for twenty minutes on end. At last the colored woman flung open the door and came in, her face gray with anger.

(Continued on Page 101)

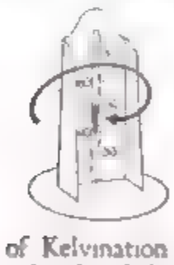
Ice Every Day

or—

Kelvinator

— just once

The Zone of Kelvination



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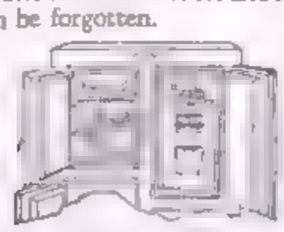
Kelvinator chills the refrigerator electrically. The annoyance of ice and ice delivery can be forgotten.



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(184)

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

GRAHAM

Builders of Prosperity

The bulwark of America's prosperity is the strength and diversity of her manufacturing enterprises.

Ten million employes, with twenty million dependents, compose the army that maintains our unchallenged right to supremacy of the industrial world.

Back of this supremacy is America's native skill—and the inherent ambition to excel! No nation produces a uniformly better line of products. Nowhere is there a higher standard of wages and equipment.

Automatically, these high standards of equipment created a large and growing market for Graham Brothers Trucks in the manufacturing field. For they are built to meet such standards, built to excel in all the essentials of satisfactory hauling —in dependability and length of life, in appearance, comfort and ease of handling.

Beyond these attributes is the crowning advantage of a price so low that it can not be ignored by anyone seeking to reduce his haulage costs.

GRAHAM BROTHERS

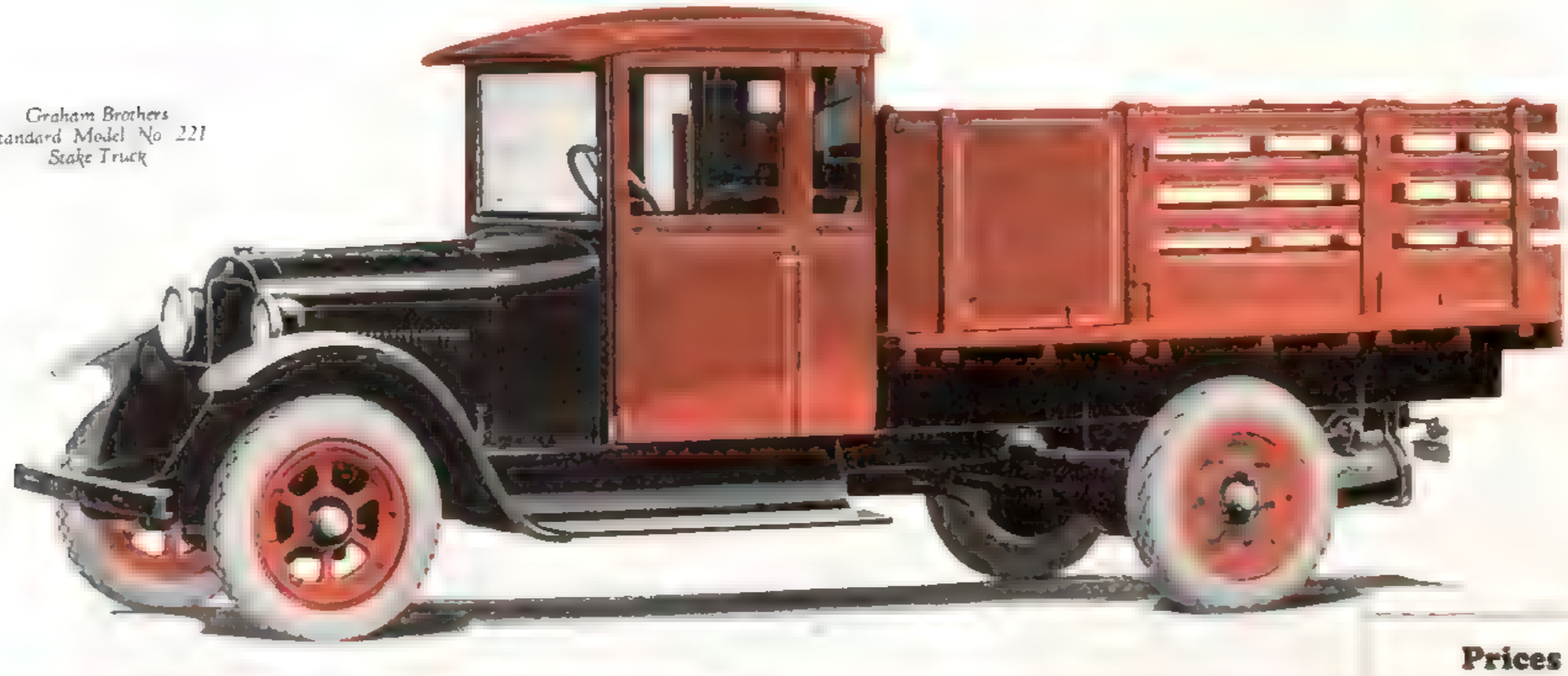
Evansville — DETROIT — Stockton

A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS INC

GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—TORONTO ONTARIO

BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE



Graham Brothers
Standard Model No. 221
Stake Truck

Prices furnished by any Dodge Brothers Dealer

Master Builders They Are!

IN ALMOST every community you can find experienced home-builders who place a pride-mark of workmanship in every home they build.

Master builders they are, creators of homes which testify season after season to their skill. They do not slight workmanship or materials; they put investment value into a home; they know that comfort must be as great a consideration as cost, and that comfort-construction actually, in the long run, is most economical.

They build those homes which grow old gracefully.

It is not strange that the master builder demands the best materials. Loyal these better builders have been to Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products, their experiences having taught them the construction value and economy of these products of a half-century-old company. Long-Bell products are made to give maximum building value.

Seek the best builder you can find. Ask him, and the retail lumber dealer, about Long-Bell trade-marked products. Let them aid you in building permanence and comfort into your home.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BLDG. *Lumbermen Since 1875* **KANSAS CITY, MO.**

—and they find Long-Bell Douglas Fir highly satisfactory in construction.

It is such men as these master builders who will give the strongest endorsements of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir lumber and timbers—men who *know* lumber. By every possible means the Long-Bell management endeavors to produce Douglas Fir lumber of unsurpassed uniform quality—and trade-marks every piece as a means of identification to the user.

By actual usage these master builders approve, too, of Long-Bell trade-marked oak flooring. Some of the best known floor layers in the country have found this flooring so dependable, durable and economical to lay and finish, that they use no other oak flooring. A booklet, "The Perfect Floor," will be sent any prospective builder on request.

Doors of unusual beauty which cost less to fit, mortise and hang than any other door—such is the *proved* record of the Long-Bell all-California-white-pine door. A descriptive pamphlet available for the asking.

Long-Bell pioneered in trade-marking lumber products so that you might *know the lumber you buy*. Only consistent uniform quality could maintain the value of this trade-mark.

To Shippers of Merchandise

Shipping containers made of wood insure dependable delivery of goods, a fact proved by shipping statistics.

LONG-BELL
Trade-Marked LUMBER

Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors; Box Shooks.

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 96)

"The girl's out; what do you want?" she asked with measured insolence, her glaring eyes fastened banefully on Miss Ball.

"I'll tell you what I want in a minute; but first let me say this: You're a colored woman, a servant, and you're growing old fast. You've had an easy time in this family and you can keep on having it to the end of your life if you answer that bell as fast as your legs will carry you. If you don't I'll throw you out myself and your rags after you."

"Did you hear her, Mr. Strayton?" whispered Mega. Her voice was as sibilant as the sharpening of a knife on a stone.

"I did," gasped Thomas, shaken with Herculean mirth, "and I guess you did too."

"Well," said Miss Ball sharply, "will you stay or won't you?"

A long pause, and then Mega answered quietly, "I'll stay, Miss Ball."

There was another who had heard. Attracted by the violent ringing of the bell, Janie had slipped out of her room and stood listening. She saw Mega come out, walking very erect but with the blank look of a somnambulist in her once baleful eyes.

"Oh!" thought Janie with a sharp constriction of her throat. "Why couldn't I have done that long ago?" But it never entered her head to serve Miss Ball as Miss Ball had served Mega.

The big house had produced a strange effect on her. She knew all its rooms and they had remained so unchanged that she remembered them as if she had been absent only for a day. And yet she was more than a stranger; she was an interloper. She flitted from apartment to apartment and from floor to floor like a wraith. She would take up some lovely book to read and sink into a comfortable chair. Presently she would hear Gwen scream in a tantrum or Robert cry out with pain. She could even imagine Mrs. Jake Damon entering in the glory of her trim bonnet and tight bodice above an ocean of billowing skirts, to stand transfixed at finding her sitting in that chair. She could hear her amazed yet modulated voice—"Why, Janie, you seem very much at home. Did you think you were in a lunatic asylum?"

That's the sort of thing she would have said, thought Janie, up on her feet without knowing how she got there, her legs trembling and the book fallen from her lap to the floor.

She forgot she was a woman almost forty years old. Indeed, she looked like a girl as she ran up the stairs to what had once been the nursery, and then higher and higher until she climbed into the attic.

She had gone there to cry in the first fit of homesickness she had ever known. The attic, too, was unchanged. She looked hopefully toward a corner, where a huge bag made of ticking into which generations of Damons had been wont to thrust discarded costumes had half stood and half hung from a low rafter. It was still there. As on that other day, she ran to it, sank to her knees and threw her arms around it.

XIV

WHEN the shutters were closed at the old Damon place on Lion Hill everyone jumped to the conclusion that Thomas Strayton at last was dead. Even before the undertaker's rig, bound on a preliminary call to make arrangements, had turned in between the two red stone pillars which supported the huge balls of half-baked glass, the news had reached Striker's drug store, the heart of the city.

"I thought so," said Chet Griswold "When I seen Bert Blakeley dressed up in his black hat and Prince Albert, I could tell by his smile he hadn't no pauper funeral on his mind."

"Well, if it's really Thomas is dead," said Ed Bristol thoughtfully, "I can tell you where he's gone."

"So can I."

"Me too!"

"You're all wrong," resumed Ed testily. "Quick guessers generally is wrong. Where he's gone is to pick on Burk Damon. If Burk went to heaven, that's where Tom has arranged to go—at least for a spell."

They all laughed.

"I guess he'll get back as good as he sends, wherever they come up with each other."

The talk continued in this strain for half an hour, and then came to a stop so abruptly that the silence was almost as violent as a thunderclap. Nobody had had time to call the attention of anybody else to what all saw simultaneously through the large show window which was never used to display goods to an extent that would obstruct the view.

Bert Blakeley, returning from his preliminary professional call, was driving by, and beside him sat Thomas Strayton himself. He had been laid up for a long while, and yet no one had ever spoken of him as an invalid, perhaps because the public mind had a premonition that when he was thought dead he would do some such stunt as this.

The old man was looking particularly spruce in spite of the loose hang of his rough tweeds and the age of his flat-topped hard felt hat. With these long-familiar objects as an index, it was easy to remember his square-toed congress boots and his frosty blue eye—no frostier, however, than the foam of snow-white whiskers which covered his chin and jaws, increasing the redness of his cheek bones.

Theirs was no surface color. It glowed from deep beneath the skin as if it had been burned in, annealed, and then glazed. At the moment of passing, his shoulders were squared and his hands folded over the head of his stout stick—more of a club than a cane. He knew quite well that the group of men in Striker's would be talking about him; he even knew what they had inevitably thought and had just been saying. It was for no other reason that he had forced Miss Ball to dress him early in his best attire and had sat waiting for a long hour, ready to accompany Bert Blakeley back through town.

"See 'em, Bert?" he murmured through tightly held lips. "Thought it was me that was dead. That's what they thought."

"You fooled 'em again, Tom," agreed Mr. Blakeley cheerfully.

There was no note of hope long deferred in his voice. He was thinking the old man couldn't last forever for all his bluster, and that the totally unexpected demise in the big house on Lion Hill had been something in the nature of a windfall to the Blakeley establishment; almost in the class of unearned increment. Over and above that, it contained such a titbit of news as seldom drops in the path of even the most select undertaker. So this was why nobody had seen Janie Tilwell for five months. Eighteen years married, and then this. Though she had been Mrs. Torquay Strayton for all that time, he still thought of her as Janie Tilwell.

Black clouds were piling up in the west and then sweeping in an even gray blanket high over the town. While the buggy was headed east Mr. Blakeley did not notice the advancing storm; but upon turning to approach his establishment through Dean Street he was startled to find it almost upon them.

"I got no curtains, Tom. I guess we'd better head straight back for your place."

"What for?" demanded Thomas. "Do you think a little rain can hurt me?"

"Yes, I do," said Bert frankly. "I've seen it hurt stronger and younger men than you."

"You never knew a stronger man than I am," said Thomas, and from the waist up he was telling the truth. "I could throw you out of this buggy with one hand."

"I know you could," agreed Bert hastily, "but ——"

He closed his mouth and eyes instinctively, as a wall of dust, twigs, bits of shingles, leaves, branches, and even small pebbles swept down upon them. The horses reared and plunged until a deluge of rain steadied them with its familiar feel. In a moment both he and Thomas were soaked to the knees and the cushion on which they sat was rapidly becoming a puddle.

"Jump out!" shouted Ed. "Get into the office."

"I can't jump out, you fool," growled Thomas, "and it would take four of you to lift me. Take me home."

It was all Bert could do to turn the nervous horses in the narrow space, but once he had succeeded he gave them their heads. As they tore up Main Street in the teeth of the storm the rain drove into the buggy in a solid mass and drenched its occupants from head to foot. Cold to the marrow of his bones, his teeth rattling in spite of all he could do, Thomas was lifted out and carried to his room. A mustard bath, followed by a steaming toddy of double strength, hot-water bottles and three blankets topped by a down quilt soon restored him to the point of absolute comfort. But the core of strength within his great frame was broken and he knew it. When the others had left the room he motioned to Torquay to remain.

Torquay was just coming out of a daze. Never had he received such a numbing blow as Janie's death in childbirth, not even on that day when his father had swung him off his feet and knocked him unconscious against the sycamore tree. Of course he had known her condition, but only vaguely. Suspicion had scarcely hardened into conviction. In a manner of speaking he had deliberately put off knowing about how it was with her, yielding to a false shame. Ostrichlike he had hidden his head and fooled himself into thinking the planets would stand still in their courses while he kept his eyes shut. She herself had done much to blind him to the passing of the days. Only in that house where everyone, servants and masters alike, minded their own business in a state of perennial silence, could Janie, unnoticed, have gone about her amateurish preparations for an event which should usher in the apotheosis of all her daily visions.

Totally ignorant of the danger she was incurring, and unconscious of one of the commonest of the phenomena of human life, she looked upon her delayed fertility as manna sent from heaven in answer to her prayers. Her attitude before the miracle was a pitiful mixture of childishness and sublime mysticism. By a single stroke she was to be lifted out of nonentity into prominence; in the small world which had all but ignored her presence, she was to be raised on a pinnacle whence she could look down disdainfully on Mega, Miss Ball, and even on the terrible Thomas. Torque himself must at last step out from the shadow of a lifetime of confused misconception and behold her crowned as the mother of his child. She was going to surprise everybody as thoroughly as mysterious forces had surprised herself.

These thoughts, strongly tinged with the simplest elements of revenge, came first; but they were succeeded by others which raised her bodily out of the plane of vindication into the rarefied atmosphere of a living dream. More than ever she became an unseen person, withdrawn into herself and wrapped in absolute comfort and an indescribable sense of peace. It had been easy to stay out of Torquay's way, for since the day she had seen Mrs. Jake going to his workshop and had realized what he had suffered from her allusions to Malcolm, she had refrained from arousing him.

Inevitably Miss Ball had suspected the truth, but all her experience had not been enough to warn her of the imminence of the event. She resented what she took for reticence in Torquay and regarded Janie's secretiveness with scorn. Let them put it off as long as they dared, they would both have to come running to her in the end. It never entered her head that these people, outwardly so mature, were as ignorant as two children throwing stones at a landslide.

Perhaps the greatest single factor in Janie's utter content during those secretive days was the change which appeared to her to have come over the house. From the moment she knew she was going to have a

(Continued on Page 103)

Don't wait until you

Sneeze!

Start working on a cold before you catch one

A-CHOO-O!

This is Nature's warning that a cold is on the way.

That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty—the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Cleanses, soothes, heals

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*. The reason is that alkaline solutions are especially *cleansing* and counteract acid conditions.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Make up your mind today that you are going to enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes.

And, what is most important, it keeps the membrane of nose, mouth and throat in sound, vigorous condition. Thus it gives you added days of precious health and comfort.

INSIST ON

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

© 1927, K. & O. Co.

FREE Liberal Sample

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
561 Pearl Street, Dept. 1-D1
New York City.

Send me free of charge a trial bottle of Glyco-Thymoline.

Name

Address

THE lad who early learns something about that fine business of keeping clean and fit is well started on the road to manliness. In countless homes the first station on that road is the bathroom with Kohler fixtures. There is inspiration in fixtures such as these—in their strong, graceful lines; in their immaculate whiteness. Your plumber will tell you that the name "Kohler" faintly fused in their snowy enamel is the mark of highest quality *at no higher cost.* Write for Booklet E.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. • *Branches in Principal Cities*

The Seal of Kohler Village

Architects and town planners come from all parts to study this unusual village, where Kohler plumbing fixtures and private electric plants are made

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 101)

baby it had become her friend. Whenever she wandered through its quiet rooms, wherever she sank down to rest or to work in secret on small articles of wear, it seemed to put its arms around her. She was no longer a stranger, an interloper; she was a possession. It owned her as some day her child would own every corner of its vast extent. She could not look anywhere without seeing a baby crawling, drawing itself erect on table leg or chair, learning to walk, crowing with delight and occasionally weeping at a fall. The house seemed to be looking forward to the coming of a child as definitely as herself.

When Miss Ball awoke with a shock to the true state of affairs her monumental efficiency was shaken to its bases. For an instant she stood aghast before the evidences of Janie's abysmal ignorance and Torquay's stunned amazement. She recovered promptly and threw all her expert forces into action, summoning to their support the best surgical assistance available. But events moved too swiftly for artifice to keep up with them or for Torquay to be posted as to what was happening. He was still blundering hopelessly in his mind over the news that the moment of fatherhood was actually upon him when Miss Ball hurried out in search of him.

"You'll have just a moment with her, Mr. Torquay."

"What?" he asked stupidly.

"Come quickly if you want to see your wife before she goes."

"Goes where?" he asked, frowning; but he followed her.

Janie had always been pale, but now she was white to the verge of transparency. One glance was enough to tell him he was looking on a body drained of blood. Her blue eyes were huge, dark and strange. As they fell on him, standing awkwardly beside the bed, a smile curved her lips into familiar outline and brought back a face he knew.

"Good-by, Torque."

There was no mistaking that voice; it came from beyond the world.

"No!" shouted Torquay hoarsely. Rage and terror came to grips in his mind, stirring it into a turgid whirlpool. "Janie, wait a minute! Don't leave me!"

He stood staring blindly at the place where she had been until one of the doctors came into the room and led him out. He walked in a trance, started up to the third story and stopped halfway, with his hand on the banister rail. He shook it to see if it was strong, his brain leaping back to the night when his father had crashed through the balustrade at the old house. That was the moment when he had first taken Janie in his arms and fallen beneath the insidious spell of her body. He remembered how he had carried her out beneath the trees and he frowned at the sudden sound of her voice—"I love you, Torque; indeed I do. I'd do anything for you—anything." He turned and went slowly down the stairs and out through the front door. He could see himself standing there, with Janie behind him, asking Burk Damon for her things, challenging Jake to step out.

He walked around to the side of the house as if he were looking for Janie's trunk. Miss Ball came to him and talked rapidly for several minutes, stopping abruptly when she realized he heard not a word she said. He saw her run down to the stables and almost immediately, it seemed to him, she was in a buggy with Jim, driving Thomas' best team at their fastest clip. He was no good to anyone and it never occurred to him there were certain things, never attended to before, which demanded his immediate decision. Mega brought one of the doctors out to see him, and after a moment the doctor went back into the house and assumed Torquay's duties.

Torquay was not overwhelmed with grief or choked with regrets. He was simply stunned and lost like a man staggering from a blow delivered by an unseen hand. He knew something radical had happened that made him feel as if his body had been terribly beaten, tangling all his emotions with broken bones; and because he could not give it a name, he was filled with a smoldering rage. That he could not centralize his anger on Janie or his father or himself made it all the worse. All he knew was that some hidden force had dealt with him so foully that he could neither speak, move nor think, and was consequently barred from going about the business of living in his ordinary direct way. It was outrageous that he should have come to such a pass when he had never meddled in anyone's affairs but his own.

He continued in this mood for hours, wandering about the garden or the house and occasionally going to the edge of the hill, where he could look down on the spreading plant of the glassworks as well as on his private shop. He wanted to get back to work, and yet he dared not go. What would he do? How would he give an order? He saw his father being helped into Bert Blakeley's buggy and felt as little surprise as if the old man had not been laid up for months. He saw Jim drive up to the front door and let out Miss Ball, accompanied by a young woman who carried a large bundle of clothes, wrapped up hastily. She was crying silently, her red cheeks were wet with tears; but he did not stop to wonder who she was or why she was there.

It was the storm which first began to bring him to his senses. The terrific wind, the hurtling of branches through the air, the crashing of a great limb from an oak at the back of the house seemed to him the only reasonable sounds he had heard since Janie had said, "Good-by, Torque." They were understandable, they fitted in with the turmoil of his mind, setting a pace for his racing thoughts and giving them something as disordered as themselves upon which to seize and steady themselves. That was natural; if you were on a bolting horse you couldn't steady yourself against anything fixed. You had to have something traveling as fast as the thing under you. Then Miss Ball had caught his shoulder and shaken him wide awake when his father came back, drenched, chattering and ponderously helpless.

"You've got to get your father out of that buggy and into bed," she shouted. "We can't do it alone."

Now the others were gone and he was standing looking down at the bed where Thomas lay. He experienced none of the sensations which the sight of Janie had inspired. He was quite calm, because here there was nothing to fear, only his father and himself, two men who had never had to lean even on each other.

"Well, Torque," said Thomas, a spasmodic smile twitching at his lips, "I told you, didn't I?"

"Told me what?"

"I knew she'd do it," continued the old man, forcing his mind along old channels and even attempting a croaking laugh. "I always said she'd leave you, and she has."

"Can't you think of anything else to talk about?" asked Torquay angrily.

Thomas' face sobered, but he went on stubbornly:

"Anyhow you put it, they can always find a way. They're in the house today, washing the dishes, tidying things up, getting ready to cook another meal, slapping or kissing the kid for something he done or didn't do, and then tomorrow they're gone clean away."

Torquay's anger evaporated as he realized his father was rambling in his talk. He dragged a big rocking-chair which had been Thomas' last favorite to the side of the bed and sat down.

"They leave you like that," muttered Thomas, "and you walk out alone with the kid sitting on your shoulder, holding on by your hair, steering you by the beard, learning to swear and hit and be a man. That's the milk I fed you on out of my own breast, and look where you are today."

"Well," murmured Torquay, "where am I?"

"You're at the head of the Pine Tree Glassworks, that's where you are. You're the master of every stick and stone the Damons ever owned. If you were to walk out with all you've got, there wouldn't be anything left here but a spot on the map where a town used to be."

"Since when was I the head of the works? You aren't dead yet, are you?"

"Yes; I'm dead—I'm as dead right now as I'm ever going to be, and you know it. I'll never get out again. I'll lie here like this through morning, noon and night shift, thinking how the worst of it is they never leave you even when they're gone. You ought never to of married, Torque, because they hang around even when they're gone. You'll see. You'll hear her talking, saying things, holding a grip on the cake she wouldn't eat."

Miss Ball came into the room. Two spots of red shone brightly on her cheek bones, for she was still professionally angry with herself for having been duped by Janie's false calm. She had a conscience as mechanical as the works in a chronometer and it had driven her to superhuman efforts to make good her fault so far as it was possible to do so. Her business was to prolong human life, and having failed with the mother, she was doubly determined to succeed with the child. She had scoured the country for a wet nurse. She had been to every doctor in town in search of a clew and had finally succeeded through the superintendent of the works in finding what she wanted. She had brought back Elsie Dunhill, who had just lost her child. It was this woman Torquay had seen getting out of the buggy.

"I wanted to tell you, Mr. Torquay, that all arrangements have been made. The funeral will take place day after tomorrow. I have also been successful in finding a nurse and I believe the baby will live."

The old man made a movement on his pillows as if he tried to throw himself out of the bed. He succeeded in turning so that his eyes rested directly on his son's blank face.

There was a long pause before Torquay asked in a low voice, "What baby?"

"Yours," said Miss Ball, apparently unmoved by the strange question. "The doctors managed to save the child."

"Ask her if it's a boy or a girl," whispered Thomas, his eyes lighting up momentarily with an odd gleam, half bantering, half malignant. "That's the usual thing, Torque. You say, 'Is it a boy or a girl?'"

"It's a girl," said Miss Ball.

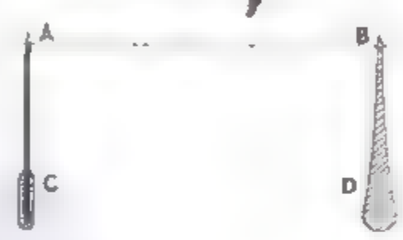
Thomas attempted a derisive laugh and gagged. Presently the coughing spell passed, but only to usher in a fit of hiccups which persisted in spite of every known remedy. In his weakened condition he could not resist the strain long, and died early the following morning.

The double funeral affected Torquay in a strange manner. With the works shut down for the day, all the men were left free to attend or not as they saw fit. They came in a body, not awkwardly or from a sense of duty, but quite simply, as to the burial of one of their own. That should have reassured him; but the presence of certain bankers and others whose interests demanded that they stand well with the new head of the Pine Tree Glassworks forced him into a prominence for which he was totally unprepared. He felt ashamed throughout the ceremony. It seemed to him a waking nightmare, to be endured with clenched teeth. All these people looking at him, wondering what he was feeling inside! Well, he wasn't feeling anything. He was just thinking that once the whole thing was over he could get back to the familiar round of his work.

One of the hardest feats known to man is to turn from what is uppermost in his mind by deliberate calculation, but Torquay accomplished it during the days that followed Janie's death. He told part of his brain to cease functioning and another part to attend carefully to the details of business. By this means he succeeded in actually holding his sensibilities in abeyance for several consecutive weeks and could have hoped to dull them until they became permanently

(Continued on Page 105)

Ever-Ready Blade has the "business edge" of an old fashioned razor!



COMPARE the structural characteristics of the Ever-Ready Blade with those of a hollow-ground straight razor, and you'll see that they are practically identical. (a) The Ever-Ready has the same bevel edge, the center portion is almost as thick, and its back (c) is as rigidly reinforced as a barber's razor.

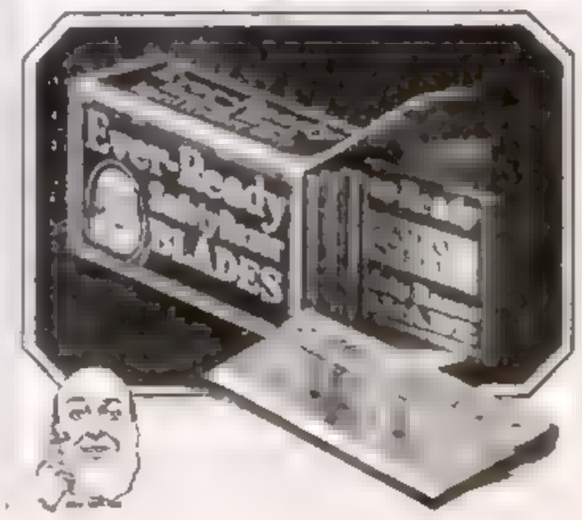
But thanks to scientific grinding methods which cannot be used in straight razor manufacture, the sturdy Ever-Ready Blade has the *keenest edge in the world*.

The Ever-Ready Blade is scientifically different from the wafer type of safety razor blade. Its rigid edge, as well as body, is needed to stand up against your whiskers. For a really perfect shave there is one blade—and that is the staunch, rigid and economical Ever-Ready in the famous Ever-Ready Razor.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades



THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER FOUR

When John Maxwell built his home, his client's architect was required by the contractor to furnish an Ætna Surety Bond. Thus John protected himself against the possibility of loss or disappointment

"We always require an Ætna Surety Bond!"

A home to be built . . its cost, the savings of years . . a project that means everything . . will things go wrong? . misunderstandings? . . extra bills of expense? . . unreasonable delay? Not when the contractor offers a surety bond for the faithful observance of his contract!

CONTRACTORS who furnish Ætna Surety Bonds are good men to deal with. The very fact that they furnish an Ætna Bond is an assurance that they take their contracts, their responsibilities, seriously. For no one can have an Ætna Bond who is not worthy of your entire confidence.

And you have the additional surety that behind the work contracted for stand large and solid resources. For 75 years the name Ætna has stood as a synonym for the prompt and full payment of all just claims.

See that your building operations—home, factory or business block—are protected by Ætna Surety Bonds.

And see, too, that your family, your home, your business and your estate are protected by Ætna policies. Make the acquaintance of the Ætna-izer in your community today. He is a man well worth knowing. He is the representative of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

The great Ætna organization offers you protection against virtually every known form of risk—offers you Life Insurance in all its branches, Accident and Health, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine, Fidelity and Surety Bonds.

Ætna-ize! According to your needs! As you prosper, and as your obligations increase!

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO
STANDARD FIRE
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES
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atrophied if it had not been for the living reminder which Janie had left behind her. There was the point of danger, and he knew it instinctively. As long as he could avoid seeing the baby he could keep himself from plunging into the whirlpool of doubts which threatened to engulf him the moment he permitted himself to think. As he had been blindly ashamed at the first suspicion of Janie's conception and again at the funeral, so he was ashamed that he had a child.

He used his home as a boarding house, coming to it merely for meals and to sleep. Food had to be ready when he wanted it and the door always on the latch, for he irked at any delay. His life was more than ever in the works, except that they did not only absorb his time; they offered him a refuge. Consequently he felt a tremor of apprehension when Miss Ball interrupted one of his hurried departures and demanded a hearing. There was no denying Miss Ball. She was an unsmiling woman, squarely made, with small eyes in a rather wide face above a firm jaw. She was as impenetrable as Mega, but with a vast difference. Mega was only ominously impassive, while Miss Ball was as direct in speech and action as had been Thomas himself.

"What is it?" asked Torquay, frowning impatiently.

"There is no reason why I should stay any longer," replied Miss Ball promptly, "I am going at the end of the week."

Torquay was profoundly shaken and his mind, released from control, leaped into action. If she had only been less successful in her efforts to keep the child alive, he thought, he would have let her go without a restraining word. The inhumanity of the unspoken and only half-formed wish did not even occur to him. He was concerned only that he was at last brought face to face with the realization that if Janie had gone completely, life would have become a simple matter, stripped of every complication. He could have devoted it with absolute content to his work, and in a manner part of himself would have painlessly ceased to breathe. But she had not gone completely; she had left just enough of herself behind to trip him up and throw him headlong into unsounded waters.

"I can't spare you," he said, choosing his words carefully. "I want you to run things just as you have been running them ever since you came here. I want most of all to be left alone. Think it over and you can make your own conditions and name your own price."

XV

MISS BALL stayed, but she was held by something far more subtle than money or the assurance of a permanent home. The sense of power had crept into her veins. She had not only a large and well-appointed house for her dominion but a human being had been delivered into her care from the hour of its birth. This extraordinary event moved her in a peculiar way. It was unprecedented in her varied experience and one might have thought it would have stirred her maternal instincts or aroused an access of pity, but it did neither. It appealed directly to the efficiency which had become the mainspring of all her thoughts and the key to all her actions. The longer Torquay Strayton ignored his daughter, the better she would be pleased.

Throughout his life Torquay had led a haphazard existence, sleeping when he pleased and where he fell, eating what was set before him and wearing what came first to hand; but from the day Miss Ball assumed control, all was changed without his knowing just when or how. An atmosphere of order supplanted disorder. It closed slowly around him like one of his own molds around a parison of molten glass. But once he had taken its form, he breathed more easily than ever before. System became a hard shell interposed between himself and all possibility of disturbance. Paradoxically, never had he known more freedom or felt greater security. But one day Miss Ball, driven by her allegiance to the straight lines of deportment, came to him in regard to the naming of the child. All people, including children, were cases, each under a régime fixed by authority. There were certain hours when some were given pills and certain times when others were given names.

"It's time the baby was christened, Mr. Strayton."

"Name her anything you like," he cried, like one abruptly awakened from a dream, "and don't bother me again."

He was angry, because he had been startled into the realization that he was not alone in his shell after all. The bit of herself Janie had left behind would grow into a girl, become a woman, and ask him all those questions against which he had resolutely turned his mind. If he once let down his guard she would get a grip on him as her mother had done. She would move him to do horrible things. She would stir up a mess inside his mind that would drive him blind and set his whole body to aching as if it had been hurling itself against the four walls of a stone cell. He did not want to see her and his blunt fingers burned at the thought of touching her. If he saw her carriage being wheeled out of one door, he always went out through another.

Never did child, not excepting Torquay himself, open its eyes on a more curious world. The baby was the daughter of Torquay Strayton, master and sole owner of the Pine Tree Glassworks, but she was also the daughter of the Damons' ex-nursemaid. She was born into all the comforts money could buy and the care of a woman who was something more than an expert in hygiene, for Miss Ball had turned her back on school-teaching to become a graduate nurse. On one side there was a father who wished never to come near her. On the other there was Miss Ball, fanatically ready in that one matter to further his wishes. Behind the two of them there was Mega the inscrutable, a dark background, unseen at first, then vague, and finally looming like a black cloud on the horizon of childhood.

For a time there had been Elsie Dunhill, tender of heart and flesh. But she had faded out quickly, for there was no room in Miss Ball's philosophy for the peculiar influence and attachments of a foster mother. Elsie had cried much harder on going away than she had at her coming. In her wake followed a succession of nursemaids, all better trained and dressed than Janie had been in the same capacity, all vigilantly watched by an eye that missed nothing, and all disciplined only by dismissal. Miss Ball knew better than to argue with servants.

When the baby carriage had been definitely stored away in the attic, Torquay could still avoid seeing his daughter through the care of Miss Ball. She kept the child in the nursery until he had gone to work, saw that she was having her noonday nap when he came for lunch and had her tucked away for the night before he returned in the evening.

On Sundays there was the special treat of two hours in the park for the baby, to make up for imprisonment during the rest of the Sabbath. On Sundays also the house seemed to take its one long free breath of the week, for Miss Ball went regularly to church.

But system cannot triumph forever over chance, and there came a day when Torquay left at the house important papers over which he had been studying half the night, only to forget them in the morning.

He had locked them in a drawer to which he cared to give no one else access, and consequently retraced his steps at an unaccustomed hour.

The shortest way from the house to the works was through a gap in the cedars, directly past the gardener's cottage and down the road along which he had been traveling on the day of his last encounter with Jake Damon. Torquay habitually avoided this route, but not through any fear of meeting Jake, who had stubbornly drunk himself to death after the blow of seeing the home of his fathers sold to the archenemy of the house of Damon. There had been times when Jake's bull-like voice

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had penetrated the premises from which he had been exiled.

"Drink myself to death! What if I do? Who fixed it so I could? You did!"

Hearing those words brutally spoken, Torquay could see Eloise Damon's thin body lean forward tensely, courage in her face, scorn in her eyes. He could imagine her low voice—"Hush, Jake! Do you want them to hear you?"

"No, I won't hush. Let 'em hear and be damned. It was you took their dirty money. It isn't drink that will have killed me; it's you!"

The reason Torquay avoided the road to which he had a legal right of way was that he was apt to run into Eloise Damon. He had never forgotten the unusual sensation of being at ease in the presence of a woman which had come over him during their one encounter, but his pride prevented him from appearing to invite a renewal of the contact. There was a wall between them and they both knew it. The same sense which had led her to recognize that their honor was of the same brand was strong enough in him to make him respect her territory as he knew she would respect his.

Consequently he had worn a path around the stables and across the remains of an old orchard, where eight old apple trees spread their limbs in a wide canopy, niggardly of fruit, but prodigal of blossoms and shade. Under these trees the grass was unusually thick and soft, and in one corner there had recently been placed a large sand box flanked by a diminutive teetering board. Torquay realized vaguely that the sand pile and seesaw had something to do with his daughter and must be indicative of her age; but never having seen them occupied, they had not troubled him.

On this day, as he hurried back from the works, he saw a round white moon on top the sand heap and a nursemaid seated on the ground with her back against one of the trees. A book had fallen into the grass at her side and she was sound asleep. While he was still looking at her the round white moon straightened up into a child of three and turned to stare at him. With her short skirts pushed down instead of up, she became at once an exceptionally presentable little person, wearing all the marks and graces of the offspring of the idle rich. He paused to look at her curiously for a moment before the realization swept over him that he was face to face with his own child.

Except for her eyes, which were as dark as his, there was no mistaking who had been her mother. She was copied in delicate miniature from all his recollections of Janie—yellow hair, pale skin, thin-boned limbs. Even the quick upward movement of her hands as she started toward him was stolen from Janie. She tripped on the board of the sand box and fell into the soft grass with a sound such as some dolls make under pressure. It was neither a cry nor a laugh; it was a grunt. The nursemaid awoke, saw Torquay, and promptly scrambled to her feet. The baby, recovering from her fall, solemnly renewed her progress toward him.

"Janie!" cried the nursemaid.

It was as though she had shot a bullet into Torquay's heart. His body grew instantly cold as he turned mechanically on his heel and started away with rapid strides, deaf to a loud wail of disappointment. He actually did not hear it. Suddenly the blood poured back into his veins, swelling them with fury at Miss Ball, at himself, at the blundering fate which had perpetuated the name of Janie. Under the first shock of his discovery it seemed astounding that out of all the names in the world that one should have been chosen; but as he cooled down he realized how natural the choice had been, and that the astonishing thing was he had not known of it sooner. His brows settled into a black frown.

He hurried into the house; but when he had the document in his hand in search of which he had returned, all sense of haste left him. Reminding himself insistently that he was Torquay Strayton, master of the Pine Tree Glassworks, and at no man's beck and call, he went into the hall, took his father's heavy cane from its place in the corner, left the house through the front door and started down the driveway, headed for Main Street and a mile walk to the near-by works. Though he did not permit the thought to form in his mind, he was running away from the full moon on top the sand heap which had straightened into a girl three years old.

An accident may make a habit. From that day on it became a common sight to see him walking through town past Striker's and along the river to the old works beside the lone pine tree. There he would sometimes pause, but never stop for long before going on to cross the footbridge to his office in the main plant. At first the habitués of the drug store would glance at the clock as his figure loomed by the window; later they came to setting their watches by his passage. At noon and again at six o'clock Jim would drive down by the back way to fetch his master. If it were summertime Torquay would occasionally take the reins himself and guide the fast team for miles along deserted roads all others seemed to have forgotten.

Ever since his wife's death he had been letting his beard grow, because he begrudged the time it took to shave, and there were romantic bosoms in the offing ready to see in this change of habit a lasting sign of mourning. In addition, he was wearing out some of the rough tweed suits and congress boots his father's long illness had permitted to accumulate. Then there was Thomas' familiar cane. All these chance items enabled Ed Bristol to air his Biblical lore in a saying which precipitated the vague surmisings of his companions in sloth.

"Moses' rod could put out a crop of buds, but I'll be switched if Thomas' stick hasn't bust into the bloom of himself. Look at Torque, and you say to yourself, 'Hello, Tom!'"

The man who heads every subscription list in a community as a matter of course is seldom frowned upon. A cordial nod of the head was hung on the slightest hook of acquaintance as Torquay walked by, and those who could call him familiarly by his nickname had come to be looked upon as among the specifically elect. The proudest ladies half turned their heads as if they wished they knew him and wondered how Eloise Damon had acquired the right to give him her best bow on the rare occasions she was downtown early enough to pass him. But social acceptance had come too late to Torquay. He may even not have realized it was his for the asking, and if he had he would not have known what to do with it.

At the age of forty-six, he was already assuming the status of the old bottles on a shelf in his workshop—admired by connoisseurs but never touched. There was a sturdy Boox bottle and a light-green calabash he had brought down from the Hetney works. Those were his favorites. There were two flasks showing the bust of Washington, turned out in Hopetown itself a generation before the Damon Glassworks had come into being. Going back still further, there was a Wistarberg pitcher with a ball cover, exceedingly rare; and one of those scent bottles by the same maker, for which the colonial belles had abandoned carrying an apple stuck full of cloves. There was a freak container in the shape of the Baltimore Monument, and finally there was the first bottle to carry the Pine Tree brand.

The mold which had fixed its shape had long since gone to the scrap heap, but the unalterable bottle remained. So it was with Torquay. He stood established, high on the shelf of admiration, and wearing the label, Do Not Touch. There was one person, however, within his immediate circle, who was not old enough to read.

On a Sunday he was sitting in the study which had veiled the inception of Jake Damon's solitary drinking bouts. Before that it had been Burk Damon's retreat

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

through his long torment, and in the dim past it had witnessed the meditations of other Damon heads weighted down beneath curled-brimmed beaver hats. In a word, the room was sacred to the privacy of the dominant male. He heard an unusual noise and looked up, to see that the knob on the door had become mysteriously animated and was making the motions of a horse trying to roll over but never quite succeeding. Just as he was about to rise and investigate, it did succeed. The knob made a complete revolution and the door slowly opened.

Torquay sank back in his chair at the sight of an apparition which most evidently should have been in bed. His daughter stood with one hand still raised to hold the door knob and the other unconventionally crumpling upward a diminutive hemstitched nightdress. Her yellow hair hung straight to her shoulders. It was glossy, freshly brushed, and with the rest of her small person seemed to exhale a suggestion of fragrance. He stared at her without moving and she stared back with the placid perseverance which makes the gaze of a child indomitable.

"Where is Miss Ball?" he managed to ask at last.

To himself, his voice sounded like a murmur, but to her it was doubtless a fearsome rumble. She resisted the impulse to look curiously at his beard, held her ground, working the knob back and forth, and answered at her leisure, "Gone to church."

There was another pause during which the two pairs of eyes, so much alike, never wavered from their locked grip. It wasn't right, he was thinking, for her to have eyes like that; they should have been blue.

"Where is your nurse?" he asked.

Again she took her time before she declared, "I threw my dolly in the tree."

Some moments passed before Torquay could fathom all the depths of that answer. This morsel of human flesh could already think and plan. It could watch for Miss Ball to go out and then lay a deliberate trap for an unsuspecting and too obliging nurse. It could even calculate the vital difference between throwing its doll into a tree and dropping it on the ground, whence it could be more quickly retrieved.

"How old are you?" he asked vapidly.

That was a too familiar question, requiring no rumination.

"Four years old," she recited at once, robbing him of what already he had grown to look upon as a statutory grace of time.

As if she realized her advantage, she abandoned the door knob, stepped out into the room and stood poised, swaying forward and back, deliberately tempting equilibrium to hurl her toward him. His tongue grew dry in his mouth and his forehead wet with sweat. With a hastily premeditated effort, he gathered his brows into a scowl, but astonishingly it only made her laugh. She lowered her head for the plunge and was already tottering when her nurse sprang in through the open door and swept her up, crying in horrified tones, "Janie! Why, Janie!"

Torquay, left alone, sat for a long time staring at his knees. If she had run forward and cast herself upon them, what would he have done? Perhaps he would have bellowed at her. Perhaps he would have pushed her away. But perhaps he would have caught her up and broken her in his arms before he knew what damage he was doing to himself as well as to her. To him she was not a small child who was making him ridiculous. She was far more. She was the emblem of persistence, the visible symbol of a domination he had never once admitted. She was the unheeded voice of his wife, gasping on her wedding day, "Oh, Torque, I'll never leave you, never!"

He jumped up, hurried out to the stables and hitched up the horses himself. The buggy made the turn out of the evergreens that masked the driveway on two wheels, barely missing the vanguard of the throng of people coming from church. Some of the men bowed to Torquay, but those behind them, seeing that he was blind to salutations, could give their entire attention to estimating he was moving at a twelve-mile clip and to wondering where on earth he was going at that pace without a hat.

Ordinarily Torquay was careful to answer every greeting, but today he saw nothing before him, not even the road or the horses on which his eyes were fixed. He sat erect, holding a firm rein instinctively, and let them tear along the Salem pike. At the Halfway House, nine miles out of town, he came to himself long enough to draw them up for the right-angle turn which would plunge them into the solitudes, the deep sand and the hidden mudholes of the Barrens. When they came to the Buckhorn road he turned them once more and then dropped the reins with a profound sigh.

He had known all the time which way he was headed. He had been making from the first for this narrow unused road. It meandered in a straight line, so to speak, as a man walks from his cradle to his grave. It climbed slowly and it went down fast. To turn from it was to realize sooner or later that the road itself was the only way out. Whoever left it had to come back as Thomas Strayton, bone weary, balancing his drowsing boy on his shoulder, had turned back through a long night from one vain excursion after another.

In a fuller sense, he, Torquay Strayton, had come back to it twice, once when his father had first laid violent hands upon him, and now again. In some half-mystic manner this road was wound into his life, bound into the fiber of all the questions a man asks about himself and gets silence for an answer.

He let the horses follow it at will, dragging the buggy over hummocks, through sand and an occasional mudhole, and finally up the sharp rise which brought him face to face with the great brick house at Babylon. There he drew them to a stand and they were glad enough for the breathing spell.

When last he had seen it the house was deserted, and now it was a budding ruin. Several hinges had rusted quite through and let rotting shutters fall to the ground. There was a gaping black hole through the roof of the penthouse and some vandal hand had made a target of the panes of glass in the graceful fanlight. On one side a great straggling patch of flowering almond had burst into bloom, emphasizing solitude.

The tired horses started on at a walk and he let them go until they came abreast of the spot where his father had broken open the rotten apples. He stopped them again and looked in vain for the fence on the top rail of which his father had smashed the one sound apple. The fence was quite gone and the high grass hid even its remains. He was childishly disappointed. For some indefinable reason he had wanted to examine the spot where a dark stain had spread on the gray wood.

But his journey had not been altogether in vain. The unbroken quiet of the Barrens, the profound silence of places once inhabited and now abandoned had soothed the fever from his brain. Without curing him, their peace had permeated his veins so that his blood ran cool as he turned the horses over to Jim to be rubbed down, blanketed and discreetly fed. He was full of a new strength and through with running away. To stand one's ground was not surrender. He went into the house, sent for Miss Ball and waited for her in the study.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BEAN PORRIDGE COLD

(Continued from Page 22)

It also goes without saying that every professor is eager and sincere in his desire to impart as much as possible of his expert knowledge to his classes. There is, however, one man—an international authority—who assumes quite a different attitude. He addresses every new group somewhat in this fashion:

"Gentlemen, you have come here, I suppose, because you are interested in this subject and feel that I can tell you something about it. I can, and I mean to do so to the best of my ability. But whether or not you profit by what I say is your own affair. If you don't, you will not last through the course; but that again is your own affair. Personally I am not interested in what you learn or in what grade you secure. One is your own business and the other the business of the college office. Mine is to tell you what I know."

His classes are limited and he always has twice as many applicants as he can accommodate. For, as a matter of fact, he is not so cold-blooded as he sounds, but is one of the most picturesque figures in the faculty.

Of the fourteen men under whom I have studied, only three exerted, so far as I could see, any personal influence upon the students in the classroom. The eleven others were interested in their subject, and not, except in a strictly academic fashion, in the student himself. Some held themselves severely aloof; some assumed an air of indifference; some were snappy and businesslike; some were informal and amusing; but the one characteristic of them all was a direct appeal to the intellect and to nothing else. They gave of their intellects and nothing more; they asked for an intellectual response and nothing more. What they stood for as men was their own private business; what this younger generation was going to stand for as men was, in turn, the private business of that generation—or perhaps of the preaching staff and the dean's office. It was possible to sit for an entire academic year in the front row directly below the eyes of a professor, and then to meet him in the Yard without receiving as much as a nod of recognition. I know, because it has happened to me.

I don't say there is no excuse for this. There is. No profession exacts more in time and thought of its members today than the teaching profession, especially in the large universities. The mere routine of their work is overwhelming, and yet in spite of this, they are expected to do a large amount of original work and, as well, to keep fresh and informed in all the latest data of their field. Furthermore, it should be admitted that the average callow undergraduate, repeating himself year after year, is not an object of any great interest. After meeting him in large numbers for a decade or more, it is a rare man who can continue to enthuse over him.

But these rare men do exist; men who, without sacrificing any of the essentials of scholarship, retain those dynamic human qualities which make their influence as sound personalities carry quite as far in the education of the students under them as their intellectual attainments. Their value on any faculty is incalculable, and yet it would seem almost as though their presence were accidental, for this magical quality is not recognized in the pedagogical programs. No special effort is made to seek it out or to nourish it. In the examination for a doctor's degree it is ignored. A man is graded on his scholarship alone, with no inquiry made as to his ability to use this knowledge. What he acquires, not what he can impart, is the basis upon which he is rated in the teaching profession.

I met recently a young man of this type who, in the face of all sorts of obstacles, had by sheer, dogged determination secured his doctor's degree. He had mastered his

(Continued on Page 113)

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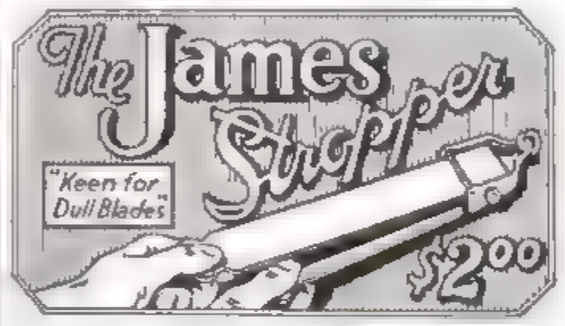

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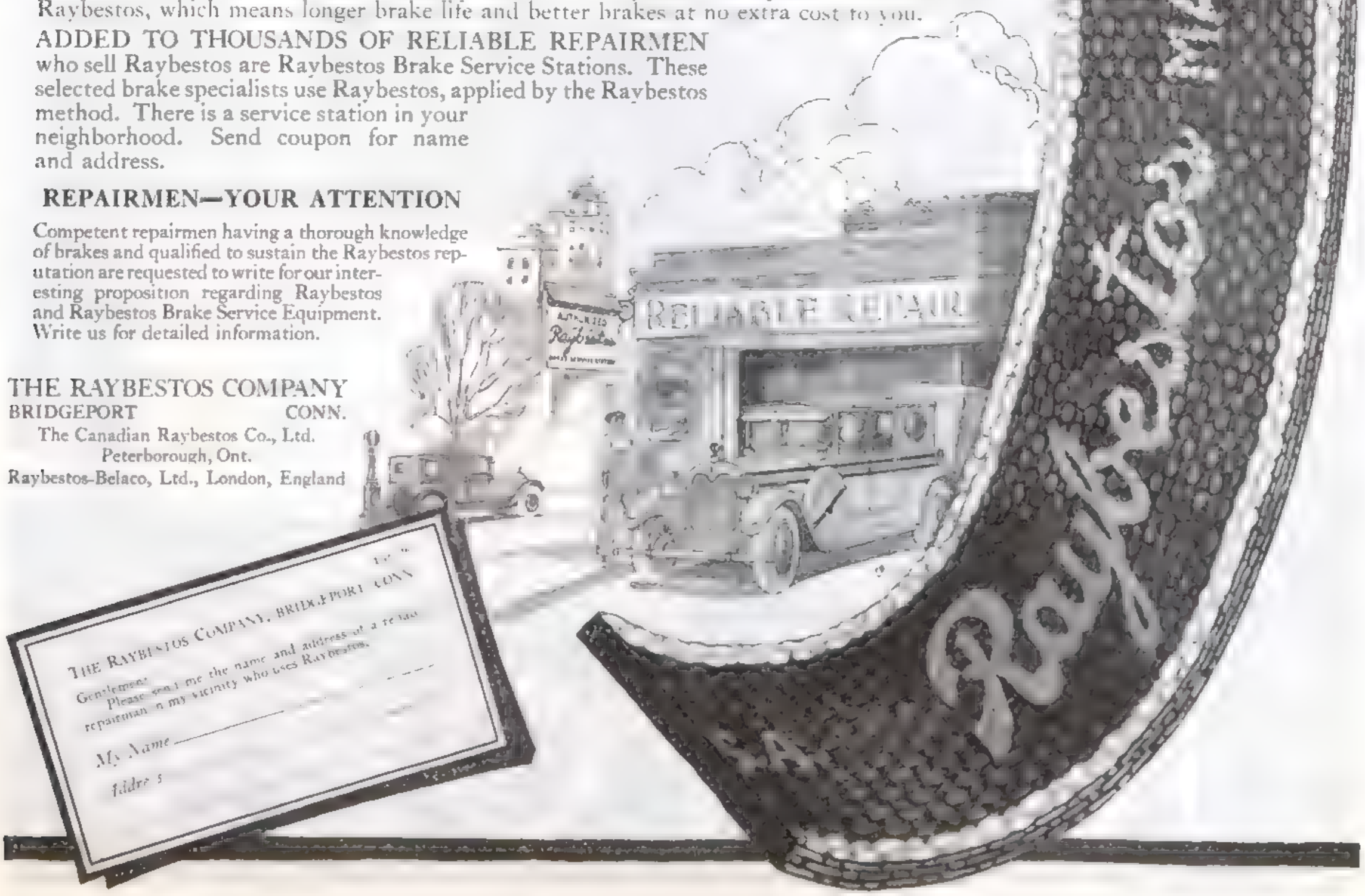
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Gentlemen: Please send me the name and address of a reliable repairman in my vicinity who uses Raybestos.
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(Continued from Page 109)

special field in a way which had called forth the admiration of all his teachers. But outside that he was as ignorant as though he had never been to college. What was worse, he was heavy, stolid and unresponsive. He knows his subject and will be able on a lecture platform to pour forth facts, but I suspect he will have more than the usual number of listeners who go sound asleep during the hour. He is as lacking in personality as a Latin grammar.

The three professors of the other type with whom I studied varied both in degree and in method. Each of them must have been conscious of the effect he produced, and yet none of them strove for this deliberately. That would have spoiled it; would have turned it into pure charlatanry. In dread of exciting any such suspicion, all three tried rather to repress themselves, for in academic circles there is one school bitterly opposed to anything but the purely rationalistic approach; the Simon-pure appeal to the intellect alone. That this other small group bubbled over in spite of themselves marked them the more surely as geniuses.

The first of these was a younger member of the faculty, and because of this he stood out rather conspicuously. Most of the newly fledged professors feel it necessary to preserve a rigid and severe dignity in the lecture room—with a certain amount of justification. There is probably no audience in the world quicker to get out of hand. A goodly share of the men are here upon compulsion and their attention is upon a hair trigger. The most trivial slip or interruption will set them off, and after this it is no easy matter to make them listen again. They are alert to seize any excuse to break the monotony of classroom routine.

Furthermore, all but the seasoned lecturers are extremely sensitive to the reaction of their classes. They are hurt by that restlessness which indicates boredom, however well they may conceal this feeling. Nothing more piques their pride than a man asleep, and nothing calls forth so quickly their finest sarcasm. I was attending one class when the professor suddenly stopped and leveled his eyes on a stalwart lad in the rear who thought he was sufficiently out of sight to steal a cat nap safely.

"I am going to ask Mr. —— to leave the room and finish his sleep elsewhere," the professor observed cuttingly. "As interested as I am in his education, I should scarcely feel myself humane if I allowed one so manifestly tired to risk his health by further effort."

Occasionally a man has refused to move. In this case it is the privilege of the professor to dismiss the class as a whole and further to debar the rebel from continuing his course. This means that the student loses credit for this much work, and this sometimes involves his degree.

Unfair Sarcasm

Nothing, then, but overpowering enthusiasm will lead a lecturer to take any chances with the emotional side of an undergraduate audience. And yet there is no more direct path to undergraduate interest. Professor —— is one of the few who cannot help taking advantage of this fact, because he is of that temperament. High-strung and imaginative, he walks into the room with a nervous stride and wanders restlessly about the platform until the eight minutes' leeway past the hour given the students has expired. There is nothing aloof about him. He has a quick, eager smile with which he greets any of his class who goes up to question him. He talks rapidly and to the point without being either curt or sarcastic—an unusual virtue in itself.

There are few of the keener professors who can resist the temptation of procuring a laugh from bystanders with a sarcastic reply to a fool question. I could never understand this, for it is an easy form of wit, with the advantage all on one side.

As a young man, I had as an instructor in English one of these clever chaps who has since made something of a reputation for this sort of humor. I was shy, but in my compositions I was letting myself go and expressing honestly the rather tense reactions I felt as a boy coming to college from a country town. Undoubtedly the stuff was exaggerated and full of purple patches, but it was genuine and unhackneyed. It offered a fine opportunity for this man and he used it to the limit to display his talent; so much to my discomfiture that I shut up like a clam and attempted nothing after this but safe and stereotyped work, which was let alone. But that, as I learned later, was a high price to pay.

I never heard Professor —— make anything but an honest reply to whatever was asked, and this won for him not only the respect of his students but their confidence. As a lecturer, he was original and independent, without ever attempting to be smart or cynical. He spoke positively and was never afraid to give an opinion, although refusing to be dogmatic. In his delivery he was easy and unconventional, often sitting on a corner of the desk with a long leg dangling over it. But he was so spontaneous in this that it never gave the effect of a pose. His greatest virtue, it seems to me, was that he never hesitated, when the opportunity offered, to relate his subjects to life and particularly to the ethical side. He stood foursquare for decency and was not afraid to say so.

Sixty Years an Optimist

Anyone who thinks that it is impossible for a man to get away with that point of view today before an audience of college boys should have seen the response he won from one of the largest classes in the university. No one could doubt but what these casual remarks sunk in and had their effect. They made me recall that line of Kipling's: "Wonder of wonders—an artist and a man." This professor was both.

A tendency to lay preaching, unforced and sincere, was a characteristic of the second and older man I have in mind as representative of the inspirational method of teaching. Let me call him Professor B, because that is not the initial of his name. Though I have never talked with him upon the subject, I have not the slightest doubt but that he would deny emphatically that in his lectures he had anything else in mind than the cultivation of interest and sound taste in his particular field. This is probably true. Because of this, he is all the more effective. If, incidentally, he places before these undergraduates a standard of straightforward thinking, of leaning toward the better things of life, of a clean and honest handling of the more primitive passions, this is because he cannot help it. So he has lived and so he continues to live, and the fact cannot be concealed. It shines from his eyes, it colors his voice, it softens the angular outline of his thin, thoughtful face, and it runs like a golden thread through all his utterances.

Though quiet to the point of gentleness in his bearing, he is intense. I doubt if any member of the faculty throws himself more whole-heartedly into his work or gives of himself more freely in his lectures. With a wide experience outside academic circles, he draws on this constantly. Furthermore, he is in touch with interesting personalities of today and is not afraid to hand on to his students, in connection with the dead-and-gone personalities of the past, even this unusual material. Without being in the slightest paternalistic, he is as confidential with his classes as a father with his sons. Whatever of today or yesterday or of twenty years ago that bears on the subject and has interested him, he assumes will interest these younger men. And quite properly it does. The undergraduates crowd into his classes to the capacity of the room, although his are elective subjects, and they sit at attention throughout the whole fifty-two minutes. He requires no disciplinary methods.

To the disgust of some of the more radical members of the university, he remains at the end of some sixty years an optimist. Not that to him the world is all beer and skittles—his eyes are wide open to the shadows—but he continues to see more good than evil in life. Although brought into close contact with some five hundred undergraduates every year, he continues to see more good than evil in them. He believes that they are essentially sound and in earnest. He has described the pessimists of today who view with alarm this generation, as "shoe-string critics who ought to be sitting on the curb labeled with a placard, 'I am blind.'"

There are some, even among the undergraduates, who smile at him in a superior sort of way and declare that it is he who is blind. Acting upon this belief, they have taken his courses with the idea of securing, without much effort, a high mark. To a man they have been disappointed. I do not know any teacher who is keener in determining what a student knows and does not know, nor any who is more conscientious in this task.

In examination papers he gives men the greatest possible leeway, providing for those with memories and not much else, for those with weak memories but blessed with real intelligence. He encourages, furthermore, individual judgments no matter how radical, and gives as much credit for them as though he agreed with them, if they are backed by a fair amount of logic and reading. He assists to the limit the brilliant student, and he gives without stint to the stupid one who is really trying. But in this matter of marks he is as stern and inflexible as Fate—and this with a heart as big as a pumpkin. If a boy fails, he fails; and though he would give a year out of his life to prevent it, once the papers are in, that is the end. But any boy who can hold this against him is lacking in appreciation, and any boy who fails to take advantage of sitting under him for a year is sadly lacking in intelligence.

The third man of the inspirational type has been an asset to Harvard for nearly fifty years, but now has retired—Prof. Le Baron Russell Briggs. Beginning as a teacher of Greek, he became later one of the leading professors in the English department. His course in advanced composition, English 5, developed into one of the most important in the university and attracted all the ambitious young writers of Harvard, both among undergraduates and graduates.

The Perennial Professor

I had been out of college almost twenty-five years when I enrolled under him in order to complete the requirements for my degree, which called for an extra course in English. It seems at first rather absurd to go back to the drudgery of writing themes, because during all this long period I had been earning my living as a professional writer, which ought to indicate that I had served my apprenticeship. So it seemed also to Professor Briggs when I applied for membership in his class.

"You are welcome," he said graciously; and then added in his modest way, "But I don't see what you will get out of it."

Let me record at once that I got more out of it than out of any other course I ever took at Harvard. To sit under him twice a week for a year was in itself a liberal education, while his impeccable good taste in the matter of clear, straightforward English prose composition and his sound horse sense in the matter of content were probably of more value to me than to any undergraduate. Keen, fearless, kindly, patient, he read every word of the work turned in by this class of thirty men, with all the interest and enthusiasm which marked him as a teacher when he read the compositions of the fathers of some of these students.

He was perennial. Recently I saw a photograph of him taken when he was a boy, and he was even then the father of the man. He has not changed much since, except that his serious, wistful eyes have

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grown more seriously wistful; and the boyish twinkle in them that comes so swiftly and unexpectedly is more frequent. With the passing years, too, his lanky frame, the frame of Lincoln, has grown lankier and looser. He has never learned just what to do with his long arms and legs. They are always in the way. Nor has he reached a point where he can be quite sure whether or not he has put on his cravat. I doubt if he ever would unless someone stood by and saw to it, for no man in the university had so much to think about and to smile about.

His method of teaching English was all his own, and delightfully informal and casual. He came into the classroom with an armful of volumes containing marked passages that pleased him, and with a little brown notebook—his choicest possession—such as boys used to have in which to record their daily expenditures. In this and similar books he has been noting for years humorous little items illustrating faulty English.

At Home With the Briggses

At first I was somewhat surprised at what seemed to me the elementary nature of his procedure. Often the first thing he did was to write upon the board, much as any high-school teacher might do, two or three careless sentences culled from compositions he had been reading. Perhaps they had to do with the misuse of "shall" and "will," perhaps with squinting construction, perhaps with mismated clauses—the same errors which are pointed out year after year to freshmen. And yet many of these students were seniors and a large proportion of them graduates. I had expected the emphasis to be placed on the subtleties of a refined style and the delicate shadings of expression. To go back to the first principles of composition appeared absurd.

But right here is where Professor Briggs displayed a keenness based upon years of experience. The weakness in the style of the average freshman is due to ignorance; the weakness in the style of the older man is due to carelessness. The latter is like a golfer who, after taking lessons, forgets his form in his eagerness to play. Call his attention at this point to his errors and he will not slip a second time.

Clearness and freshness were the two qualities which Professor Briggs sought to cultivate in the prose of his students. But he was never the pedagogue. He was too young and modest, in spite of his years of ripened scholarship, ever to be that. He was rather a coworker. His criticisms were in the form of questions: "Would not this be better?" Generally this mild correction was followed quickly with "If anyone disagrees I wish he would say so." He was always open to correction, but in the process of convincing him, a man usually proved himself in error.

I am sorry for the future classes that will be unable to learn from him the art of English composition. No one else will be able to teach it as he taught it, because his method was involved in his personality. Never was the truism "Style is the man" better exemplified than in him. Gently precise, smilingly positive, sanely honest, his own pages of prose are like a June day. To write like him it would be necessary to think and live as he thought and lived.

I doubt if there was a man who, after being in contact with him through the academic year, did not feel this to be an altogether desirable objective and secretly highly resolve to emulate him to the best of his ability. Perhaps this impulse counted for more than his instruction, valuable as that was. He established for us all an ideal of American culture, and did this against the tendency of the day, although probably unconscious of the fact.

Once in every two weeks Professor Briggs was at home to any of the students who cared to drop around to his house. Few had sufficient appreciation of the opportunity to take advantage of it. More's the pity. It is one of those many things which in later years undergraduates regret not having done. The evening I called I found a small group, made up mostly of instructors in the English department. He had just moved into a new home, but that was difficult to believe, because he so carried his atmosphere with him it was as though he had always been here. Upon crossing the threshold, I felt immediately that quality of homely simplicity which characterizes the finest New England culture—a culture which reached its height some fifty years ago. The surroundings were seasoned and mellowed, and I noticed that his library consisted principally of well-worn copies which had come down through the years. There were few volumes which looked either new or unused.

We sat down in the living room, and Mrs. Briggs joined us with her knitting, while an old gray cat arched her back against our ankles in friendly recognition. It was as though instantly we became members of the household. The conversation was wholly informal and ranged from radio troubles to reminiscences by Professor Briggs of his close friendship with President Emeritus Eliot. He spoke frankly and as intimately as he might have done to his own family group. The point of almost every yarn was humorous, for it is that angle of life which he liked best to recall. So we sat for two hours in the mellow glow of the living room, and so I, for one, could have sat for another two hours. It was something to remember, like a sincere and sunny picture. It restored one's belief in the essential soundness of American life.

The late Professor Royce is credited with saying this of Professor Briggs:

"I'd like to feel just once as good as Briggs really is."

It is the impression with which everyone is left.

To ask that Harvard University or any other university furnish more men of this type—men who, besides being great teachers, shall be great inspiring human personalities—is perhaps asking the impossible. Harvard has had her share. But that is not the point. The fact which is troubling many undergraduates and many graduates is the question whether such men are being sought any longer, and whether the modern system of education, with its emphasis on the purely intellectual and its scorn of the ethical, is producing any more such men or is capable of producing them, either as teachers or as anything else.

Starved Idealism

The catchword of today among the younger professors is "Develop the critical faculty." Teach a man to think logically so that he may form his own opinions and that is the best you can do for him, they declare. To this end they lay before him calmly and dispassionately the facts on both sides of the case and then leave him to his own devices. They shrug their shoulders at his conclusions. They are interested in nothing but the process.

Theoretically, this conception is sound, but the effect on the individual is often disastrous. It leaves out of account two important factors in youth; it neglects its inborn idealism, whether of a religious or of a poetical nature, which demands as much nourishment and encouragement as the intellect; and fails to recognize as an important element in the scheme his lack of experience with life itself. The student is asked to put aside his dreams as childish things and is then confronted with problems which may seem abstract to the adult mind, but which strike at the very essence of the younger man's soul. Before he has learned the deep, deep lessons of experience—which come with such significant human relationships as love, marriage, fatherhood and death—he is called upon to wrestle with the grave problems growing out of them. It seems like putting the cart before the horse. In the older classical system these same problems were discussed, of course, but in the Greek manner, which was both heroic and reverend. Today they are handled like the market analyses in the school of business administration. Scientific knowledge rather than appreciation, scholarship rather than sympathy is sought.

Youth's Philosophical Speculations

This is partly the result of specialization. The intense concentration in special fields demanded of the professor today who wishes to distinguish himself as an authority—and his promotion is dependent upon this—tends to a lack of perspective. He first isolates his subject and then gets out his microscope. Before he realizes it, he has lost his sense of those wider values—sometimes of those deeper values—which relate it to life. And life, after all, is the chief interest of youth.

It is well enough from the point of view of science for a man to give twenty-five years to a study of comparative measurements of skulls—and his final contribution to the world may be considerable—but if he forgets that those skulls once harbored intellects and that what in consequence resulted during the various periods of history is the leading interest of the layman, then he should stick to his laboratory.

I have in my notebook a page of data for determining the various indices of head form that looks like a mongrel cross between higher mathematics and a Latin lexicon. I have two pages devoted to the differences between man and the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-utan, gibbon and baboon. It includes the following items of comparison: Size of brain, weight of jaws, thorax, arms, thumbs, neck, trunk, feet, hair, hair color, hair form, skin color, muscular system, viscera, stature, weight, skull, brow ridges, foramen magnum, chin, nasal skeleton, ribs, spine, pelvis, teeth.

It is true that a man is not expected to hold these and a thousand more details unless he is going on with the subject, but he is obliged to learn them to pass the examinations. This discipline might still be worth the effort—for, of course, a certain percentage of these facts are essential, if they did not obscure some of the bigger questions. It happens, however, that today this subject is more closely involved with religion in the mind of the undergraduate than it has been at any time since the publication of the Origin of Species. Here we are upon delicate ground, and yet it is difficult to say how the matter can be ignored entirely, either in justice to the subject or in justice to the student. This, however, is the safe plan pursued by most teachers of the scientific school. I, myself, put a few questions of this nature to one instructor just before the lecture hour, and he replied with a cynical smile and the noncommittal, "Who knows?"

Perhaps no one knows, but it is in just this speculative realm that youth is living and glorying, and in just this realm that the inspirational teacher finds his greatest opportunity. I am thinking of a man like Shaler, whose courses in geology were also courses in philosophy and ethics.

Inasmuch as, whether properly or improperly, most ethical codes have for centuries become tied up with religious issues, and inasmuch as the problems growing out of these are the most stirring of any problems raised in the mind of the undergraduate, to ignore them completely, even on the ground of tolerance and freedom, is but to straddle the fence. That there is a real demand here upon the part of the students is proved by the fact that when a man comes along willing, from whatever angle, to discuss them, he gets his audience. I saw the Harvard Union crowded to overflowing with some twelve hundred undergraduates, on a week-day afternoon, gathered to listen to and question a popular preacher who gave them this opportunity. There may have been some of the bull-baiting spirit in the occasion, but there was actually more enthusiasm than I have seen at some of the ballyhoo football rallies. After a brief address, characterized by vigor and aggressiveness and a high emotional quality, the preacher opened the meeting to questions. They came thick and fast, and he handled them with humor and astuteness, for more than two hours. It was impossible to doubt the deep interest. Here was bean porridge hot.

Of course, there are many organizations within the college itself striving to meet this spiritual need, but most of them attract only their own crowd, and do not reach that big middle group who as yet are neither strictly conservative nor radical. They are border-line cases; men who are trying to establish something like a decent balance between the intellectual and emotional sides of their nature; to square sound reasoning with idealism; to face facts and still dream their dreams. It's a tough old problem, and if some of the elders crack under the strain, it is small wonder that some of the juniors do.

The Students Take the Reins

Perhaps a solution will be found by the undergraduates themselves. Since the opening of Harvard this year the Student Council has proposed a broad program of investigation, heartily indorsed by Professor Chase, dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. A committee has been elected which proposes "to make a thorough study of Harvard's educational system from the student's point of view, in the hope that it can make definite suggestions for improving that system and its working."

The most significant paragraph in the program is this: "To attempt to fill the void occasioned by the decay of religion by adapting the present system of distribution to include a course in either psychology, philosophy or social ethics, or a new course combining the three, and by organizing a new science course in each of the major departments of science which, in addition to giving the laws of Nature, should seek to explain them in terms of philosophy. Such courses would be given jointly by members of the science departments and the department of philosophy and would satisfy adequately the spirit of the science requirement."

The cynics may smile and raise their brows at this ambitious project, but youth has a way of grinning back and plunging confidently ahead. If it were not so, we should all be cynics.

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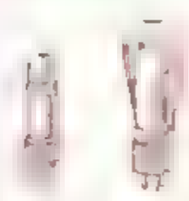

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THEY FOUGHT LIKE BRAVE MEN

Continued from Page 23

was lucky it was Wensday so he cood stay at home all the afternoon. he got wird from the stewdcat that he wood fite.

November 6, 186– Thursday. Fatty looked wirse today. if this lasts mutch longer Fatty says he wont. he tried to run a mile today and gave it up after he had run about fifty yards. he says when he stops taking train oil he will be stronger. we fellers took tirns in holding his head.

November 7, 186– Friday. Fatty is kind of numm. he is so week. he dident have strenth enuf to holler today when he was licked in school. Potter Gorham says it wont do for Fatty to enter the ring over-trained so he has stoped taking train oil. Potter says he stopped jest in time to keep from climing the golden stares.

Potter and Whack Chadwick got the fite put off for one week so that Fatty wood recover.

November 8, 186– Saturday. Fatty is beter today. this afternoon we all went up to his barn and he put on the gloves with me. it is jest like punching a pillow to hit Fatty but he is so big that he gnocked me down 4 times. then they put a cardigan jacket on him and maid him run and walk until he was auful swetty and then they pulled off his close and throwed a pale of cold water on him. gosh how he hollered. then we all rubbed him with a ruff towel until he was as red as a cherry and then he dressed and sed he felt bully. he sed it was terible not to smoak sweet firn but if we wood stand by him he wood not brake training. he wanted to put on the gloves with me again but Potter sed no and i was glad of it because my head aked

November 9, 186– Sunday. Fatty coodent trane today in his barn and he et more than he had augt to but not so mutch as he wished. he sed they had company today and a big dinner and they all laffed at him because he is triing to get skinny. i gess if they gnew what he was doing it for they woodent laff so mutch. after chirch we went to walk and ran a mile whitch done Fatty good. we fellers have desided not to smoak when Fatty is round. he says the thing he misses most is a good sweet firn cegar. so we dont want to tempt him too mutch becaus Potter says smoaking is auful bad for the wind and wind is what Fatty needs.

Monday, Nov. 10, 186– Fatty is better but Potter told him he wood maik him taik sum more train oil if he et two mutch so Fatty is going to be moar cairful. today Fatty boxed Whack and Pozzy one at a time. they paisted him sum good ones. then we rubbed him down after we had taiken all his close off and poared a pale of water on him. Fatty howled like a good one but says he feels better.

Tuesday, Nov. 11, 186– today Fattys wind was bad. we all started after school to run a mile and Fatty give up. he sed he had smoaked 2 sweet firn cigars becaus he coodent stand it enny longer. Potter was mad with him and says he wont train him if he don't do better. the fite is Saturday afternoon.

Wednesday, Nov. 12, 186– Fatty done better today. he boxed with me first and then with Bug. then he swung on the swinging rings and then he run round his yard 5 times. then we rubbed him down. i have got a black ey. Potter read us the fite of Tom Brown and Slogger William.

Thursday, Nov. 13, 186– Fatty has broak training again. he has smoaked sweet firn cigars and drank sweet cider and et rost pork and hogs head cheeze and donuts. his belly was as tite as a base drum. he dident have enny wind at all. Potter sed he wood give up. he sed there wasent enny good training a feller whitch broak training evry day. bimeby then Fatty sed he wood do ennything. Potter sed he was afrade it was two late but he wood have to give Fatty sum moar train oil. so Fatty drunk a hoal glass and gaged all the way home. the fite is Saturday afternoon in the Grove Street school yard, behine the school house. the only fellers we can bring are me, the 3 Chadwicks, Whack, Bug and Pozzy, Luke Manix becaus he says i saved his life and Bob Elliott. the stewdcats can bring the same number. this is the 2th fite Fatty has had. the last one was with anuther stewdcat, Fishy Bates. Fatty got licked. Potter says he dont care if he gets licked Saturday if he dont know enny moar than brake training.

Friday, Nov. 14, 186– Fatty was kind of wobly today. but he done prety well. i gess the train oil was good for him. he sed he will be all rite tomorrow. tomorrow is the fite. i can hardly wate for it.

Saturday, Nov. 15, 186– well we had the fite but it wasent the fite we xpected and that Fatty had trained for. Fatty dident fite. he tried to but he coodent. you see he felt so bad about braking training that he drank a pint of train oil last nite and when he came round today he was terrible sick. but he sed he wood be there to fite and as soon as school was out we rubbed him down and he felt better.

well the fite was to be fit at 3 oh clock and we all got up there with sponges and bottles and towels. Potter was going to be referee with one of the stewdcats and Whack and i were to give Fatty a gnee between rounds and Pozzy and Bug sponge him and use the towels. well the stewdcats was there most as soon as we was and the 2 referees got together and arraigned for the fite. it was to be to a finish with ½ minit rest between rounds and was to end when Fatty or the stewdcat faled to come to the scrach and a gnockdown was to end a round.

well they got the stewdcat reddy and we tried to get Fatty but he was terible sick and we had to taik turns in holding his head. the stewdcat was taller than Fatty but not so heavy and looked as if he cood fite. well when he saw that Fatty was sick he sed i aint going to fite a sick feller. what is the matter with him. then Potter told him about the train oil and they laffed fit to die and sed gosh that is tuff on him and the stewdcat he sed he was willing to call it squair unless sumbody wood taik Fattys place and Bug he spoke up and sed he wood fite him and the stewdcat said he was too little and Whack whitch is older than Bug sed wont i do and the stewdcat sed no you aint big enuf. i will tell you what i will do i will fite you 3 Chadwick boys together and the other stewdcats sed no that is two mutch but he can lick two of them eezy.

then Whack and Bug and Pozzy drew lots to see whitch 2 of the 3 shood fite and Whack lost. the Bug and Pozzy got reddy and the Referees sed there wasent to be enny rassling or holding and neether Bug nor Pozzy cood hit the stewdcat from behind but they cood from eether side or in front.

then Potter hollered time and Bug and Pozzy and the stewdcat went at it. the stewdcat was laffin and Bug and Pozzy looked serius for he was a good deel older and bigger than they was. well he gnew how to fite for the first thing he done was to pertent to punch Bug and quick as scat he tirned and gnocked Pozzy on the back of his neck with his heels in the air. But jest as he done this and befoar Potter cood holler time because a gnockdown ended a round you know, Bug got a old ringpeeler on the stewdcats ear and Potter yelled time

(Continued on Page 123)

All of a Juddin Someone Jed Says What is the Meening of this Stop it at Once and There Stood Old Doctor Jole the Principle of the Academy

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

Bodily warmth in cool, refreshing air—that is the healthful comfort which the Humphrey Radiantfire assures. The conditions of temperature and circulation which it creates are as nearly ideal as if the sun itself—the perfect heater—filled the room with its rays.

For the Humphrey Radiantfire, like the sun, *radiates* heat. Rays from the glowing basket raise the temperature of all solid objects, while the air remains active, invigorating and cool.

This successful application of the radiant principle has won the approval of medical men and earned for the Humphrey Radiantfire a place in nearly a million American homes. Both period models and portables are exceptionally beautiful. See them at your Gas Company or Dealer's store today.

There is only one genuine Humphrey Radiantfire. It will pay you to insist upon that trade-mark instead of accepting an imitation. Models range in price from $18.00 up. Booklet upon request.

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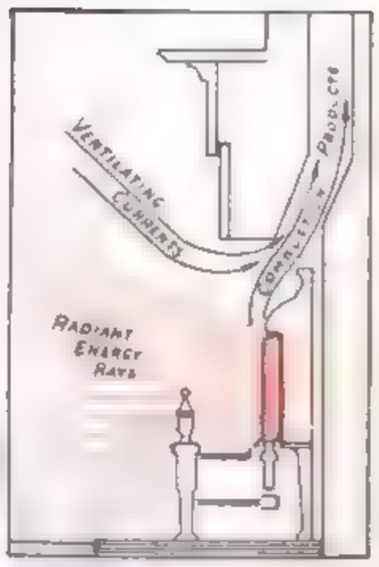

Radiant rays like light rays cannot be turned aside nor can they go up the chimney. They come steadily forward warming, not the air, but only objects with which they come in contact. They keep you warm, and at the same time set the air in motion and provide perfect circulation and ventilation.

It was at the famous old Maxwell House that the veterans of the North and South first met in friendship on the battlefield of Nashville

MAXWELL HOUSE

Over this coffee the North and South pledged the new brotherhood years ago

"WE GREET YOU, not with bayonets but with blessings; not with cold steel but with hot biscuits and southern hospitality," so the Governor of Tennessee long ago welcomed the veterans of the North to the battlefield of Nashville.

Nearly thirty years ago the distinguished generals of the South and North were brought together by the Tennessee Centennial at the old Maxwell House. Here the South could most fittingly do them honor. Here, at the Maxwell House, they could be offered the marvelous dishes and the coffee that were celebrated throughout old Dixie.

"We gathered at the Maxwell House," says one noted Confederate general, "and for the first time clasped in friendship the hands of our former enemies."

We can picture them there together in the stately old dining room, wearing their faded uniforms of gray and blue. Together they lived again through the old campaigns and skirmishes. Together they drank the cups of that rare coffee which has brought the Maxwell House the most lasting fame of all.

A gift to the nation from the old South

Always it was the coffee at the Maxwell House that its visitors praised most highly. A special blend was served there, full-flavored and mellow like no other kind.

The many distinguished guests of the Maxwell House carried the news of this coffee to their homes in all the cities of the South. Returning from the great balls and banquets, they remembered its rich flavor and wanted it for their own use.

Gradually in all parts of the country, North and South, East and West, the families who most enjoy good living have heard of Maxwell House Coffee and have taken steps to secure it. Today it is on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores throughout the United States. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected this blend years ago down in Nashville, still blend and roast it today.

The alluring goodness of this coffee is a gift to America from the old South. It has pleased more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. It is the most popular blend in New York City, in Washington, in Atlanta and Cincinnati—in a long list of the country's leading cities.

When you pour your first cup of this coffee, when its rich aroma first reaches you, you will understand why it delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House. See what new pleasure it will bring your family at breakfast and dinner. Plan now to serve Maxwell House Coffee tomorrow. Your grocer has it on hand in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

"Good to the last drop"

COFFEE TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

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75 years after~

IN entering its Diamond Jubilee Year, a reputation for integrity enjoyed since 1851 is still the greatest business asset of the Cupples Company. Throughout three-quarters of a century Cupples Company has kept pace with progress. Cupples growth has been constant. And 75 years after their inception Cupples basic policies remain the same. ⌁ ⌁ In celebrating its Diamond Jubilee Year and its growing distinction in the rubber industry, Cupples Company has produced the Diamond Jubilee Balloon. It's big, and broad, and black. It's built for a mileage jubilee for every user. It is as tough as a Rhino! ⌁ ⌁ Ask for Cupples Tires and Tubes at Your Dealer's.

OVER-SIZE CORDS ⌁ EXTRA HEAVY CORDS ⌁ BALLOON CORDS ⌁ INNER TUBES ⌁

CUPPLES COMPANY, Saint Louis
A National Institution Since 1851

"Tough as a Rhino"

Cupples

RUBBER HEELS

TIRES TUBES

PRESTO JAR RINGS

(Continued from Page 118)

and the round closed. first gnockdown for the stewdcat.

well Pozzy set on my gnee and Bug on Whacks and Luke Manix and Bob Elliot washed their faces with the sponges and fanned them with the towels.

then the stewdcat Referee hollered time round 2th and the fiters gumped up. the stewdcat kep laffing and kep his arms going in and out. then Pozzy rushed out and got in one but got one back that tirned him haff way round and Bug got in another good one with his left on the stewdcats cheek bone and gnocked the skin off. first blood for Bug. then Bug and Pozzy both went at him together but in a minit he gnocked Bug flat on his back and Pozzy on one gnee and Potter hollered time and the round closed and we used the sponges and the towls until the stewdcat referee hollered time 3rd round.

this time the stewdcat had stopped laffing and tried to keep Pozzy and Bug in front of him insted of on eech side whitch is a verry hard thing to do. so when he started for Bug, Bug doged sideways and then both he and Pozzy went at him to onct. this time he got a good one in on Bug but Pozzy got in 2 paisters 1 on his ey and 1 on his mouth and then Bug whitch had stagered and almost fell come in while he was paisting Pozzy and give him a sidewinder in the ribs that maid him grunt and they all went down and Potter hollered time.

we lifted Pozzy and Bug up and give them sum water to rense there mouths out and washed there faces and waived towels and told them they was doing splendid and Fatty took ocasion to go to the corner of the school yard and be sick. and the stewdcat referee hollered time 4th round.

this time the stewdcat backed away when Bug and Pozzy came neer him. we yelled at them to look out and they did and kep apart so he coodent keep them in front of him. then he rushed for Bug whitch doged him and Pozzy come in with a belt in his gob and Bug came in with anuther and in a second they were all together hitting as fast as they cood and evrybody was yelling there heads off when all of a suddin someone sed boys what is the meening of this stop it at onct and there stood old doctor Sole the principle of the academy.

well the stewdcats grabed their fists and we grabed Bug and Pozzy and stoped the fite and old doctor Sole sed to the stewdcats boys go to your rooms at once. you will heer from me later. then old doctor Sole marched off stiff legged and the stewdcats sed gosh i gess we are in for it now and they took the stewdcat to the pump and washed his face and pumped on his head. he had a split lip and a black ey and one ear all swelled up and a peace of skin off his cheek. but he was a good feller and he shook hands with Bug and Pozzy and sed they was the best fiters he had fit with and he geased he had bit off moar than he cood chew and the referees sed it was a draw fite and then we pumped on Bugs and Pozzys head. Bug had a bloody nose and a stiff gaw and a peace of skin off his forehead and a spraned thum. Pozzy had one ey most shet up and a split lip and a lot of skin off his nuckles.

we all hoap that the stewdcats wont get into mutch truble about it. gosh it was a good fite.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN ECONOMIC ENTENTE

(Continued from Page 17)

and save long freight hauls. This means that she will supply Italy and Belgium, while Germany will take care of Holland, Poland and Scandinavia. The agreement further provides for Franco-German concentration on an intensive potash propaganda campaign throughout the world, and especially in the United States. A central office is to be established in New York. Summed up, the two main purposes of the arrangement are stabilization of production and stimulation of market.

The important matter that affects the American consumer is the price of potash under the reëstablished monopoly. So far there has been no perceptible advance in the export rate. Both the French and the Germans realize that their new propaganda program would utterly fail of its purpose if a gouge accompanied it.

In Berlin I talked with August Diehn, managing director of the Potash Syndicate, who took the initiative for the Franco-German combine on the German side. He participated in the Basel conferences and in the Paris negotiations. When I asked him to explain the pact he said:

"Like every other German interested in potash, I realized that competition would ruin the business. I found that the French felt the same way. By making this agreement with France I feel that we have made a definite step toward European peace. Germany wants to work in economic accord with France, and I am convinced that the potash understanding is a precedent for other industries, especially iron and steel."

A Potash Partnership

"In the matter of price you may rest assured that Germany will not make the mistake of spoiling one of her few sources of natural wealth. We have no gold or silver mines. Potash, with coal, comprises the backbone of our resources. The price for the American farmer is not fixed by us, but by the New York importer, who mixes potash with phosphate and other products. We have no intention of making any radical increase in the export scale.

"I believe that the economic interests of Europe are best served by coördination such as is represented in the Franco-German potash understanding. England, of course, fears Continental economic solidarity. It has been her bugbear for years. She objects to the potash combine in the same way that she will oppose the Franco-German iron and steel arrangement. It is a groundless fear, because by applying the same process of close consolidation to her own industry she could easily work out her economic salvation."

The French point of view was expressed by Monsieur le Cornec, director general of the Société Commerciale des Potasses d'Alsace. Here it is in essence:

"The real aim of the combine is to increase consumption and prevent injurious competition. While potash consumption both in France and Germany is constantly expanding, especially in France, where the requirements have exactly doubled in twelve months, there has not been a corresponding increase of potash used in America. Holland uses proportionately more than the United States. We feel that we can greatly enhance the use of potash, first by coördination, and then through propaganda.

"One value of the pact must be emphasized. It lies in insurance against labor troubles. If the German potash workers go on strike, there will always be the French supply to fall back on and thus there cannot be a potash shortage."

Where Coal's No Longer King

The significance of the Franco-German potash pact cannot be overestimated. Not only has it stabilized a vital industry but, taking the larger view, it must be appraised as an indication that France and Germany are at last seeing eye to eye in those activities which make for economic harmony and contribute to the larger peace as well.

What has happened in potash will inevitably happen in iron and steel, but on a bigger scale. Here the element of world peace enters to a much greater extent. The Great War was the culminating phase of the struggle for political control of the industrial weapon. The backbone of that weapon, whether for conflict or otherwise, is steel. Once upon a time coal was king, but it has had to defer to oil. This is why petroleum has become such an active international irritant. There is no substitute for steel. Hence the integrity of its key position.

Fully to comprehend the necessity for the Franco-German steel agreement you must get a bird's-eye view of conditions before and since 1914. There are three major iron and steel producing areas—namely, the United States, England and the European unit which includes Germany, France, Belgium and Luxemburg. They account for practically 94 per cent of the total output.

British iron and steel depend largely upon a low-grade native ore. We have an abundant supply within our confines. The great Continental group, however, relies mainly upon the ore deposits in Lorraine, in the northeastern part of France. The coal from which is produced the coke for refining purposes is largely in Westphalia. Before the World War, this coal and this ore were in the German Empire. Today the coal is in Germany and the ore is in France.

This is why both the German and the French steel industries are up against it, and why, as in the case of potash, coördination is the remedy for the existing economic ills. Iron and steel, however, require union to a greater degree than potash, because the latter is more self-sufficient. In a pinch, the Alsace potash shafts could get all the fuel they need without drawing upon the Saar. On the other hand, Lorraine steel is impotent without the Ruhr coke. Putting it in another way, it means that German steel production depends upon French ore, and French steel production depends upon German fuel.

The foundation of Germany's prewar industrial might rested upon the close relation between the Lorraine ore and the Ruhr coke. Her great expansion dated from that historic day when Bismarck drew the famous line across the European map and added Lorraine to the Teutonic empire then in the making.

The Versailles Treaty, as everyone knows, restored Lorraine to France, which at once gave her a preeminent position in steel. She still lacked the coke with which to stoke her furnaces. Germany, although bereft of her high-class ore, was in a slightly better position because she had the coal for the coke and could get—and this is precisely what she has been doing—ore from Spain, Sweden and elsewhere. This lessened her dependence upon Lorraine. The arrangement has been unsatisfactory, because England also gets overseas ore, especially Spanish. Besides, the cost of transport, whether on land or sea, added to the German industrial overhead.

The Vexed Problem of Steel

Another factor entered into this interdependence. When Germany built her vast industrial machine after the war of 1870–71 it never entered into her calculations that she would lose Lorraine. It therefore followed that she erected a chain of furnaces and mills near the fuel supply. This meant that the really productive end of the industry was in Germany. France discovered this to her cost when Lorraine came back into the fold.

All this is by way of preliminary. Two developments have made the Franco-German steel situation acute. One was the fact that under the Versailles Treaty all products of Alsace and Lorraine had free

(Continued on Page 125)

When Stockings catch the Eye~

A GIRL with unusually attractive sport hose goes tripping by. What is it that makes those ankles look so trim and pretty? So many sport hose make a dainty ankle look so thick and clumsy.

But Iron Clads are made for *beauty*. A rich close-fitting texture that clings—and a lustrous silken surface that emphasizes the most appealing curves of calf and ankle.

Ask your dealer for style 883—the winter's loveliest of sport hose in the season's smartest colors. The new English ribbing from top to toe—and woven of the strongest mercerised yarn and rayon. These Iron Clads will wear—and wear—and wear. There's an Iron Clad guarantee with every pair. 14,000 merchants are selling them, but if your dealer can't supply you, mail us your remittance and we'll send your hose direct. State color (Black, Mode, Leather Grey, Buck, Russian Tan, French Nude, Blonde) and size [illegible] to 10½. $1.50 a pair.) We'll pay the postage!

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We offer exclusive franchise in desirable localities throughout the country to men who can qualify. Your association to become associated with a firmly established high success ful institution and own a [illegible] business in your city. Possibilities unlimited. More than 25,500 Pacific Ready-Cut Homes sold by our proven plan. Operating offices in 45 cities in many states. Our exclusive California architecture gives decided advantage. We create individual designs and specifications and ship materials to meet *all* your conditions. If you can furnish good [illegible] and have [illegible] capital to [illegible] a real [illegible] Building experience not required. Necessary to come to Los Angeles for final conference. Write for particulars.

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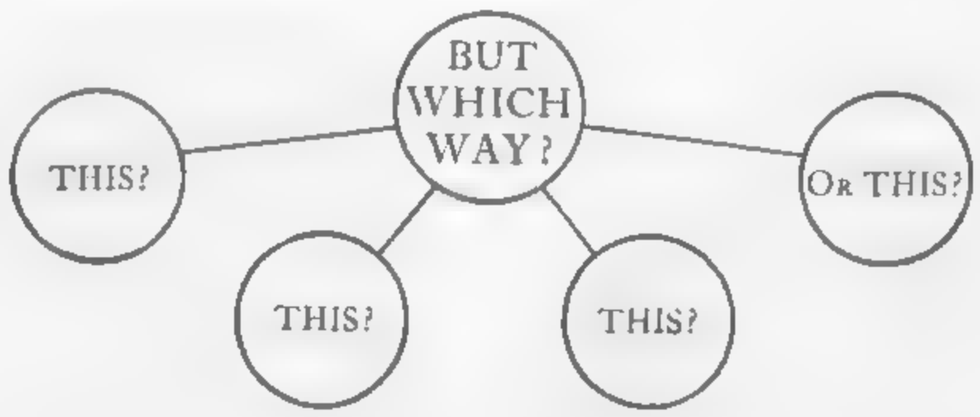
There Is No Confusion About One Thing, At Least

The great insurance companies say *Clean Your Teeth, and Visit Your Dentist Regularly*, because of the bearing teeth have on your general health. They want you to live longer.

Scientists say *Clean Your Teeth*, but be sure to choose your dentifrice for its cleansing qualities only. They want you to live longer.

Dentifrice makers say *Clean Your Teeth*.



There is no confusion about the value of clean teeth. There is no confusion in the mind of the layman as to method if he uses Dr. Lyon's, which has always advocated the two things set down by Insurance and Science—

1. See your dentist regularly.
2. Use a dentifrice of cleansing qualities only.

Dr. Lyon's contains no harmful ingredient. It makes no pretense of prescribing for you. Your dentist should do the prescribing, or your physician.

Dr. Lyon's is safe. It cleans teeth clean and bright. Its flavor is mild and delightful. It is recommended to those who have a *sensible fear* of this confusion—who want to live longer.

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER DENTAL CREAM

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

(Continued from Page 123)

entry into Germany for five years. This exemption expired on January 10, 1925. The period of grace was given to France in the hope that it would enable her to build up a steel market in the west. This she has failed to do, which brings us to the second reason for her distress.

Before 1914, the French iron industry consumed 5,000,000 tons of pig iron and steel. Since the Armistice, France has reconstructed the blast furnaces destroyed by the Germans and added to them much valuable productive property which was included in the spoils of war. Not only has she expanded production inside the republic, but she has spread out throughout Northern and Central Europe. The great Creusot works, which are the Krupps of France, own a large interest in the Skoda works in Czecho-Slovakia. French steel interests have planted themselves in Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, Austria and Hungary. In consequence, French iron production has doubled. Opposed to this is the fact that her consumption remains at the prewar figure. The net result is that she has an excess of approximately 5,000,000 tons which she must sell at a loss, not manufacture at all or dispose of profitably to Germany.

It was this situation that led many eminent European economists, including Francis Delaisi, to intimate that the French occupation of the Ruhr had more behind it than forcible collection of reparations. Although a Frenchman, Delaisi maintained that the French Ruhr policy was to enfeeble German industry and thus enable France to assume the stewardship of steel.

The shoe pinches on both feet. While France has an excess of pig and must buy her coke from Germany, the German industry is also bearing a heavy burden because of drastic taxes under the Dawes Plan, and, what is more important, almost ruinous competition. Wherever you turn in Franco-German iron and steel, you discover that each wing of it is beset by trouble.

Incidentally the whole European heavy industrial market is suffering from the effects of an exaggerated competition in Africa, Asia and South America, which has reduced selling prices. Rails are only one instance. This destructive rivalry abroad has had the effect of raising the price for the domestic buyer, who therefore has bought only what has been absolutely essential.

More Tariff Squabbles

It inevitably followed that, with the return of duties on the Alsace-Lorraine exports to Germany, tariff complications ensued. The Germans maintain that France has put an excessive duty on her completed steel products—it is exactly four times the tariff on American machine tools—while the French in turn contend that Germany is penalizing her produce of all kinds, even grapes.

The situation has been further complicated by the inability of the French and the Germans to conclude a commercial treaty which would, of course, provide for a satisfactory tariff scale. The negotiations for this treaty have gone on intermittently for more than six months, while a provisional scale has been in effect. The rock upon which they have split is the iron, steel and coke tariffs. Each country naturally wants to protect its industry, and yet one is dependent upon the other. This protection attitude, however, is more governmental than individual.

Now we come to the heart of the matter. The reason for the delay in consummating the commercial treaty is that the two governments have failed to agree upon fundamental propositions upon which the steel masters have already reached an unofficial accord. This state of affairs emphasizes the value of practical people getting together. Only governmental obstruction on both sides of the Rhine has prevented the Franco-German iron and steel compact from being a going concern. It is no secret that the French and German steel interests have arrived at a satisfactory basis for coöperation. Various conferences have been held at Düsseldorf and Luxemburg between representatives of the Comité des Forges de France, which is the association of French steel masters, the German Steel Syndicate, and Luxemburg industrialists.

In Germany and France the iron and steel industry includes two groups. One unit in each country favors close coöperation, which would amount to a vast Continental trust for offensive and defensive purposes and would be a tremendous factor in the world market. The other opposes such a sweeping union and rests its case upon a coöperative arrangement for the exchange of raw and semifinished materials. In the end the fuel factor will be the determining one, as it is in every other phase of industry.

When I talked with both the French and German steel masters last autumn, the unofficial terms were that a special low price is to be made on the Ruhr coke sent into Lorraine and Luxemburg, where half-finished steel products will be made under a combination of cheap ore, labor and fuel. The half-finished articles will be returned to Germany for completion and marketing. Both nations could operate to full capacity. The result of this would be the reconstitution of the old prewar Rhine-Lorraine industrial combine.

Business Bridges Over the Rhine

The basis of the tonnage of pig iron, semifinished, and certain finished products to be exported into Germany from Lorraine, the Saar—which is still under French supervision pending the plebiscite to determine its sovereignty—and Luxemburg, has already been determined. The total tonnage agreed upon is 1,750,000 tons a year, divided into the following quotas: Lorraine, 850,000 tons; the Saar, 600,000 tons; Luxemburg, 300,000 tons; although the quantity allotted to the Saar does not include its shipments of tubes and pipes into Germany.

The preliminary agreement admits pig iron from the Saar Valley duty free, while iron and half-fabricates, as well as finished goods, from Lorraine and Luxemburg are to be subject to the maximum German duties, pending commercial treaty arrangements providing for lower conventional duties or for most-favored-nation treatment in respect to lower duties granted by treaties with other countries. Half these maximum duties will be borne by the German importers however. There will probably also be some agreement for the import of fixed quantities of Lorraine minette, as the French ore is called, as these ore mines have always been dependent upon the German blast furnaces for a large part of their output.

The general impression throughout Europe is that the inevitable exchange of fuel and raw and semifinished materials between France and Germany along the lines that I have indicated, which will be formally ratified by the industries as soon as the commercial treaty is concluded, will lead to a larger consolidation of interests. A huge Continental steel trust may be the outcome. Once achieved, this will mean not only the triumph of business brains and common sense over political obstacles, but it is bound to affect British and American industry in a large way.

John Bull and Uncle Sam need have no particular anxiety as yet, because they have one essential which the Franco-German combine will lack. This essential is money. Both the French and the German national finances are sadly impaired and are likely to be for some time to come. Neither one is able to subsidize iron and steel to any great extent. The immediate effect, therefore, once the preliminary compact functions, is to stabilize French and German steel. It will be a life-saver for both.

In the long run a Franco-German industrial combine would seriously affect the British situation for the reason that industry in England is not coördinated to the same degree as obtains in the United States. It is open to vital attack. Furthermore, British industry is handicapped by its excessive production costs, largely due to trade-union restrictions, while our industry has the immense advantage that comes with efficiency and mass production.

That economic necessity is bridging the gulf across the Rhine was concretely shown last October, when the Wendel concern, one of the most powerful of the French steel groups, bought the Norddeutschland coal mine in the Ruhr from the Krupps for 11,000,000 gold marks. Later in this article you will discover why the Krupps made this sale. I refer to it here as an evidence of the growing Franco-German industrial kinship in one way or another.

This growing economic accord between the French and the Germans is backed up by representative opinion in both countries. It is peculiarly significant in France. No point of view that I gathered was more sane or striking than that of Monsieur Henry Lémery, member of the French Senate and counsel for many of the leading groups of the Comité des Forges. He is not only one of the great industrial lawyers of France, but has held many distinguished public posts. He was Minister of Justice in the Combes régime and Undersecretary for Trade in the Clemenceau cabinet during the World War.

When I asked him for a statement about the Franco-German industrial coördination, he said:

"As a result of the Versailles Treaty most of the nations of Europe are trying to become self-sufficient. It has resulted in what may be called a Europe of the tribes. This is absolutely irreconcilable with modern industry, which needs big, free areas for normal development. The reverse obtains, because every nation is seeking to protect its trade and industry to the utmost. In consequence, high cost of living and unemployment are the rule nearly everywhere.

"The so-called capitalist class failed when it was unable to prevent the World War. If it now proves incapable of organizing European production so that every man can find work and live comfortably out of his earnings, it will score a second failure, which will undoubtedly lead to social revolution all over Europe, in which the bourgeois class will be entirely wiped out."

How Peace Can be Assured

"It is for this reason that the best brains in Germany and in France consider that the only way to avoid a European collapse is to foster and organize an economic understanding between the two countries. France and Germany are the biggest military powers and rank among the principal industrial nations of the world. If their interests can be intermingled so that they will no longer be antagonistic, peace is assured. No diplomatic agreement, guaranty, pact or military alliance can replace a community of economic interests.

"The questions are: Is such an agreement possible? How is it to be reached? What will be the result of such an understanding?

"In my opinion an economic agreement between Germany and France is not only possible, but is the natural outcome of geological and geographical conditions. The products of the soil of France and Germany are not in any way competitive; in fact, they supplement each other. To illustrate: Germany produces more coal than she can possibly use, and lacks iron ore. France produces more iron ore than she can dream of consuming, and needs coal, and especially coke.

"The geographical location of the principal French iron-ore deposits and of the German collieries is the Ruhr. They are barely 150 miles apart and directly connected by the wonderful waterway of the Rhine which creates a natural and ideal system for coördination and transport. Furthermore, Germany is amply provided with

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potash and nitrates, but possesses no phosphates, which the French iron ore of the Lorraine Basin, enormously rich in phosphorus, can provide under the most favorable conditions.

"Not only are the natural products of Germany and France noncompetitive, but even the manufactured goods of both nations are, as a whole, complementary. The Lorraine metallurgical works, for example, are producing principally semimanufactured steel, while the Ruhr industry is organized to convert semifinished products into machines and machinery.

"These are the basic factors which must, in the long run, force an understanding between France and Germany. Negotiations between the countries have been obscured by politics on both sides of the Rhine. Both governments have had to deal with unstable majorities, and the actual state of affairs has been willfully misrepresented by party propaganda. Moreover, British industrial interests fear, justly or otherwise, an economic understanding between France and Germany.

"The outstanding impression, however, after eliminating politics and propaganda, is that the thinking men of both France and Germany realize that the present situation in Europe is economically paradoxical, and that the peace of the world undoubtedly rests on the question as to whether France and Germany will be able to work out a satisfactory and lasting agreement.

"Such an understanding is now being reached. The troublesome question of reparations has been settled by the Dawes Plan, provided that Germany fulfills her obligations. The security question is settled through the Locarno Pact and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, assuming, of course, that Germany does not ask for any modification of the present territorial status in Europe. Political irritation or friction between France and Germany can only grow out of Poland. My late observation in Germany has been that the best informed German politicians agree that it is unwise to urge any change in the Polish frontier. I am glad to say that French statesmen are using their influence to bring Poland to a more reasonable frame of mind both politically and economically toward her neighbors.

"In the meantime, French and German industrialists are working out private agreements. The potash pact has been functioning successfully for more than a year and the results are most satisfactory. Metallurgical combines are under way, and these private understandings will pave the way to governmental agreement."

American Finances Wanted

"If French and German economic interests become so intermingled that no war is possible between these countries, then we can feel some degree of safety about the future not only in the military but in the social sense as well. The combination of French intelligence and the German genius for organization and production will mean that unemployment will not only become a nightmare of the past, but the cost of production will be so decreased that the standard of European living will gradually reach the American level.

"In order to reach this satisfactory result in France and Germany the financial influence of America must be invoked. Germany needs credits to refinance herself, while France will require American money to stabilize her currency. It is not too much to say that the United States can greatly help the cause of peace between the two chief adversaries of the late war and thus lay the corner stone of world accord."

Equally illuminating was my interview with Monsieur Théodore Laurent, who, with the possible exception of Monsieur Schneider, head of the famous Creusot works, is the foremost steel master of France. He occupies very much the same position that E. H. Gary does in the United States. He is vice president of the Comité des Forges and *administrateur,* as the French call it, or president or director of exactly fourteen huge iron and steel works. In the Compagnie des Forges et Aciéries de la Marine et d'Homecourt, of which he is director general, the famous French seventy-five-millimeter guns, which played such a part in the World War, were first manufactured. Monsieur Laurent, in company with Monsieur Wendel, who is the C. M. Schwab of France, has been conspicuous in the negotiations with the Germans for an industrial understanding.

In reply to my question about the status of the Franco-German economic entente, he said.

"It is obvious that the French steel industry will be seriously impaired unless we reach a satisfactory working arrangement with Germany. Before the war we produced and consumed 5,000,000 tons of steel. Now we produce 10,000,000 tons, but consume only that original 5,000,000. Our only salvation is to convert this steel into semifinished products, send them to Germany for conversion and have a joint arrangement about marketing. If we cannot resort to this procedure, then we must sell our product at a loss, which will start a ruinous competition. The only other alternative is to shut down."

A Proposed Chemical Combine

"Both the French and the German metallurgical groups have reached a satisfactory understanding along the lines that I have indicated. Business is always handicapped by government interference, and this has been the case here. The French Government has asked us to withhold consummation of the deal until the commercial treaty is drawn up, and we have had to accede to this wish.

"No one can doubt that a close Franco-German economic arrangement will be the salvation of Europe industrially and politically. The only objection, already voiced, comes from England. This cannot be helped. In the end England will find that the Franco-German accord will be of benefit to her because it will stabilize the price."

To round out the French point of view, let me add what one of the leading private bankers of Paris said to me last October. Here it is:

"The more I see of the position here, the more I feel that an understanding between the French and German industries is of great importance to the security of Europe. Anything you can do on your side of the Atlantic to promote such an agreement is good work done for world peace."

A composite German view, based on conversations with many of the leading industrialists, runs like this:

"Germany is ready and willing to enter into a lasting economic agreement with France in which the industries of both countries will supplement each other. We have shown our faith in the potash pact. The tentative agreement made by the individual concerns to work together in iron, coal, coke and steel is merely an expansion of the larger idea of coördination which both countries must have if their industries are to endure. During the past year the German industrialist has realized as never before that combination to reduce overhead and marketing expense is inevitable."

Once the iron and steel merger is concluded, there is every indication that chemicals will form the basis of the third Franco-German alliance. Here Germany is not so dependent upon her neighbor, because the German chemical industry is highly organized and practically self-sufficient. A union with the Germans would mean an immense advantage to France. Moreover, it would stabilize the industry and enable the foreign lender to reckon with solidarity.

The possibility of this Franco-German chemical combine grows out of the failure of the British and German chemical industries to reach an accord. England, as I have intimated all along, is becoming increasingly agitated about the growing Continental economic solidarity. This was recently evidenced by her attempt to make a

working arrangement with the German coal interests. The chief obstacle to British participation in all these growing international arrangements is that it seems impossible for her industrialists to get together on a common ground for negotiations. English insularity, in one form or another, remains.

The bloc tendency, as expressed in the Franco-German alliance—it may lead to a Pan-Europe industrial scheme—is matched by a striking trust movement in Germany, which is of interest to all world production. Throughout the republic, and notably in the Ruhr, the old guard—that is, men of the type of August Thyssen—are breaking away from their traditional individualism and joining forces.

The primary purpose is self-preservation, although, like the Stinnes housecleaning, it represents a phase of the German economic overhauling. In a larger sense this tightening of interests is just another step in preparedness for international consolidation. The proposed Franco-German chemical coalition, for example, would not even be a suggestion save for the fact that the chemical manufacturers of Germany are strongly united.

Although combination enabled prewar German industry to march to its place in the sun, it did not express the trust idea as we know it, save only with dyes and potash, in which the Germans held practically a world monopoly. Let me add in this connection that Teutonic dye supremacy is now divided, because there is a considerable production both in England and in the United States. Through the agreement with the French, however, the potash octopus, so to speak, is reborn.

Germany's old industrial power lay mainly in two kinds of union. One was the cartel, a community of interests for overseas selling. The other was the syndicate, such as was represented by potash. There was also a third, in which a group of heavy-metal manufacturers would allocate the production of certain machinery parts in their various factories. This prevented duplication of effort, say, in dies.

No Traffic Law for Trusts

The purpose of these various kinds of combines was to plant the German product throughout the globe. A firm entering into such an arrangement did not lose its corporate name or identity. Over all this coördination, which had many special privileges, beamed the imperial favor of the Kaiser.

The trust movement in Germany today is animated by a different reason. Money and credit are so scarce, wages are so high, taxes so excessive and the general state of business so bad, that only the closest possible pooling of interests, both for overhead costs and marketing, can stave off disaster. Now you can see one of the many reasons for the iron and steel negotiations with France.

There is no need of going into an exhaustive analysis of the German economic situation save to say that with the eclipse of the paper mark, money became dear and it has remained dear ever since. Interest rates are almost prohibitive. If a firm or an individual can make a loan at 15 per cent, it is a fortunate circumstance. While conditions are tight, the country is fundamentally sound, because the stabilization of the mark is secure. After the years of inflation, the present contraction is a wholesome experience. German business will emerge safer and wiser.

The new German trust differs in one way from the old American combine idea. Germany has no Sherman Law to impede traffic. A German trust can go as far as it likes in the matter of crushing competition and there will be no pitiless publicity through embarrassing investigations.

The most important of the new trusts is the so-called Stahl (Steel) Trust. It is interesting to note that the word "trust" has been incorporated into the German vocabulary. As originally organized it included five of the largest groups in the Rhenish-Westphalian district—namely, Krupps, Thyssen, Phoenix, Rheinstahl and the Rhine-Elbe Union. It is therefore one of the largest industrial fusions that have yet taken place in Germany. The capitalization is 800,000,000 marks. A holding company has been formed to take over all the properties represented. The interests will pool fuel and other supplies, obtain joint credits and market under a common arrangement.

In October the Krupps withdrew from the combine, not because they did not share in the general industrial depression, but for the reason that they were able to sell the Norddeutschland coal mine to the Wendel steel group in France, as I have already pointed out. This transaction enabled them to get some working capital, which was badly needed. The four other concerns now make up the trust. The new German steel trust followed the precedent of the iron factors elsewhere in the country. Earlier in 1925 the Deutsch Ober Schlesische Eisen Actien Gesellschaft—the German Upper Silesia Iron Company—was formed to include most of the important mills and mines of Upper Silesia, with a capitalization of 150,000,000 marks.

The Decline in Dye Prestige

Another significant amalgamation has been in dyes. Again self-preservation, born of the industrial crisis, is the impelling factor. You get some idea of the decline in German dye prestige when I say that whereas during the first three months of 1913 the German exports of dyes aggregated 31,594 metric tons, they had shrunk to 2144 metric tons for the same period in 1925.

In consequence, the Interessen Gemeinschaft Für Deutsche Farben Industrie—Community of Interests in Dye Manufacture—it will be known as the I. G. for short—has been organized with a capital of 640,000,000 marks.

The I. G. has completely reorganized the German dye industry and made it more cohesive than ever before. It has been subdivided into five productive departments, which will deal with dyes, nitrogen products, pharmaceutical supplies, artificial silk and so-called inorganic products. With this close-knit organization Germany expects to win back something of her old dye supremacy. The fact that the trust is turning to artificial silk shows that variation of output is part of the new economic self-defense.

The fourth big consolidation, which is in oil, vitally affects American interests, because it is partly aimed at the penetration of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey into Germany. It is a 100 per cent German proposition in that no foreign capital is involved. The only other German oil concern—it was part of the Stinnes empire and located in Hannover—has been acquired by the dye trust.

As a result of the organization of the German oil trust—which will probably be called Deutsche Petroleum Actien Gesellschaft—competition in Germany will be sharply divided among distinct national interests. The rivals of the Teutonic combine are the Deutsche Amerikanische Öl Gesellschaft, which is the German subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey; and the Royal Dutch, which is Dutch and British.

Thus German industry is girded up for battle along the most approved and efficient modern lines. Both within and without her domain it has realized the necessity for close coöperation. When all is said and done, however, its most significant expression lies in the growing union with French enterprise, which achieves what blind and bigoted politics has failed to accomplish.

In this Franco-German economic entente lies the new protocol for European peace and prosperity.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of the series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next and last will be devoted to Bolshevism.

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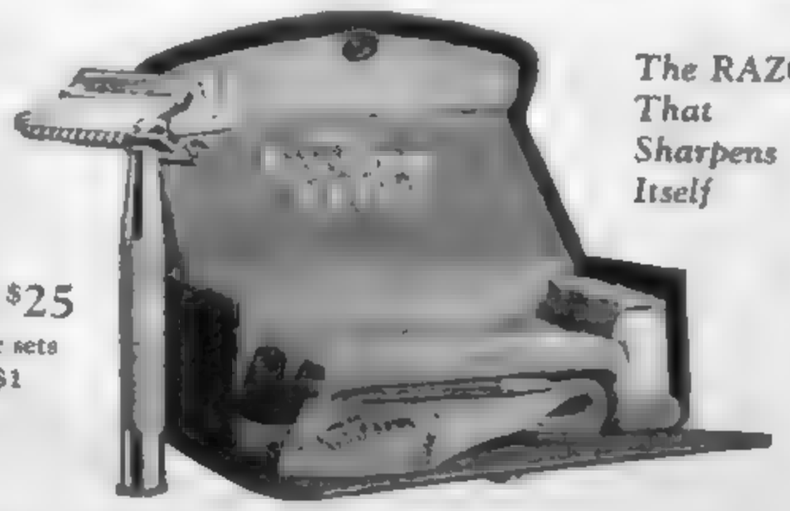

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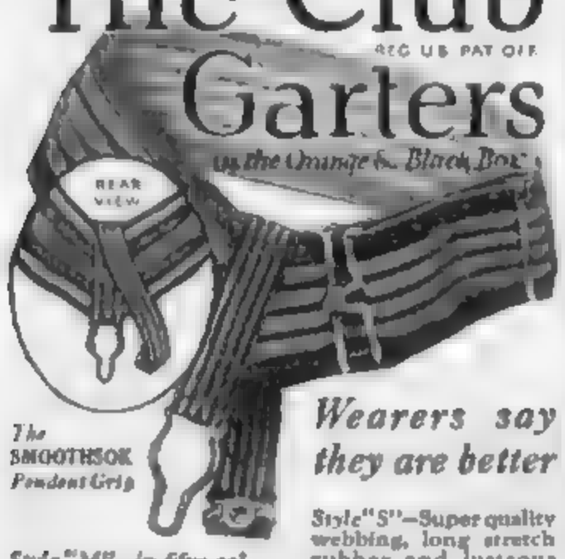

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SPLENDOR AND GLORY

(Continued from Page 19)

get on the train all right? I dunno but what she's runnin' away from this terr'ble Decameron woman more'n from old Miss Claudia, who," Joe reflected, "might be worse. She don't seem to drink heavy an' ain't perfumed more'n most dames."

"It's Cadigan, Joe, not Decameron."

"Yeh, but she looks like she knew too much, ace. White maids always sorta scare me. Uh-huh! They've been round all fashionable an' moved in the best manicured s'ciety. This flat-faced limy hen of Miss Claudia's looks like nothin' could shock her any. I'd ruther she went an' died outa the house. More than which is that Miss Claudia picked her up in that town of Nice. I was down there ten days gettin' over the war in 1918. Uh-huh! It's a secretive kinda dump an' no school for ladies to learn knittin' in."

The Rev. Gavin Kent sank in a chair and reflected, beautifully enunciating, "What a strange aroma hangs about the Riviera! It affects one's imagination. Most of the people you see at Nice and Monte Carlo are entirely commonplace—mere sight-seers like oneself—but three generations of advertisement have built up an atmosphere. One mechanically thinks the pretty woman at the next table may be a Russian adventuress. And how Claudia relied on that feeling of infiltrated sin in Passion House!"

"Yeh," said Joe, undoing the tie from his severe collar, "but there's a smart piece of work in 'at book, poppa. The fella that's sore on his wife an' has the villa dec'rated in all the colors she don't like is kinda good. Was an egg sorta like him out in Missouri, when I was young, name of Thomas Jefferson Wampole, but he was a Baptist. His wife vexed him considerable. She had a rollin' eye an' an easy smile an' sorta pawed your sleeve when she talked to you front of the grocery—all of which, rev'rend, meant less'n nothin'. She just liked to be sociable. T. Jefferson suffered some, though, an' whenever he was awful damn sore on Cora he'd paint a room in their house pink or somethin' lugubrious kinda, an' then skillets were heaved in the kitchen an' niggers were scared to go near the Wampole place at all. Uh-huh!

"I dunno but what Cousin Claudia's sensibler'n she looks. That fella fightin' his wife an' the place where he smashes her joolry to hunks is kinda lifelike. It's how jealous guys go on. Jealous apes get sorta subtle an' mean. That place where he takes his cigarette case an' smashes the pearls to litty-bitty pieces on the dinner table is good. An' there's some in that novel about Florida ain't bad, nearly, as it might be; like where the girl tries to sell her silk underduds to the chambermaid when she goes broke at Miami. . . . Ace, I'm the nearest to a brother you're ever gonna have, babe, an' you gonna let me climb myself up inta that freezy cold attic for some moh maple sugar?"

"Of course I'm not," Stukely assured him, and went strolling down the gracious room, paneled with books, hunting the black tube of a flashlight. He halted to glance at Cousin Claudia's iridescent scarf flooding softly from the dull maple of an old desk where she had scattered a mob of trivial things—a silver scent bottle, a handkerchief with a monogram gilding one corner and some orange leaflets which declared in violent type: Three Hundred Thousand Americans Have Read Claudia Wasson's Novel, The Coast of Sin. Why? Because This Is a Story for Civilized People. He had to pause and wonder if that "civilized" would catch buyers, and stood so, fingering the leaflet until a voice stirred in the room.

"Mrs. Wasson sent to ask, sir, if there's a dictionary."

Miss Cadigan was poised, still, gowned in black, at the foot of the green staircase, with her hands neatly folded on her middle. The lamps provided her with a little color, and her flat, square face seemed more human in the glimmer expended by shades of jolly silk and parchment.

"No, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we've no dictionary. What was the word, Miss Cadigan?"

"'Chrysochrous,' sir. Mrs. Wasson isn't certain whether it means yellow or gold, sir."

"Both," said the Rev. Gavin Kent. "It means golden yellow. It's from the Greek of course. . . . You type Mrs. Wasson's manuscript, Miss Cadigan? That's very convenient."

"Yes, sir; especially as we travel so much. I'd a place as typist in the War Office, sir, during the war. . . . Thank you, sir."

She retired up the stairs, stiff-backed and silent. Joe Fancher wriggled into a chair beside the fire and cuddled the collar of his dinner jacket around his ears, rolling turquoise eyes.

"She makes my cold worse on me ev'ry time she speaks, poppa. I'm gonna have me three hot-water bags in bed. She makes me think of grandmamma catchin' me wiv snakes in my pants in church down in Gawgia. Oh, she's a terrible woman! I'm gonna bribe Ahithophel to bite her."

"Obviously she doesn't approve of us. And I wonder just why." Doctor Kent pondered, stretching his long arched feet to the fire. "Perhaps because we only have two servants, or because we run this place as a practical dairy farm. I've really never seen much of the second-rate English. This girl, plainly, is above the ordinary servant class. She saves her *h*'s and she has quite a manner. I suppose she resents us on principle, and ——" He straightened in his chair with a distinguished jolt as the telephone sounded at his elbow, and said, "Good heavens! At this time of night! Let's hope it's not a newspaper wanting to interview the camel. . . . Hello? Yes, this is Doctor Kent's house. I'm Doctor Kent. . . . Yes, Mrs. Wasson is here, but I'm afraid that she's gone to her room for the night. She ——" He bent his curly white head closer to the black instrument and listened patiently. His voice broke out again graciously, "Ah, yes, Mr. Samson. We once met at the Church and Arts League Dinner. I remember perfectly. Yes, yes, of course. . . . Stuke, old man, just run up and tell Miss Cadigan that Claudia's publisher wishes to speak to her."

Stukely trotted the green staircase and nervously approached the guest room's door around a barricade of trunks splotched with the labels of hotels. It was a little thrilling, suddenly, to have a famous publisher asking to speak to Cousin Claudia's maid over the quiet farm's telephone, and Miss Cadigan, opening the door, bobbed out of splendor. The painted bedroom seethed with frocks, and bottles cased in silver littered the table; smoke of two cigarettes frolicked from a tray on an enameled stand as the draft blew from the hall, and Miss Cadigan's hard mouth was still exhaling smoke as she appeared.

"M-Mr. Samson—the publisher, y'know. He'll speak to you."

"Thank you, sir."

"N-not at all," said Stukely, stepping aside, and blushing as the woman passed him.

It wasn't worth while being twenty-one and shaving twice a week if you went on blinking and getting pink when women looked at you curiously, and this one plain as a table, at that! There was no getting Joe's assurance. Norah's husband had been a sergeant of Marines at nineteen, and had lived all over every place. A man simply ought to be a little more sure of himself. It really wouldn't do. Suppose you got frightfully celebrated—wrote a book or one of those things—and had to stand and be stared at in receptions. No, there ought to be some toughening process.

"Oh, Stukely!"

He jumped and blushed. Cousin Claudia, amazing in a robe strung with brilliant pearls and strange geometrical devices, swung into sight beyond the door. Well, she was nearly as old as dad, and harmless, and she clearly hated the cigarette that hung between her lips.

"Th-that's an awf'ly pretty gown, Cousin Claudia."

"You think so? Vienna, my dear chap, only don't tell the world. All the smartest women in Paris send to Vienna for things, and have for ages, only Americans are so desperately naïve about these things. . . . Come in for a minute. Do," she said, perching on the bed, "put me right on one thing. Does one have one's valet scrub one's back in the bathtub?"

He was stricken into a pulp by this lilting speech, and his knees shook. Mrs. Wasson jammed a finger against her rosy chin and beamed at him intensely from under an elaborate drapery of chestnut curls strung across her forehead. Her gauntness was contained in this terrible mass of draperies and silvery beads. Everything wavered and glittered around her, and the smoke of the cigarette she pretended to enjoy seemed part of the silly glory that her maid and her dressmakers had arranged. Her parched hands fluttered with a sort of baby's pride on her clothes, and it was the brown fluttering of the old hands that gave him a sharp, incredible pain. She was so old to be making a show of herself, with slang and cosmopolite gossip and absurd books in lemon bindings.

"I don't think so, Cousin Claudia. I think that'd be rather bounderish."

"Ah, that's just what I wanted to know. So difficult to describe a young fellow *en intime*. After all," she giggled, "I've never been a handsome bachelor. . . . Yes, I think you must look over the youngster in my new book. One hates the little slips."

He said, with a hard feeling in his throat, "You must enjoy writing awf'ly. I suppose there's a lot of—of work to it though."

"Oh, my dear, it nearly destroys one! Five years of it and I feel old—really old. And California didn't rest me. I was on show, you see. So many people wanted to have me here and there—Carmel and Santa Barbara, and then the women's clubs wanting little addresses. If it weren't for Cadigan taking so much off my hands, I'd be a wreck. Oh, yes, one pays for glory, my dear lad!"

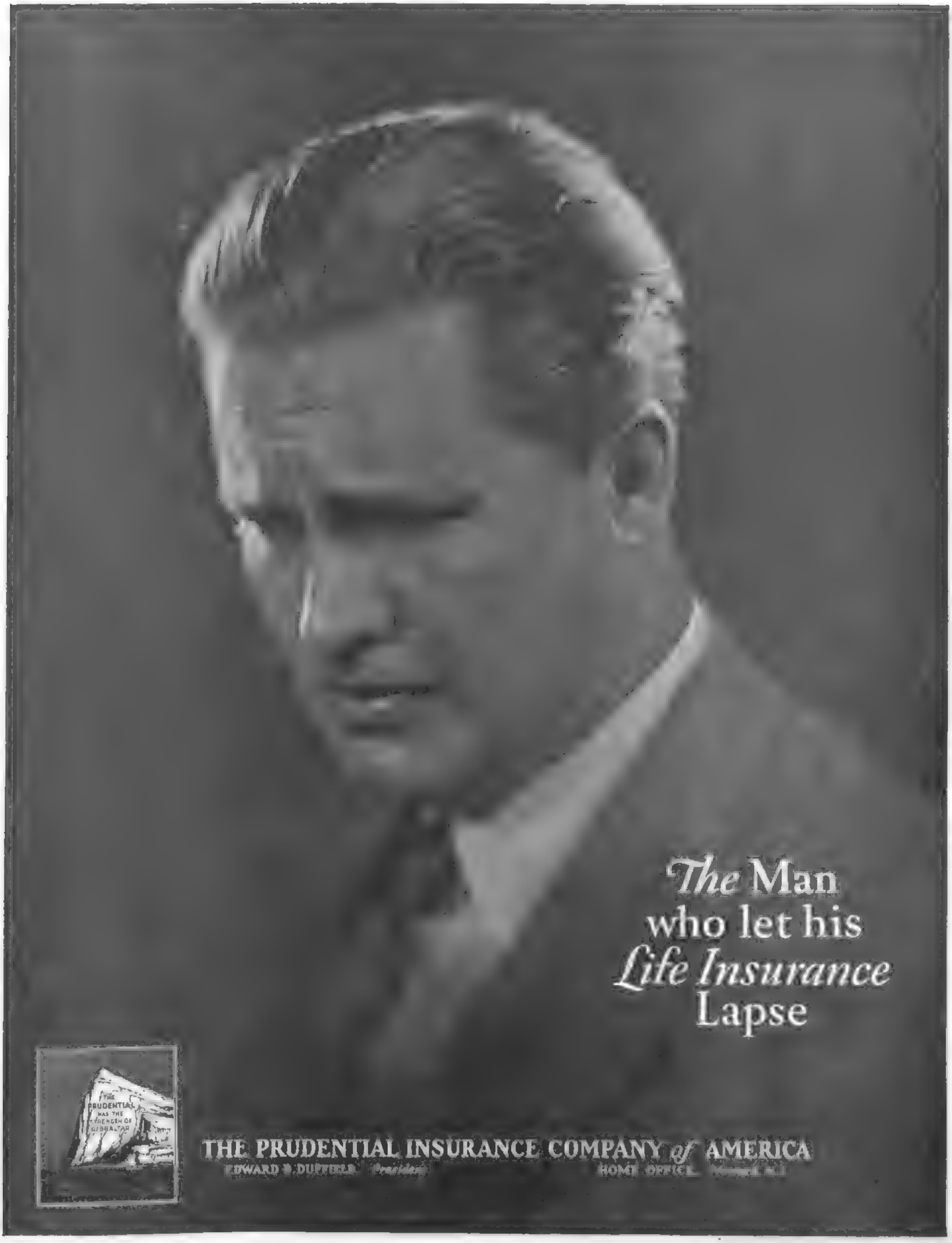
She sighed, and the oddest mirage took her place for a second in Stukely's eyes. He seemed to see through her a person rather resembling himself at the age of sixteen seated in the dressing room of a gymnasium, wearily telling some smaller persons that the life of a halfback on a big school's football team was a frightful grind. This vision evaporated toward the old trapdoor in the room's ceiling, but he was certain that he had heard an echo of his own voice, and his blush began.

"H-how did you think of writing a book first, Cousin Claudia?"

"It was at Biarritz. . . . I don't know why," she said simply, her voice sliding down from the jocund twitter to a level alto. "Cadigan was brushing my hair. . . . It was a sort of inspiration. I mean, I suddenly felt that I could write a novel. And one gets to know so much about life. One sees so much and gets such impressions, especially in Europe. You know, my husband never would take me abroad, and father didn't approve of Europe, and yet it was Europe that—that stimulated me. I seemed to be born all over again, Stukely. Oh, of course, I've always wanted to write! . . . Gavin tells me you've been writing parts of his book on philology for him."

"Haven't," said Stukely, scarlet. "He dictates stuff. His eyes are so bad. I help him look it over. An' Joe and I know lots more slang than he does, of course. . . . Oh, excuse me!"

(Continued on Page 132)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who let his
Life Insurance
Lapse
THE PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD President
HOME OFFICE

(Continued from Page 130)

Miss Cadigan slid past him and murmured to her mistress, "Mr. Samson was merely inquiring about the new edition of The Coast, ma'am," and then dismissed Stukely with her disapproving eyes. His next blush lasted him clear down the stairs and into the region of Joe Fancher's blue stare.

"What's wrong, babe?"

"Wrong? Nothin'. . . . You ought to see Cousin Claudia in a boudoir gown though! It's—it's pretty astonishing!"

His father said almost hastily, from the fireplace, "But, my dear boy, Miss Cadigan went white, Joe says. And her voice broke. She was telling Mr. Samson that she would attend to something and not to disturb Claudia. We couldn't help hearing. But upon my soul, she sounded as though she were frightened to death! It's not a death, because Claudia has no one. . . . How curious!"

"Someone's pasted her in a book review, rev'rend," Joe suggested, rubbing his fair hair; "that's all. When you're so kinda puffed up an' vainglorious as she is, that'd hurt. Was a guy that wrote books in my comp'ny in France, rev'rend, an' oncet when the mail came he got him a lot of newspaper cuttings from his publisher. I had to listen to him go on 'cause we were sittin' in the same piece of trench. Uh-huh! He spoke kinda bitter, an' he wasn't an old lady with false hair neither. . . . Yeh, some critic's spoke evil of Miss Claudia's works in a newspaper. I'd hate to be with her when she read anything unkind about herself."

The Rev. Gavin Kent rolled a cigarette slowly on his case and spoke gently: "My dear Joe, she's an old woman, and all her life she was suppressed and left in the background. Her father snubbed her, and her husband—I think he married her for prudential reasons—Wasson ignored her. She was his housekeeper and sat at the end of his table and listened to him talk about his deals in Western railroads. She was fifty-seven or eight when he died. Then she has this burst of cheap splendor—gowns and big apartments in smart European hotels and the glory of being interviewed about her commonplace, trashy books, and it all must be a sort of paradise to her. Do be patient with her."

Joe rubbed his hair and blinked his blue eyes, wriggling out an ankle to study its line. He said melodiously, "Good gracious, rev'rend, don't make me feel I'm a yella dawg, sir. . . . You say her husband married her for prudence?"

"He was a rogue," the old man intoned curtly, "and marrying a reformer's daughter was a point to be played—and nobody else wanted her. Now she has what she's wanted—notice, and eminence of a kind, and all this froth and babble. If she's absurd, so are most of us. . . . Yes, I used to keep a scrapbook entirely devoted to the Rev. Gavin Kent, of St. Philip's Church, M.A., D.D. and LL.D. . . . But you'd better go to bed, both of you. I don't deny that tomorrow looks long and dreary, and ——" Joe coughed violently three times. The Rev. Gavin Kent's intonation stopped and his son shifted wretchedly from foot to foot. Presently Doctor Kent said, "Is that you, Miss Cadigan? I see so badly."

She was standing a few feet from the green staircase, where a lamp missed her face, but it took her a long time to speak, and Stukely saw that her throat worked inside its stiff black collar. A cigarette burned in one hand and its tip shivered incessantly. Joe Fancher slid lithely from his deep chair and shoved a lighter seat toward the woman. Her head shook under its tight burden of colorless hair. It was as though the room ached and stirred around her fright.

"I—must ask you to ——"

"Get her some water, Stuke! . . . My dear child, there's nothing to be afraid of!"

Miss Cadigan dropped the cigarette and Joe picked it up to throw it into the fireplace. Losing the thing seemed to start her machinery. The voice ran suddenly: "She's in terrible trouble. Oh, I haven't told her! He's been on the telephone, talking to Mr. Samson—the publisher, you know—and—and—it's very bad! Only he mustn't see her! Her heart's not sound and—and—she really overdid it out in California—out there, and she does work, you know. She works very hard. I dare say she writes fearful tosh. She can't help that. She—she isn't at all clever. Only he mustn't see her. Oh, please," the lady's maid said in the voice of a child, "he mustn't see her! I'd die! I'd die if anything happened to her! She's been so jolly good—so decent to me. She is to everyone! She's a white woman, if there ever was one!"

Joe Fancher had drawn back against mottled shelves of books. Stukely felt that his whole body was a sweating rag that would coil on the floor. Miss Cadigan had caught Doctor Kent's sleeve and was wringing the black cuff in her hands as if she washed it.

"Nobody will see Claudia unless you think they should, my child. Sit down. . . . Who are you, Miss Cadigan?"

"Nobody. I was a typist in the war. I'm quite well educated. Dad's a stationer in St. Albans. Only, after the Armistice I hadn't any job, and—and I had to have something to do, and—and I simply took a place as lady's maid. An American advertised. I went to the Riviera with his wife. He sacked me—I slapped his face. He treated her so beastly mean! And I begged of Mrs. Wasson in the park there, at Nice, and told her all about it, and she took me on—and he's furious!"

"Who's furious? . . . Nothing will happen, my dear child! . . . Who's furious?"

"His name's Lampman. He's frightfully rich, and his wife's left him and he's a dreadful beast any time. He's the man in Passion House and he's read the book. He's the fellow in the story that hates his wife so, and played her wretched tricks and mashed her jewels up in front of a crowd of people with his cigarette case. I—you see, she lets me help her with the books, and—does it do any harm? She really can't write by herself, and she has such a g-good time thinking she's—she's wonderful She—she really thinks she writes them. And she does write parts of them, and it gives her something to do. And—and she's been so decent to us. Our family's huge—ten of us—and B-Bertie was hurt in Flanders. He's blind in one eye."

The Rev. Gavin Kent asked easily, "What Lampman is that?"

"He's some sort of manufacturer. Plays polo. A tall, black man. His wife was very nice—a lady, only he was horribly jealous. It's all in Passion House. Oh, perhaps it wasn't right to make a story of it, but he was such a cad, and it didn't seem to matter. Only he's furious! He's telephoned the publisher and Mr. Samson's quite alarmed. . . . And she was so lonely at Biarritz, and I said, 'Why don't you write a novel?' one day, and she thinks ——"

"Yes, yes! I quite understand. I knew a bishop who thought he wrote his own sermons, once. This is Henry Orton Lampman?"

"Yes," said Miss Cadigan. "He's a terrible person! He throws things when he's drunk. But, don't you see, she thinks—she thinks she made all that up. She doesn't know I—I nudged it into her. And it gives her something to go on with all the glory, and being somebody quite tremendous and ——"

"I understand, my dear," said the Rev. Gavin Kent.

Joe Fancher said miserably, "That was this cheese that was wantin' to speak to Miss Claudia a while ago. . . . Good gracious, girl! Don't faint or nothin'. I'm twenty-five an' six foot and our Stuke's near six foot. . . . Quit cryin'! . . . Aw, sister, we can take care of this fella! . . . I'm a preacher's son an' been round a lot. . . . This fella was speakin' from some place —— What's that road house down by Garrison, 'cross from West Point?"

"He has a country house near West Point," Miss Cadigan gulped. "His wife told me—told ——"

A peculiar trembling began in the back of Stukely's head. Everybody altered in the room. Joe's eyes began to deepen from blue to emerald and the old clergyman lifted his head slowly. . . . Yes, they were all hearing that. And the lights of the car wheeling into the driveway cast bubbles of floating light along the books in their serene shelves. This was Henry Orton Lampman. The name fluttered from glazed leaves of sporting weeklies and monthlies. He had invented a saddle. Stukely could only think of that.

"A very large motor," said Doctor Kent. "Is Claudia's door shut, my child?"

"Yes. She's doing her beauty drill. . . . Oh, if we can ——"

Joe went stalking across the room and opened the door. The snow covered a coat of some long brownish fur. The man asked, "This is Doctor Kent's? Yes? Will you tell Mrs. Wasson that Mr. Lampman ——"

"You'd better take your hat off," Joe drawled pleasantly, "'cause you're in a gentleman's house, fella. And there's a lady present."

Mr. Lampman shook the snow from his cap backward into the pillared porch and then looked at Joe with his lips pursed in the weathered redness of his face. He loomed. The word came as print into Stukely's mind, and his furs made him a shaggy bear in the doorway. The voice came with a crisp sobriety out of his mouth: "Doctor Kent? I have business with Mrs. Wasson. According to the newspapers she's staying here, and ——"

"My cousin has retired," said Doctor Kent. "It's eleven o'clock. Mrs. Wasson is an elderly woman and not in good health. May we give her a message?"

"In other words, I can't see her?"

"No"

"Then may I write a message?"

"No," said Joe Fancher, in the most musical drawl, crossing his ankles. He lounged on the green wall beside the doorway and shook his butter-colored head. "No, you'll just tell her you're the low fella she kinda caricatured in one of her books an' you're gonna sue her for libel Uh-huh. It's one of the slimiest ideas I ever heard of, friend."

The gigantic man swung his cap and considered Joe. Miss Cadigan changed her place, retreating toward the staircase, her hands spread out a little.

"You think so?"

"I know so. Good gracious, fella! When I was young down in Gawgia, old Col. Delancy Byrd sued old Judge Pettifer Harris for sayin' in the paper that it was a shame how some guys bragged of what they'd did in the Civil War. And as nobody'd ever thought Colonel Byrd ——"

"I don't care for the anecdote. . . . Mrs. Wasson described me perfectly in a novel called Passion House about life at Nice. She made me out a—a thorough rotter. She's drawn a picture of me—my eyes, my height and everything, and described the house we—I was living in five years ago this spring. Several people called my attention to this book. I don't care to ——"

"Humiliatin'? Uh-huh! Well, why did you mash your lady's jewels up in front of a crowd of folks an' call her names, an' act crazy an' kick her out of your place?"

"Don't talk such rot! This caricature of me ——"

Miss Cadigan said, "It's not a caricature! You know it's not! You know it's not! You know it's the truth!"

Stukely flinched as the man's face pointed toward the woman and then flinched again as the red altered to a singular blue cast on the cheeks.

"Ah? So Mrs. Wasson had—had a lady's maid assist her with her trash? I see! And I've been libeled in a book on the word of ——"

"Pardon," said Doctor Kent, almost in a whisper, "but if the version of your private life in Nice is so inaccurate, why do you bother about the matter? I gather that you don't admit you are as described. . . . Then, as the boys say, what's the fight about?"

"The point," Lampman rumbled, after a time, "is that I—I've been described in a wretched, trashy novel as a drunkard and a brute. I have been described —— This woman admits it. She was my wife's maid. I discharged her at Nice. She ——"

"I slapped your face," said Miss Cadigan.

Joe Fancher drawled, "Rev'rend, don't concern yourself. This fella wants to sue Cousin Claudia for libel. He's after glory. Things are sorta kinda slow where he hangs his clothes nights. He's got somethin' to think about and he's gonna enjoy himself gettin' in the papers. He's got too fat for polo an' he wants to be talked about. Don't you see, rev'rend?"

There was no noise in the room for an amazing time. All the illustrated sporting papers fluttered in Stukely's head while he watched his father stare at Henry Orton Lampman and the enormous man staring at Joe Fancher.

"People are like kids, rev'rend. This fella likes his notoriety. He useda be in the papers for polo. Now he ain't. Why, I ain't heard of him since his wife divorced him last year! And Lawd knows I'd near forgot who he was then, sir! He wants to

(Continued on Page 137)

PHOTO. BY HARVEY PATTESON. COURTESY OF THE SAN ANTONIO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The San José Mission, San Antonio, Texas, Built in 1720

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Making your eyes sprint—*what a price you pay!*

HOW long could you keep up with a champion sprinter? Most men, if chased by a grizzly bear, could show a speed they would not have believed possible.

And day after day, many of us—you yourself, perhaps—are doing something just as extraordinary.

We're doing it with our eyes: making far-sighted eyes, for instance, go on giving clear vision in spite of their defects.

In work and play we *depend* on seeing. To live life everybody *must* see. And this is what makes hundreds of people see clearly although their eyes are weak and defective. It's the same freak of nature as when weak legs run like strong legs—because it's a life-and-death matter to keep out of the jaws of the grizzly. *Between eyes and eyesight there's just the same difference as between legs and running.*

How do we do it—how do we force clear eyesight from defective eyes?

—By letting our defective eyes burn up two or three times more nerve energy than they have a right to! But there's only so much nerve energy in the human body. When we strain our eyes other organs of the body have to suffer because of this wastage of nerve force. That's why eyestrain is often felt, not in the eyes, but almost anywhere else—in such symptoms as headaches, indigestion, sleeplessness, excessive irritability and brain fag.

To keep your health—to keep in front with the *winner*—you must know the truth about your eyes. Don't let the fact that you seem to have good eyesight fool you into thinking your eyes are right! Arrange today for an examination which will tell you the facts—about your eyesight, yes! —but, more important, about your *eyes*.

* * *

Write us today for an interesting and valuable new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

Have your eyes examined!

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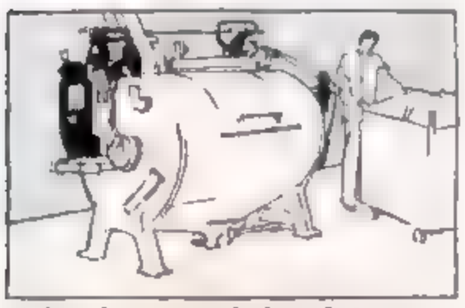
A BEAUTY SHOP

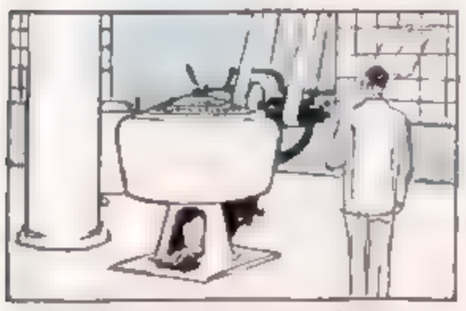
Let Your Dry Cleaner Refresh Your Clothes

This is How it's Done!

First, garments are tumbled in a current of warm, dry air.



Then they are washed gently in crystal-clear cleaning fluids.



Next the moisture is removed in a centrifuge, without wringing or squeezing.

When the clothes have been fluffed in fresh, warm air, they are ready for pressing.

Then Valeteria pressing and shaping.
See opposite page!

for YOUR CLOTHES!

. . . it is easy now to keep suits as clean as shirts

YOU know what a beauty shop can do for faces—how it can remove wrinkles from cheeks, and crow's feet from eyes. But did you ever visit a "beauty shop for suits"—a modern dyeing and cleaning establishment? Here, again, is a "fountain of youth"—this time for clothes.

For example, take one of your own suits—one you've worn often. If it's a light suit, the grime is plainly visible at collar and cuffs; perhaps there's a bit of grease on it from your car. If the suit is dark, the dirt may not show—but it's there. One cannot rub elbows in subways and street cars, or ride in automobiles and taxis, and not gather dirt.

But see what your dry cleaner can do for this suit! First, it is tumbled in warm, drying air; the moisture is removed, the dust shaken out, obstinate spots loosened. An expert "spotter" then goes over the garment by hand—stains and spots vanish before his skill. Next, the suit is soused gently, thoroughly, back and forth, in the purest of cleaning fluids. Soil embedded in the fabric filters out; grime and grease are dissolved away. After most of the moisture has been whirled out, the suit is carefully dried in a breeze of fresh, warm, sterile air; then, with the warm air still sifting through it, it is fluffed softly. The nap comes to life, the cloth becomes fresh and smart again.

Nor is this dry-cleaning "magic" limited to men's suits and overcoats. Hats and gloves, women's coats, suits, dresses and blouses, children's clothes—almost every article of apparel can be given this same renewing, refreshing treatment. And how much longer clothes wear when they receive it! Truly, dry cleaning pays its own bills.

Finally, the last touch—the pressing. Here—while live, purifying steam circulates through every pore of the garment—that neatness and style so precious to every lover of good appearance is added. If the pressing process is Valeteria—that brand-new method so many modern dry cleaners have installed—the clothes are not only pressed, they are *shaped*. All the original smartness is restored.

In your own city are dyers and cleaners who have built vast establishments in order to give you this clothes-transforming, clothes-preserving service. If your clothes have not received this service lately, reintroduce them to it now. Your dry cleaner will call for your clothes—just phone him. The United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

① Presses and shapes collar, ② Presses and shapes left coat front, ③ Presses and shapes right coat front, ④ Presses and shapes back of coat, ⑤ Presses and shapes shoulders, and ⑥ Presses and shapes trousers.

VALETERIA . . . *newest addition to the dry cleaner's magic*

Who would have thought it possible to press *curved lines* into clothes—to give the chest that rolling fullness, and the skirt of the coat that slightest of flares which fashion dictates? Yet the modern dry cleaner has at his command just such a "magic" pressing process—Valeteria. By the Valeteria method, each part of your suit receives individual attention on a press specifically designed for the purpose. The collar is pressed—and *shaped*—on a collar press, the shoulders on a shoulder press, and so on. In all, six presses are used. And the result!—every style line preserved, all the original shapeliness restored. Your suit—so far as appearance goes—is as new as the first day you wore it. Next time you send your clothes to the dry cleaner's, specify Valeteria service. You will know they have been pressed the Valeteria way by the tag attached to the lapel.

Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You'll find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method.

Valeteria

THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT SHAPES YOUR CLOTHES

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HEAVY SPEED WAGON DUTY

Capacity 2-Tons

Six Cylinders

Expediency of truck travel is not simply a one-way proposition. It must consider the return trip.

The Heavy Duty Speed Wagon's 3900 pounds of chassis weight is exactingly distributed. The final drive is the type most completely suited to rapid-transit service.

Thus, the vehicle can maintain a time-saving pace without rattle, rack, shock or strain to chassis parts—*even when hurrying back empty for another load.*

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Lansing, Michigan

(Continued from Page 132)

be splendiferous over suin' Miss Claudia for libel and have the reporters in. Men are just as vain as women. Grandmamma always said so. Uh-huh! He's one of these sons of Queen Sheba that put on her best stuff and ——"

"I deny that! I deny every word of it! And I'm not too fat for polo! I'm going to ride ——"

"Then what you lookin' for this ruckus with Miss Claudia for, friend? You say you didn' act ugly an' vex your wife an' mash her best pearls up, and all this limy dame says you did. Then what you fightin' for? It'll be a poor kind of notoriety you'll get in the papers, fightin' a poor old lady with one leg in the grave for writin' somethin' in a book fit for servant girls to give each other Christmas. Good gracious, friend! Why," Joe crooned, "you might end up perfectly ridiculous! Besides, here's this Miss Cadigan says you're all that Cousin Claudia called you in Passion House, an' worse. And it'd be downright scand'lous if your wife backed her up in any case in court, sir. I wish you'd think what you're doin'. There's been a movie made of this no-good book and the papers'll have it all over the country and ——"

"I hadn't any serious intention of suing Mrs. Wasson for libel. I merely—my feelings have been—and superficially," Lampman said, with his lip sweating, "the fellow in the book resembles me a good deal. Of course this girl had a very exaggerated view of what went on at Nice. My wife and I hadn't been friendly for some time and —— If Mrs. Wasson isn't in good health, of course —— But your idea that I wanted the notoriety of a lawsuit is absurd, my dear sir! And I'm sorry if I seemed disagreeable over the telephone. I think you answered me. Yes, but I do think this is in rather bad taste on Mrs. Wasson's part. She hasn't treated me very —— However, I'm willing to drop the matter. . . . Good evening."

Joe kept a hand on the door and answered, "Yeh; and go in a hurry. Keep goin' fast. 'Cause everything that's been said here is just about one-half true. The thing that's perfectly true is that you know where the shoe pinched your sore foot, an' we know it, an' the angels know it. . . . Good night."

"You," said Henry Orton Lampman, jamming on his cap, "go straight to ——"

"Guy, there's a lady present!"

For a fading instant the tall bodies wavered near each other and the man in furs was purple. Then he went backward into the snow and the door shut while he rumbled out an order to his driver.

"Oh," said Miss Cadigan, "God bless you!"

"Beautifully done, Joe! Look out!"

Cousin Claudia's voice came lilting down the green staircase: "Gavin, is Cadigan there? Do send her up. I feel quite in the mood to dictate a chapter. Thank you." Her splendor showed as a silver mist at the dim top of the stairs.

"I'm coming directly. Do be careful, ma'am! You might fall. It's quite dark up there. I'm coming directly."

The woman shook herself, as a dog shakes itself coming from water, and straightened her hair. Then she darted across the room and put her lips on Joe Fancher's hand before he cringed back, and then ran up the stairs.

"People are awf'ly funny," Stukely said, after great thought, "aren't they?"

COLLEGE DAZE

(Continued from Page 13)

out through the Sixth Ward to the County Road.

"Howdy," I said in a low voice, leaning forward away from Miss Legonian and her dog Kiddy, large parts of whom were practically sitting on my lap. "Howdy, I am beginning to feel a little sick."

"All right, Squinch; I will put on some speed and the air will do you good."

The next minute we were rocking along at about sixty miles an hour with everybody laughing and the girls trying to sing a couple of college songs.

All of a sudden Howdy stopped the car, with the remark, "Let's give the old yell."

So we all yelled as follows:

"Che hee! Che-ha!
Che-ha-ha-ha!
Johnny get a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap
Whoopalula
Doopalula
Zingalula
Bam!
Johnny get your shotgun!
Wham! Wham! Wham!
Belver College!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Belver!"

When we had finished giving this yell for the third time there was a sudden explosion. The girls screamed, while I noticed that Howdy had shot an automatic pistol into the air and was following this act by breaking into song as follows:

"Seven little cartridges in this gun;
Now is the time to have some fun.
He was my man, but he treated me wrong."

Then, having fired the second cartridge, he said, "People, I got an idea."

There was a unanimous squeal from the girls present, who began saying all at the same time, "What is it? Oh, tell it to us! What is it?"

"There are six of us here," said Howdy. "Let's all go somewhere and get married."

IV

FOR a minute I sat where I was, unable to move, first not believing my ears and then expecting to hear loud objections from the three girls in the case. Instead of that the only remark came from Miss Legonian, who said, "Maybe it is too late."

Howdy held his head down a minute, the same as if thinking. Then, straightening up, he stated, "Nix, not too late. Kerry County joins on two miles from here and I know the county clerk at Kerryville, and if I slip him five dollars on the side he will fix things for us. Then we will slide along the State Road toward Melchoir, because there is an old crow there, a justice of the peace named Simmons. They call him the marrying judge because he will marry anybody. . . . Who said 'Let's give the old yell'?"

And the old yell was given again, following which Miss Legonian remarked, "Kiss Kiddy." And being all confused, probably I would have done same if she had not placed her face in such a position that the operation was impossible, anyhow as far as Kiddy was concerned.

Howdy now fired the pistol again and then started the car, saying, "Where's that guitar?" And we all made a kind of guitar noise, saying, "Ta-de-dah—ta-de-dah."

President Waghorne, as long as I live I will never forget that ride. First, I was hot all over and then cold, and all the time I felt like being in a dream where you know something is going to happen and you would like to keep it from happening but you cannot move hand or foot.

In the meantime Miss Legonian kept a conversation going as follows:

"Oh, Squinch!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Oh, I never thought this would happen! It is just terrible! What will pa and ma say?"

"Well, what do you think they will say?" I asked, beginning to feel encouraged. "You certainly don't want to do anything that will make the old folks feel bad."

Instead of answering the way I thought she would she tossed her head, with the remark, "Oh, they will be a little excited at first, but it will blow over. They are like that."

"Are they?" I said, feeling as if I had been hit with a sledge hammer.

"Sure they are. Their bark is worse than their bite. I found that out long ago—ha-ha!"

I wanted to ask her if she thought my wife's bark would also be worse than her bite on finding out I had married a little college girl, but it was too late for such questions.

"Squinch, it is a perfect romance."

"Is that what you think?"

"It certainly is what I think. Won't it be exciting?"

"Yes, it will be exciting," I said. And I meant it, but not in the way she did.

When we reached Kerryville I made one more try to get Howdy to listen to reason, taking him aside and stating in a frank manly way, "Howdy, getting married is a serious proposition and we have got your parents and the girls' parents to think of. Had we ought to go on?"

For a minute I thought I had him, because he stopped and began to hold his head down the same as if thinking. Then he said to Jump, "Hey, Jump, I am willing to get married myself just to see old Squinch tied up. We will meet him Sundays carrying Kiddy. Oh, baby!"

And at that both of them began to laugh until they had to hold themselves up against the automobile.

I did not say any more, President Waghorne, because what was the use?

I had hoped that the county clerk would be away from home or dead or something like that; but there was no such luck, and a half hour later we were started down the road again with the licenses properly made out except where the ages had been changed a little.

There is no use telling what I thought during the rest of the trip, because it was like being in a rowboat and all the time getting nearer and nearer to Niagara Falls. I kept hoping that the auto would tip over, or that Howdy's pistol would go off accidentally and shoot him in the leg or somewhere, but nothing like that happened.

Once I made up my mind to fall out and get hurt, and by this time I did not care whether it killed me or not; but the girls screamed and Miss Legonian caught hold of my coat and Jump said, "What are you trying to do, anyhow? Scare the girls to death? Don't you want to do the right thing by Howdy and me?"

And all I could answer was "Yes."

All of a sudden Howdy pulled up with the words: "Here we are. It is that double red-brick house. Peewee Coleman pointed it out to me three weeks ago. He said there was a brass plate on the door. Bridegrooms to the right, brides to the left. Those that are already married get your divorces before leaving the car."

It was only now, President Waghorne, that I really saw the terrible situation I was in. Previous, I had only had the willies thinking what my wife would say when she found out; but at these words of Howdy's I realized for the first time that if something did not happen quick I would soon be a criminal bigamist and all through no fault of my own. And I made up my mind that at last the time had come when I had ought to do the right thing by myself instead of by Howdy and Jump. It was with this idea in my head that I leaped out of the car as soon as it stopped.

"Old Squinch is in a hurry," Howdy said with a laugh. "Go on, Squinch, ring the bell. There is a light in that downstairs window, so maybe the judge is still up. But see if it is the right house first."

I walked through the gate, having made up my mind that as soon as I was a safe distance away I would beat it fast, leaving

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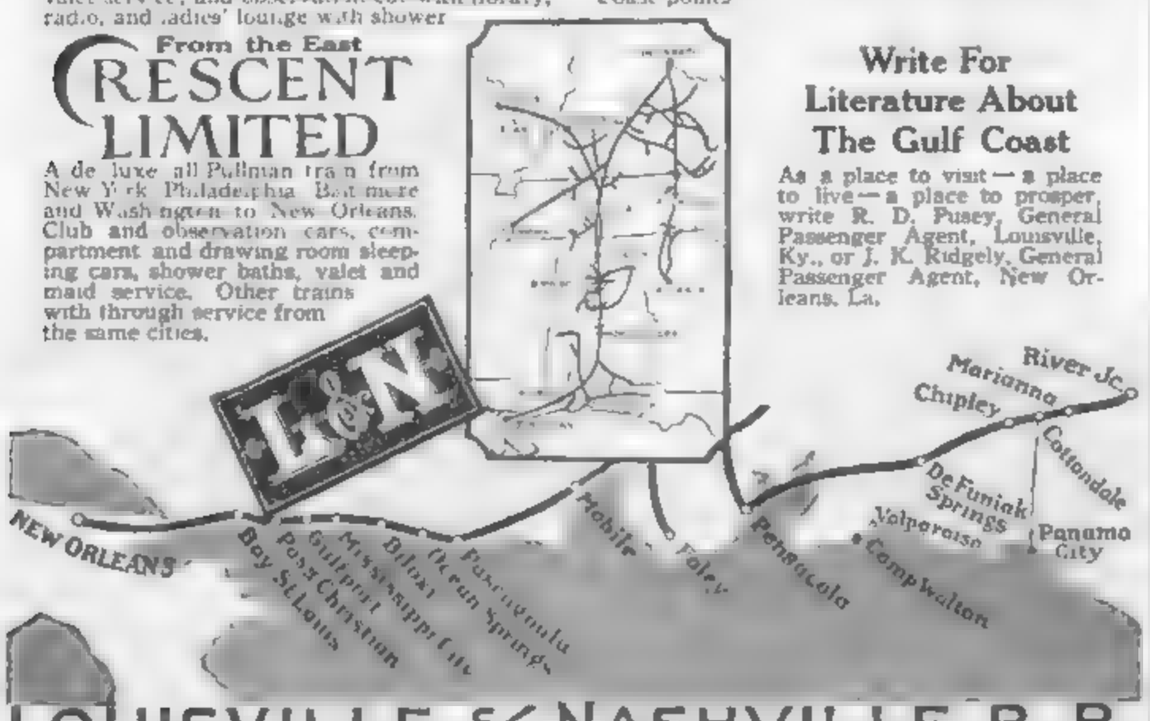

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

Howdy and the rest think anything they wanted to think.

It was the house to the left which had the light, and I walked up to the front door ready to jump off the porch and sneak away into the dark shadows at the back.

I was just preparing to do this when Howdy yelled, "Is there a brass doorplate?"

"Yes," I said, stopping, "there is a brass doorplate."

"Does it say Simmons on it?"

It was very dark, but with a sinking heart I could make out this name.

"Yes," I said, "Simmons stands on the doorplate."

"Then what is the matter?" Howdy yelled, while Miss Legonian's dog began to bark. "What are you waiting for? Ring the bell! Ring the bell!"

I was just making up my mind to take a running jump into the night when the door opened suddenly and a man with black whiskers appeared.

"Come in," he said. And the next minute I was inside and the judge was remarking, "Well, well, I suppose it is something serious or you would not be coming here at this time of night. It is lucky I happened to be sitting up doing a little professional study."

■

WHERE he now took me was a room half parlor and half office. In the corner a big black book stood open on a desk, with overhead a framed diploma. Above the door was the skull of a horse.

"Yes," I said, as soon as I could swallow, because my throat was dry; "yes, it is very serious."

"Well," said the judge, "in that case you have not made any mistake in coming here, and you can have entire confidence in my professional skill, as I have been called in by all the biggest stockmen in this part of the country."

"So I have heard," I replied, not able to say any more.

"There is my choicest souvenir. I suppose you have heard of old Directorum, who paced the fastest two heats ever recorded in the annals of the American turf. That was one of my cases. There is Directorum. What is the matter tonight?"

"They will come in here," I replied now, speaking up for practically the first time, "asking you to perform the operation. But the operation should not be performed, as it will simply mean trouble for all parties concerned, including yourself."

When I finished, the judge stroked his black whiskers and looked very grave.

"You will have to explain further," he remarked. "What seems to be wrong with the animal?"

"Oh," I said, a little disgusted to see him get off the subject, "he was only barking that way because he was excited."

"A dog?" said the judge, apparently much surprised.

"Yes, it is Miss Legonian's dog Kiddy, and there is nothing really the matter with him, though two years ago he had his leg broken, but now you would hardly notice it." Here I leaned forward and began to talk really in earnest. "In about two minutes," I said, "Howdy and the bunch will come in and ask you to act in the matter and I am requesting you here and now to refuse."

The judge looked surprised. "You mean you do not want me to handle the case?"

"That is the dope," I agreed. "No matter what is said, I want you to refuse to commit the operation under any circumstances whatever. And remember that by refusing you will only be doing the right thing by all parties concerned."

He stood up, stroking his black whiskers and looking even graver than before. Then he went to the book on his desk and, turning to the back, read a couple of pages.

"This is a strange case," he said finally. "I have never before had anything like it. I do not know if under the law I have the right to refuse."

I now reached into my pocket and pulled out a twenty-dollar bill.

"Take this," I said, "and remember ten dollars is all you would get from Howdy at the outside, and that would be for the whole business and it would make you trouble later on—take it from me. When they come in and ask you, say, 'No, it is too late,' or something like that, and stick to it."

The judge looked at the bill, folded it very carefully, put same in his upper vest pocket, then stroked his black whiskers again and looked grave.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "Anyhow, I will do as you say. But I want you to understand that you are taking all the responsibility in the case, because it is my business to relieve unnecessary suffering."

"If you say no," I replied, "and stick to it, you will be relieving a lot of unnecessary suffering, take it from me."

"Well," said the judge, "I will make an exception in your case. I will stroke my whiskers and look grave and say that now is not the time to perform such a serious operation. Though I don't understand your action in the matter."

"You don't have to," I said, and went out of the front door feeling encouraged for the first time that evening.

VI

AS I PASSED back through the gate I was greeted by a wild cry from all present, and Howdy, standing up in the auto, yelled with excitement plain to be seen, "Old Squinch is back."

"Yes," I said, "I am back."

"Well," said Howdy, "how is the judge feeling, Squinch? Is he going to do the right thing?"

"I don't know," I answered, acting the same as if thinking. "Judge Simmons is a hard case."

"Hard cases are my meat," remarked Howdy, jumping from the front seat and showing with every move that he was getting more and more excited. "Pile out, people."

The remaining four now piled out, Miss Legonian carrying Kiddy, and followed myself and Howdy to the front door, which opened immediately.

"Well," said the judge, standing very grave in the doorway and stroking his black whiskers, "I am sorry but I have told your friend ——"

He would probably have gone on, but at this point Howdy shoved himself past the judge, at the same time singing in an excited manner:

"Tell it to my uncle—he's the King of Kankakee;
Tell it to the groceryman, but don't tell me.

"Altogether now, terriers!"

And everybody except the judge came in on the chorus. Personally, I would not have sung same if Howdy had not said it so quick that I did not have a chance to do anything else:

"He was my man, but he treated me wrong.
Ta-de-dah ta-de-dah."

At this the judge was so surprised that he opened his mouth and held same in that position until the entire party had passed inside.

"I would have stopped them at the door," the judge said to me in a low voice, "if he had only said it. But when he sung it that way he got me all confused. . . . Is that the dog?"

When we came in the three girls and Jump were sitting in chairs, but Howdy was prancing around the room doing a kind of dance step.

"I have just been telling your friend," said the judge to Howdy, "that I regret very much but I am too busy at present and it will be impossible for me to operate. Come around tomorrow."

Instead of answering the way anybody else would have done, Howdy merely sang as follows:

"Now is the moment and now is the day;
I don't understand how you get that way.

(Continued on Page 141)

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SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa

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(Continued from Page 138)

He was my man, but he treated me wrong.
Ta-de-dah—ta-de-dah.

"We rode down here in the old man's car;
If you want the licenses, here they are ——"

As he shoved same under the judge's nose the latter made a last effort to do the right thing by me. Looking at the licenses, he let out a remark which was practically a yell, and so loud that it broke up the chorus.

"What is the matter with you?" he said to Howdy. "You are making a mistake."

Howdy went on:

"There is no mistake. If you don't look out
You will find yourself riding down the graveyard route.
He was my man, but he treated me wrong."

President Waghorne, my blood began to run cold, because Howdy had pulled out his automatic and was pointing same at the judge's stomach as he sang the next verse:

"So marry this couple and do your best,
Or you'll get a little something you can't digest.

"Altogether ——"

And as usual, everybody joined in the chorus except the judge, who stood there with his mouth open, though not a sound came out of same.

Personally, I felt sorry for the judge, because you could see he wanted to do the right thing by me, but did not have any confidence in that pistol, and with the way Howdy was carrying on I did not have any confidence in it either. But I was feeling even sorrier for myself, because Lily Legonian was standing beside me, her hand in mine.

"Get on the job," Howdy said in his regular voice, "and stop talking back if you don't want to find yourself on the wrong side of nowhere. Start with this one. His name is Squinch. Ask him if he takes this girl Lily to be his lawful wedded wife, to love honor and obey till death do them part—ta-de-dah—ta-de-dah!"

And the judge was so rattled that he repeated all this after Howdy, including the guitar accompaniment.

President Waghorne, I would have given thousands of dollars, if I had had same, to have been able to respond to this question in a clear ringing voice, "No, I do not, and the reason is because I am already married." Instead of this I merely said yes, and a minute later Miss Legonian and I were one.

A confused kissing followed the ceremony, and Jump had just started to lead everybody in the old yell, when Howdy, raising his pistol from the judge's stomach, sang as follows:

"Are they married? I'll say they am.
Celebrate the wedding with a wham—wham—wham!"

Maybe Howdy went on and finished the regular chorus and the ta-de-dah, but if so nobody heard same, because each time Howdy said "Wham!" he fired a shot out of the pistol.

The first went into the middle of the framed diploma over the desk, and the two others into the skull of Directorum, which immediately tumbled to the floor.

The change that now took place in the judge was remarkable. When Directorum crashed down it seemed as though the judge forgot all about the presence of a deadly weapon in the room and, with a wild cry, threw himself forward, swinging at Howdy with both fists.

Miss Legonian's dog jumped in and a minute later a battle royal had begun, with everybody taking a hand, especially the judge, who done well up to the time the desk fell on him.

The next thing I remembered is Howdy and Jump yelling, "Beat it!" the girls screaming, and the judge on the floor fighting off Kiddy and Directorum, who were trying to fasten onto his pants. There were cries coming from the other side of the double house and there was also shouting from down the road.

We came out into the air, the girls, Kiddy, Jump and Howdy all hotfooting it to the car, where I could have joined them if I had felt that way, but, President Waghorne, I had had enough.

There was a freight coming along the railroad back of Judge Simmons' house. I ducked back, and after a hot run managed to hop same.

Then I paid the shack fifty cents to ride to the next division point and went on from there to where I am now.

VII

WELL, that is the whole truth of the matter, President Waghorne, and here I am, and my position here as a criminal bigamist through the fault of others is getting more and more painful every day.

In the first place there is my wife, and I would like to write her a good letter explaining all, but I do not know how to start same. And in the second place there is my present situation, which consists of staying in my room and living on cheese and similar nourishment, because I am afraid to stir outside. This morning the proprietor of the Pearl City House came up with the questions: "What is the matter? Are you sick? Why don't you get outside and breathe a little air? You know if you get lost all you have to do is ask a policeman." And the way he said this last word showed where his suspicion was.

And that is why my present situation here cannot keep on continuing, and that is why I am writing you this letter. And I can simply add that I have now had all I want of college life and would like to go to a university and get an education. Am a good neat light halfback and can play basket ball with the best of them, and am a handy man at short and also at the broad jump and the two-twenty. Will change name and nickname to suit, and if necessary can grow small black mustache for disguise.

As to studies, will take algebra again if same cannot be avoided, but would prefer electrical engineering or something else practical. And I hope matters will be so arranged that I can state to any girls present in your university that I am already satisfactorily married and at this date do not care to make any change.

Well, President Waghorne, I was just going to close when I found the following piece in the Belver Sunday Times, which I bought off the hotel news stand. It is under Rural Correspondence and reads as follows:

BRUTAL OUTRAGE ON MEDICAL MAN

"Local police circles are agog over the strange experience which happened to Dr. T. O. Simmons, well-known veterinary surgeon and brother to Judge D. G. Simmons and occupying the house adjoining Judge Simmons' residence. Last Friday night a gang of ruffians drew up in an automobile and proceeded to attack the doctor with firearms and other weapons, doing considerable damage to the furniture and priceless medical relics. No motive has as yet been assigned for this outrage, but Judge Simmons is personally investigating and states that sensational revelations may be expected."

Well, President Waghorne, what do you know about that? And it was all because of getting into the wrong house as a result of Howdy yelling, "Ring the bell! Ring the bell!" before I had the time to examine the brass plate careful, as should have been done. Well, I suppose I can still go back to Belver, but have begun to think would like to have a change, and there is also the question of Miss Legonian. And I can only say you will never regret any contract made in this matter, and you will be doing the right thing by your university, and will be pleased to hear from you about same at your earliest convenience on the terms suggested by your gentlemanly representative, Mr. Wayburn.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
216 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How might I start a local business of my own?

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

UNITED WE STAND

(Continued from Page 21)

sent you weekly and be sure your order would be filled and would arrive fresh by parcel post, and in a special Home Products Club package with a label guaranteeing freshness and signed by the woman whose hens had laid the eggs. Within two months the supply could not meet the demand.

The club must expand. Adam went to the finance committee to borrow money to build ten thousand dollars for a warehouse and shipping office to be erected down by the station. He made the need apparent and won his point. The new building went up. The bank financed it—was compelled to finance it—and Adam established a sinking fund.

More farmers and more farmers' wives, seeing the money in the thing, came in. Adam worked more diligently as a missionary than he did at his business, and he acted as censor and supervisor. One thing he insisted upon was uniformity—uniformity and cleanliness. He insisted upon neat packing. Everything that went out from the warehouse looked what it was, and found a ready market, as good things always will. He impressed upon them that appearance was half the battle, and that if fancy prices were to be obtained, fancy appearance must be given.

"We could get more and better if we knew more," he said to Damaris. "We got to arrange to teach folks."

"Teach them what?"

"Their business. You can't put up good tomatoes unless you raise good tomatoes. You can't get the best out of your hens unless you know about tending hens."

"How you going to teach them, Adam?"

"Get lecturers from the State Agricultural College, or get 'em from Washington. We'll get 'em."

So he set out upon a campaign of education; Damaris herself studied and equipped herself as an inspector and adviser in the kitchen.

Presently lecturers were arriving, and Thursday nights before the movies some agricultural subject was discussed by an expert. It began to tell.

"What's our biggest product in Westminster?" Adam asked, not that he required an answer.

"Why, maple sugar and sirup," said Damaris.

"Been shipping more of it than any other town in America," said Adam.

"But it's uneven. Wagner's sugar is splendid, and so is Plank's. Lots of it is not so good."

"Make it all good. Make it uniform," said Adam. "We've got to get the sugar orchards into the club. We've got to persuade them all to put in the best equipment. Sirup can't be kept clear unless the sap is collected as it should be and unless it is boiled in proper pans. How many folks in the cities know the best sirup is light in color?"

"Or that sugar should be a light golden," said Damaris. Adam nodded.

"One of these fancy groceries in New York ordered a mess of sirup from Wagner a year ago. He sent the best, first-run stuff, the finest that goes out of town. They sent it back to him and said what they wanted was genuine maple sirup."

Damaris nodded and laughed.

"But it'll be hard to get the men together. They've been going along this way for years. Old wooden pails and wooden spouts. They make first-run sirup look like last-run."

"Talk it up," said Adam. "Talk up fancy product and fancy prices. Get their wives to talk it up to them," said Adam, and Damaris laughed. She laughed at him a great deal, but mostly in privacy, for he was constantly delighting her. She knew him. She knew he loved to fancy himself inscrutable, and perhaps he was inscrutable to the run of his townsmen. But Damaris read him like a fairly printed page, and the more she read the better she liked the story.

This maple-sugar project was a different matter from fruit and eggs and garden truck. Toward those things the men had been tolerant in the beginning, and, as matters progressed successfully, even a little amazed. But here was something which touched themselves; it was business, not a side issue, and every New England farmer thinks he knows his own business better than anybody else. If he doesn't, he will tolerate no interference anyhow. His position toward his affairs is something like the Englishman's stand with regard to his house—he will suffer no invasions.

"Huh!" snorted Luther Bream. "Labels and fancy boxes! What's he think—we're makin' sugar or trimmin' a Christmas tree?"

"Extry work," said Pazzy Cromer, "and what d'we git fer it?"

"Sugar's sugar and sirup's sirup," Peter Cummings contributed, "and the's a market price, and that's that."

"But some fellers git a fancy price," said Hiram Doan.

"To be sure, to be sure. Them's jest fellers that's got a knack fer it. . . . No, I cal'late to go on like I been doin'."

Adam was not discouraged.

"I tell you, Damaris, the day's coming," he said, "when every ounce of the products of this town is going to be marketed through the club."

"Maybe," she said.

"It's got to be. We got to act as one. Joint acting is better than individual. Why, right now, in Boston, the Home Products label means something. It means a lot. I've been in stores and heard customers come in and demand Westminster stock. They're learning, and they're willing to pay."

"You've done wonderfully," she admitted.

"I want folks to think of this township as all under one roof, and of everybody in it as working in a big plant. We've got to have the best tools and the best methods, and we got to work to the same end under the same directing head."

"Which," said Damaris mischievously, "is Adam Kidder."

"Don't matter who. . . . And we can do it if I can put the bank behind it. It's got to be the bank. We've got to use the bank as the foundation. And what's the bank, Damaris? It's a savings bank, and that's a cooperative institution. It's made up of the earnings of everybody in town bulked together and used as a whole."

"I never thought of that," she said.

"It's so. Suppose every man were to run his savings for himself, like they run the sugar bushes. Four or five hundred little tin banks kept on parlor shelves! The town would be dead. There'd be no money to lend. Business couldn't go on without credits. Now every man in the county almost is working together to finance the sawmill, for instance; or my store, or your father's coal yard and fern business."

"I guess that's so."

"It's the greatest proof that the coöperative thing will work and does work—and is necessary."

"Prove it to everybody."

"I'm going to," he said, "and I guess I know the way; I'm going to prove it to 'em with maple products."

"How?"

"I'm going to buy the output before a tree is tapped or a gallon of sap is put on to boil."

"I don't see what that's going to get you."

"Think it out, think it out," said Adam brusquely, and again Damaris smiled. "I can swing the directors of the club to my way of thinking," he said.

"But where'll you get the money to buy up the crop?"

"Borrow it—from the bank," he said.

"But—isn't that dangerous? If the experiment fails, you'll break up the club."

"Don't calculate to have it fail," he said shortly. (Continued on Page 145)

ACCURATE · MEASURE · OR · NO · GAS

ACCURATE MEASURE- OR NO GAS
ACCURATE MEASURE -OR NO GAS
The Positive Measuring FLOW-LOCK
SURE AS A SAFE!
Accurate Measure -or No Gas!
No gasoline can be served until easily operated Flow-Lock clicks into its accurate setting—simplicity itself.
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The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities, and Motor Coaches for all requirements.
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	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Detroit, Mich.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Lincoln, Neb.	Newark, N. J.	Richmond, Ind.	Sioux City, Iowa	Winona, Minn.

(Continued from Page 142)

Statistics as to last year's crop were available. Adam was able to learn how many gallons of sirup had been shipped, how many pounds of sugar, how many cans of soft sugar. It was a splendid total. He was able to find how many gallons of sirup of inferior quality had been left over to be bought up by Pliny Butterfield, reboiled by that merchant and sold at inferior prices to tobacco companies to flavor chewing tobacco.

First he went to Ora Kitteridge, attorney, and required that gentleman to draft a contract of purchase. This contract made certain guaranties and gave to the club the right to supervise the manufacture of the product. It gave the club the right to buy sap if it preferred that ingredient to the finished product—to buy sap on a basis of thirty gallons of sap to a gallon of sirup. Then he went to four of the better manufacturers of sirup and sugar and interviewed them as to the possibility of enlarging their plants, and as to the cost. These four were so scattered through the town as to be accessible centers for the various orchards. Then he went to the bank.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the club wants to borrow money."

"Fer what?" asked Eli Ware.

"To finance the sugar crop."

"Don't need no financin' "

"We calculate to buy up the entire crop," said Adam.

"Huh! Flighty notion!"

"The club's got consid'able borrowin' now," said Pliny Butterfield.

"I'll indorse this paper," said Adam, "and I guess I'm good for it."

Eli smiled sourly. Here was another opportunity to put a spoke in this objectionable young man's wheel, and for more than a year he had been industrious in seeking out such opportunities.

"How much you want?" he asked.

"Can't tell, but you better grant a credit of twenty thousand. Won't want it all at once. Maybe won't want all of it."

"Move we grant it," said Eli, and so that was done. Eli foresaw disaster, a financial loss to Adam, his discredit with the club and the possible disruption of that association. Adam knew what Damaris' father hoped.

For the next month he went about the affair. His arguments were sound. Farmer after farmer agreed to sell his product or his sap on being assured of cash on delivery—of no waiting for his money as he must do if he went on his own, and of no spoiled sirup left on his hands. Most of them were glad to sell the sap and so escape the labor of boiling and packing and canning.

"How's your equipment of pails and spouts and storage vats?" he asked again and again.

"Suits me," the farmer would say.

"Let's look 'em over," Adam would rejoin. If they were right, Adam made no comment; if they were such as to taint the sap, to discolor it, that was another matter. "I'll supply pails and spouts. . . . Calculate to have tanks on sleighs call once a day for your sap." And to everybody he said, "Tap more trees. You're saving the labor of boiling. Put it into harvesting sap. Get twice as much sap as you did last year." And he advertised. "Cash paid for sap! Tap your maples!"

The plants of the four skillful sugar makers were being enlarged, and at no great expense. It takes little extra equipment to double an output. . . . And then came the time of thaw and of the sugar harvest! Sap began to run.

Boys whose fathers had a dozen or so trees, which it had not paid them to tap, went into the sap business for pocket money, many of them. Adam encouraged it, for it increased the output. In this way probably a couple of hundred trees were added to the harvesting. Tank wagons made their rounds collecting. A carload of uniform cans in quart and gallon sizes arrived. Home Product labels were supplied. Special boxes pleasing to the eye, were purchased for sugar, though sirup was the backbone of the enterprise. Uniformity, uniformity! Adam preached it and insisted upon it. Careful packing, cleanliness! He talked these things until he was hoarse.

Sugar was hardened in little cakes, not in great loaves—in little cakes half an inch thick, two inches wide and three inches long—and these were packed seductively in half-pound, pound, two-pound and five-pound boxes.

And for every gallon of sap delivered, cash was paid on the spot! Day by day the sleighs carried the finished, packed, labeled product to the warehouse by the station. It assumed formidable bulk, increasing day by day and day by day.

"What's he cal'late to do with it all?" people asked. "Who's he goin' to sell to?"

But Adam was not ready to sell. He continued to draw upon his credit to pay for sap, to hire his labor. The town grew apprehensive as it saw the result.

"Never git rid of it, he won't. Market won't take it up. I tell ye he's come close to doublin' what we put out last year—and we had some of that left."

Tons of sugar; sirup by the hundred gallons! And the farmer could laugh because he had his money. . . . The bank—why, the bank had the crop for security, with Adam's name on the notes as indorser.

"Sirup's down. Sellin' retail for two-thirty," was the news, but that did not worry Adam. Supply regulated the price to a degree—and he held in his one pair of hands the largest single source of supply in the country. Nor did he offer to sell. Letters to farmers from old customers in the city were referred to him and answered courteously, but no sale was made. Urgent letters came, and Adam smiled. The market reports quoted sirup up a few cents. Adam did not care about the market, for he held the market did not apply to his extra-fancy product. Nevertheless, if the general market were at two dollars and a half, a special and fancy market would be higher.

He had used up his credit at the bank and, privately, had dipped into his own resources. But he had watched costs and knew the sugar and sirup in his warehouse represented a smaller cost per gallon than any sirup ever issuing from Westminster town. Centralization had done it, a forced cooperation. In another year, when he had proved his point, a real and cheerful coöperation would cut the costs still further.

But now he sat with thirty thousand dollars invested, with a worried bank and a skeptical following—and nothing happened.

Then he went away. For a week he was gone, in Boston and in New York—with samples. He came home silent.

"How'd you make out?" Pliny Butterfield asked anxiously.

"Not too bad," Adam said, but added nothing.

"Market's up," said Pliny hopefully.

"Needs educating," said Adam. "I been educating 'em."

He had visited, not wholesalers, not commission merchants, but retailers direct. His stock warranted that—the quantity of it. He was his own wholesaler and commission merchant. The middleman made no profit on this transaction.

The stores he visited were only the finest, the most exclusive—magnificent Fifth Avenue stores and the like. He even spent a day in Philadelphia, a city so distant from Westminster that the folks scarcely had been aware of its existence since the Centennial, which a few of them had visited in their younger days. But as to results, he said nothing, not even to Damaris.

"Sometimes," she said, "I could shake you. You get such pleasure out of being silent."

"Never tell anything," said Adam, "till you're ready—and then don't tell it."

"But I'm different. I'm in this."

"You're different all right," Adam said, and nodded. "A heap different."

"Then tell me just what happened."

"There's just one person in the world I calculate to tell everything to—any time," said Adam.

"Who's that?"

To men who make a hobby of pipes

MAYBE you've spent half your life and fortune on your old hobby—collecting everything from peace pipes down to the latest "'L and Maria" underslung.

Maybe you know the pipe encyclopedia from amber Americanus to Zulu zuago.

But if you're a pipe *smoker*, you learned long ago that no matter how much a man may know about trick pipes and pipe tricks what he gets *out* of any pipe depends on what he puts *in* it.

An "all-pipe" tobacco

And whether you put Granger in a meerschaum or in a corn-cob, it's always the same cool, sweet, mild smoking.

Ripe old Kentucky Burley, mellowed by Wellman's 1870 method and cut in large flakes (rough cut) to burn slow and cool. Any old pipe takes on new life if you load it up with Granger.

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The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the heavy foil package ten cents

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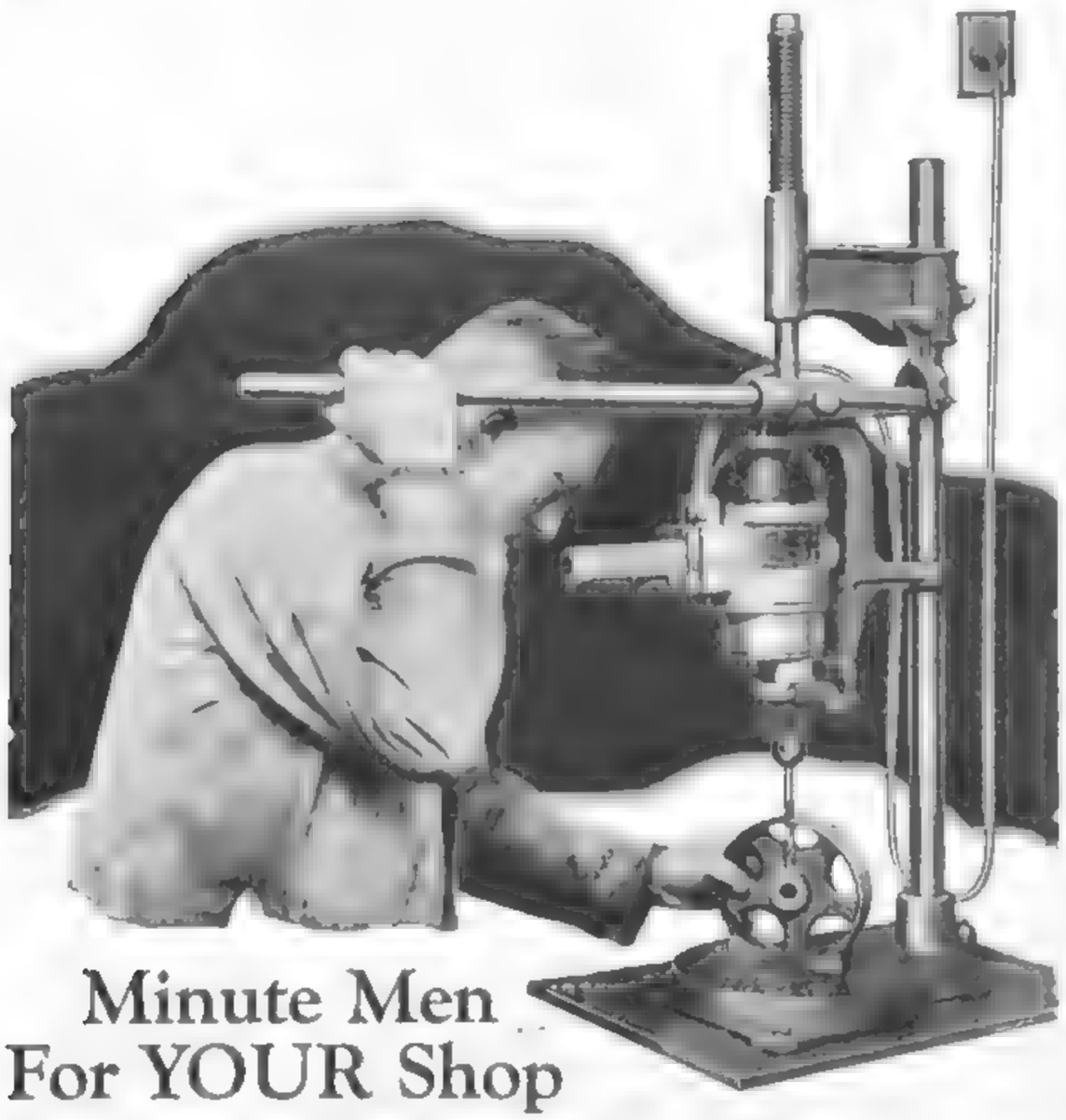

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"Van Dorn" *Millwright Drill and Stand* are the minute men of the shop for maintenance and emergency repairs—always on the job and pinch hitters in case of trouble. Besides they are valuable for other drilling operations, in shipping departments, etc., and for grinding, buffing, scratch brushing and numerous other hurry-up jobs.

Thousands of plants—some large and others small—find the Millwright Drill and Stand worth their weight in gold to the millwright department.

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"Van Dorn" MILLWRIGHT Drill and Stand *$88.00 Complete*

Can be used for drilling up to ½" holes in steel wherever there is a lamp socket. On or off the stand, this powerful, heavy duty Drill is the millwright's helper. Drill and Stand complete costs only $88.00. The time saved on one job often pays the cost of this outfit.

It is the outfit of a thousand uses for such jobs as:

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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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"I cal'late," said Adam, dropping into the vernacular, "you're the most mentioned candidate for it. But you haven't been elected yet."

"Elected! What are you talking about? Who votes?"

"You 'n' me," said Adam. "Er d'you figger election day's getting close?" Damaris sniffed. "Did I tell you I was aimin' to build a house?"

"No."

"Hired me one of these architects to plan out some plans. He's coming up in a day or two. Interested to see 'em?"

"You'd better believe I'm going to see them," said Damaris. "I'm going to have my say about closets and kitchens and pantries."

"Um—much obliged, Damaris. Cal'late election's over and you got the job unanimous."

Such was Adam Kidder's proposal and its acceptance by Damaris Ware!

On Monday Adam ordered in a box car and packers filled it from the warehouse; on Tuesday a second car. By the end of the week the warehouse was empty, and the freight clerk spread the particulars of the shipments, the names and addresses of those to whom Westminster's crop was consigned—great stores in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia; part-car shipments to Pittsburgh and Providence.

"Shippin' on consignment?" asked Pliny Butterfield. "Er—what commissions you got to pay?"

"Shipping direct, no commissions," said Adam.

Then, after ten days, Adam made a deposit in the bank. Checks arrived promptly. The sum mounted. Ten thousand dollars—fifteen thousand—twenty-four thousand—up and up. At last the total reached upward of forty-eight thousand dollars and stopped.

In finance committee meeting Adam spoke.

"The club's paying off its notes today."

Eli grunted.

"We stand free and clear," Adam said.

"How'd ye come out? Realize any profit?" Adam smiled.

"I guess the club'll be able to declare a dividend. Near's I can figure, we show along about eighteen thousand in black ink."

"What becomes of that? You git it?" Eli demanded.

"Not a cent," said Adam. "The Home Products Club ran this deal—coöperative deal. Money belongs to them. It could have belonged to the men who owned the sugar orchards, but they wouldn't come in—some of them. They get what they've got. Teach 'em a lesson. The profit goes to the members of the club, share and share alike."

"'Tain't fair," snapped Eli.

"And more than that," said Adam, "there's profit on the year's sales. We took off 10 per cent for handling. It didn't cost us near that. We got a credit balance of close to seven thousand more—about twenty-five thousand all told. That, gentlemen, is profit over and above what the farmers and wives were willing to take for their work. It was earned by coöperation, by getting together."

"And by the bank lendin' money on wildcat promises," said Eli. "Where's the bank come in?"

"Take a look at your deposits," said Adam; "that'll tell you. Two hundred new accounts, and big additions to old ones. There's where the bank comes out ahead. If the bank makes the town prosperous, the bank gets prosperous on account of it. I been trying to hammer it into you."

"Kind of looks like you was right," said Lloyd Streeter. "But kin it keep up—this here club?"

"In my pockets," said Adam, "I've got contracts for the same amount of maple products we shipped this year—at the same price. Our trade-mark is known in the cities. Anything with the Westminster Home Products label on it will sell for a fancy price. . . . I tell you, if we work together, we can double the income of our farmers—the cash income. . . . But the bank's at the foundation of it."

"Far's I'm concerned," said Pliny Butterfield, "the bank better stay there."

"U' nited we stand—di-vided we fall," said Floyd Streeter.

Eli Ware snorted. Adam's thin face was not elated, but he glanced at Eli from the corner of his eye—speculatively.

"Meeting's over," he said. "I got to show the plans of a house to a young lady. Cal'late to have it a kind of a coöperative house."

"What's that?" Eli roared.

"Just thought I'd break it to you sort of gentle," said Adam. "Damaris and I cal'late to coöperate on a wedding in June."

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The Entrance to Secret Ceremonial Rooms of an Indian Tribe in New Mexico

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Inventor of the Warner Speedometer

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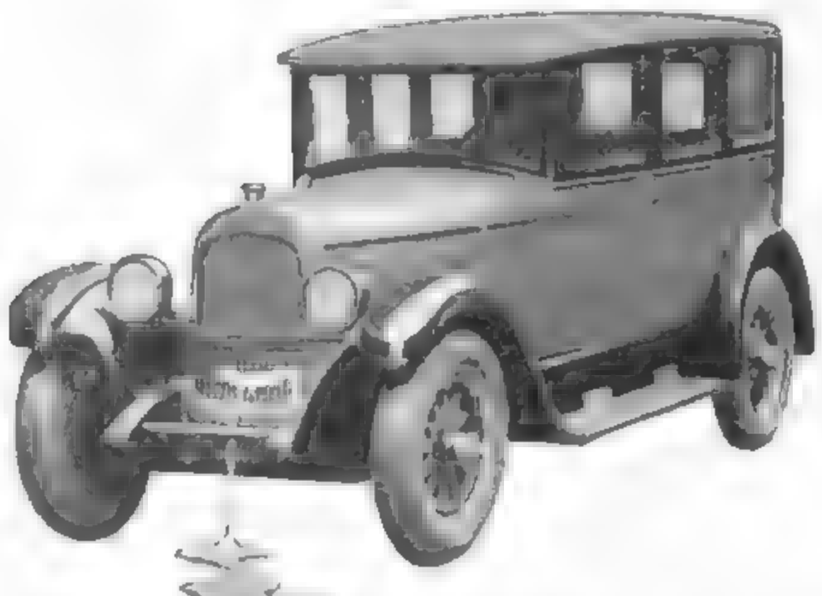
Now—Mr. Warner offers every car owner something even greater than when he invented the speedometer



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Also prevent new leaks

Now, Mr. Warner turns his genius to the *part of automobiles most neglected by owners*—WATER.

An investigation of cars and trucks all over the country reveals an appalling carelessness of water *which is equally, if not more, important than oil for your motor.*

Your motor needs *all* the water your cooling system calls for. Lessen that amount, through neglected leaks, and you cut down your motor's efficiency; shorten its life; make costly repairs necessary and eventually, wreck it.

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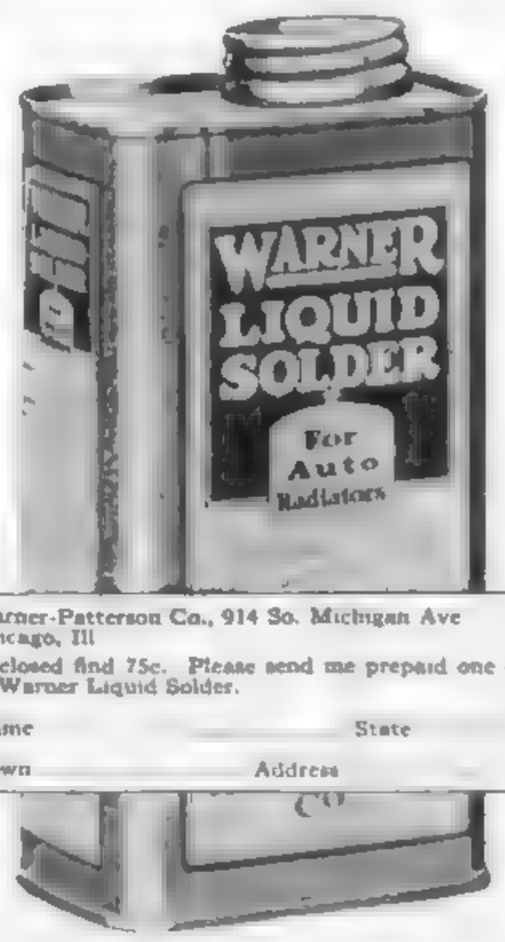
Save the life of your motor—

75c
Big car size
$1.00



Warner-Patterson Co., 914 So. Michigan Ave Chicago, Ill
Enclosed find 75c. Please send me prepaid one can of Warner Liquid Solder.
Name State
Town Address

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 914 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Demand the genuine Warner Liquid Solder in the green can. It will not damage radiator or motor nor clog circulation. Substitutes may be dangerous. There is nothing "just as good".

Your Oil Burner

Before you install an oil burner in your home, make sure that it is equipped with the new Honeywell control equipment, a complete system for the automatic regulation of both room temperature and fuel.

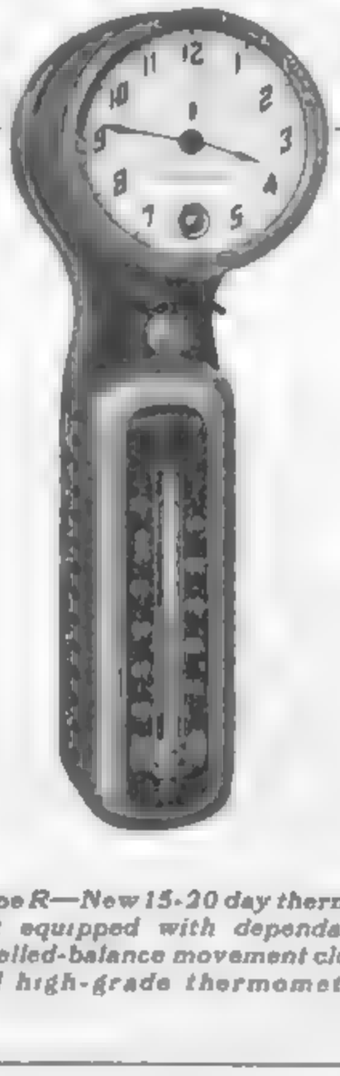
We advise you to do so because the new Honeywell System offers not only superior control, but also complete control for every emergency.

If for any reason the fire goes out it shuts off the burner. You can't burn out your heater or flood it with fuel. It provides an automatic check on the fire and fuel under all conditions.

Concisely stated, it means just this: the new Honeywell System was designed to meet *all* the peculiar needs of the oil burner.

The fifteen years of Honeywell experience in the field of high-quality automatic controls have been applied to that end. The new Honeywell System thus assures the oil burner user greater comfort, greater convenience and, in particular, greater safety. It is listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

The majority of the important domestic Oil Burners listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., is equipped with Honeywell Controls. All others are divided among the remaining control manufacturers



Type R—New 15-20 day thermostat equipped with dependable jewelled-balance movement clock and high-grade thermometer.

Furthermore it is a marvel of simplicity. It does away with all possible sources of trouble.

More than forty makers of the most widely accepted oil burners are equipping their products with Honeywell Controls in order to give their customers these greater advantages

The oil burner is sweeping the country. It is highly favored because of its quick fire, its cleanliness and other features.

But it demands safe, automatic regulation, even more than other methods of heating, because of its very nature and advantages.

To get the best results you need the most effective, the most dependable and the safest controls.

Whatever type of heating plant you select, whatever fuel you burn—coal, oil or gas—demand Honeywell Controls.

THE HONEYWELL HEATING SPECIALTIES COMPANY
Wabash, Indiana

Honeywell Controls are also furnished for electric and gas refrigeration and for numerous industrial applications.

HONEYWELL
Temperature Regulators

DICTATED TO DORIS

(Continued from Page 32)

"Why, yes, thank you," said a pleasant voice. "I'm speaking for Obermann, Welsh & Browning. We received Mr. Clinchfield's letter this morning and the firm has considered it. We like the idea. Only, I wish you would tell Mr. Clinchfield we don't see our way quite clear to assign him a twenty-thousand-dollar share in the Grace syndicate. We have, however, assigned him a ten-thousand-dollar share, on the terms he mentioned. We expect, of course, to use his name in the advertising, and if he could write us a few lines of poetry—something we could use—it would please Mr. Obermann. Will you tell Mr. Clinchfield? Thank you."

Zerk's wife hung up the receiver and she looked frightened. The bell of the telephone rang again immediately.

"Say, is Zerk Clinch there?" a rough voice demanded. "Well, say, this is Drewmore. You tell him, will you, that I couldn't get the Ransome corner for him for thirty thousand dollars, but I got him an option on it for fifteen days at thirty-five thousand dollars. Got that? Goo'-by!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinchfield, and the telephone bell rang again.

"This 5640 Westcote?" asked a crisp voice. "This is his private secretary speaking for Mr. Vance. Is Mr. Clinchfield there? Then when he does come in, will you tell him, please, that Mr. Vance has received Mr. Clinchfield's letter and has assigned to Mr. Clinchfield a five-thousand-dollar share in the Bonny Hill syndicate? We're writing."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Clinchfield, and the telephone bell jingled.

"Hello! Is that where Zerk Clinch lives? Well, is he in? Well, say, then, you tell him, will you, I bought for him that Zeller corner he wrote about—twenty-two thousand dollars. I got Zeller to take only five hundred cash, the rest to go on mortgage. And, say, tell him I advanced the five hundred, will you? Tell him to stop in here when he's downtown. What? This is Hertmeier."

"But ——" said Mrs. Clinchfield weakly. No one answered. She hung up. The telephone bell immediately rang.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Clinchfield?" said a voice as soon as Zerk's wife said "Hello!" "This is Joe Frane. Is Zerk busy? In town? Well, it doesn't matter. Just tell him, when he comes in, that I said it would be all right about his participation in the Overmeadow syndicate, will you, Mrs. Clinchfield? My father thought it was a bully idea; we're assigning a ten-thousand-dollar share to Zerk, tell him."

"But, Joe ——" said Mrs. Clinchfield.

"Now that's all right!" said young Frane. "Dad usually knows what he is doing, I guess."

Mrs. Clinchfield dropped into the chair that was near the telephone and wrung her hands. She looked at the instrument as if it was some horrid thing and—as if it were indeed some horrid thing, it rang its bell at her.

"'Ello!" said a voice when she had put the receiver to her ear. "Could I—now—speak to Mr.—now—Zerk Clinch once? Well, when should he be in? Well, listen once. This is Feinstone, you get it? Feinstone, I said it. Yes! You should tell Mr. Clinch I bought it for him that corner from Gregg for only twenty-fife thousand, and believe me, if it was ever a bargain he got it. I said a bargain he got it. Yes! And listen now—by next Saturday he should pay Gregg one thousand dollars, except maybe I could find a buyer before then yet. Because, listen, already since I seen Gregg a feller what I ain't going to tell you his name comes by me to ask about that corner, you understand. Thirty thousand dollars I told it him maybe Clinch would take, you understand? You get me? So if a feller comes to Clinch you should told him he says forty thousand is his least he could take it for that corner. Yes! Goo'-by!"

"Oh, this is awful—awful!" groaned Mrs. Clinchfield, and the telephone bell rang.

"Is that Mrs. Clinchfield, 989 Elm Street, Westcote?" a voice inquired. "It is? Now, listen, Mrs. Clinchfield, there is nothing to be alarmed about. Mr. Clinchfield has had a little accident, but I can assure you it will not be anything very serious. This is the Emergency Hospital speaking. Mr. Clinchfield was struck by an automobile on Broadway and he is still unconscious, but the surgeon says there is no fracture of the skull. It is only a very severe concussion, and there seem to be no internal injuries, as far as can be told yet—only a broken leg and some rather severe contusions of the arms, chest, left leg, hips, neck, and so forth. Nothing to be really alarmed about unless there are complications we cannot recognize at present, but you might come over."

Mrs. Clinchfield immediately began to cry. The telephone bell immediately began to ring.

"Is this the residence of Zerk Clinchfield, the poet?" a voice asked. "Is that you, Mr. Clinchfield? We had the good luck to get that corner plot for you at ——"

"Please, please, please ring off!" begged Mrs. Clinchfield. "Mr. Clinchfield has had an accident and I must try to get my daughter."

Doris came home immediately upon hearing from her mother that Zerk was in the hospital. She found the door key under the mat on the front porch and let herself into the hall, where the telephone bell was ringing persistently.

"Yes, what is it?" she asked, when she had put the receiver to her ear.

"Is Mr. Clinchfield there?" asked an answering voice. "This is Ed Blane."

"Papa isn't here," Doris said. "He's had an accident, Mr. Blane, in the city, and mother has just gone over there."

"Say, that's too bad," said Ed Blane. "I wanted to get in touch with him quick. You don't suppose they'd let me talk to him at the hospital?"

"Oh, I know they wouldn't, Mr. Blane—I'm sorry. He's unconscious, and ——"

"Well, I wonder if you know anything about this," said Ed Blane. "I'm with Carlson & Rodgers, the realty agents, and we got a letter from Mr. Clinchfield this morning asking us to buy the Atterman Block for him. The price he gives is eighty thousand dollars, but that's a mistake, of course. What he meant may have been eight hundred thousand dollars, but Mr. Rodgers wouldn't be justified in opening negotiations with Atterman unless Mr. Clinchfield wrote another letter, giving the figure correctly and ——"

"Oh! Oh, dear!" breathed Doris.

"I beg pardon?" inquired Ed Blane.

"Oh, it's all a mistake!" cried Doris. "You mustn't buy anything for papa. Please, please just forget all about it. He's in the hospital ——"

"Yes, but this letter is ——"

"Oh, no! Don't buy anything! You mustn't buy anything!"

"But, see here, who is this talking?"

"It's Doris—Doris Clinchfield. I'm his daughter, and I wrote ——"

"I'll come up there," said Ed Blane

Ed Blane sat across the living room from Zerk Clinch's amateur private secretary as she explained, with burning cheeks, the way the letter had come to be written to Carlson & Rodgers. She ran upstairs and got her notebook and read the letter to him, to prove that what she said was so, and when he had heard her story he was very nice about it. She said she was just too sorry the letter had somehow got in the mail, and Ed Blane said it did not matter in the least—they had been puzzled by the price offered. Eighty thousand was so ridiculously low and eight hundred thousand would have been rather high—five hundred thousand was about right for the

If you fail

in getting smooth, fast shaves—

let us send you a tube of the unique creation which corrects 5 great mistakes we found in shaving preparations

GENTLEMEN: If your present shaving soap shows any of the following faults, we urge you, in fairness to yourself and us, to make the test offered here.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is today a leader in its field. Its success is a business sensation.

Most of its users are men who found the soaps they were using failed in these important ways:

5 mistakes corrected

1—Lather too scanty
Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

2—Slow action
Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.

3—Dries on face
The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—Hairs lie down
That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong . . . they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

5—Skin irritation
The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Do us the kindness to mail this coupon, for your sake and for ours.

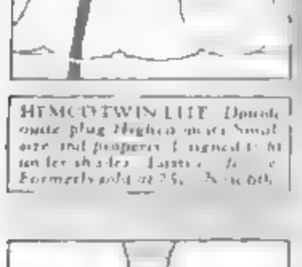
To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

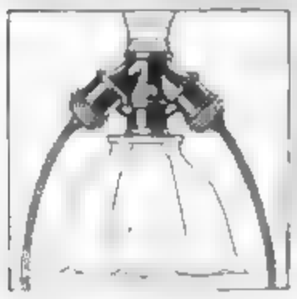
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B1142, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 1102 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

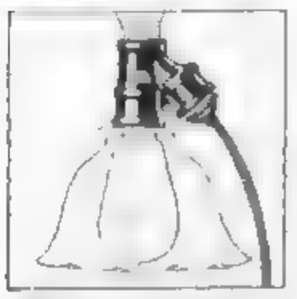
You can get the Genuine everywhere



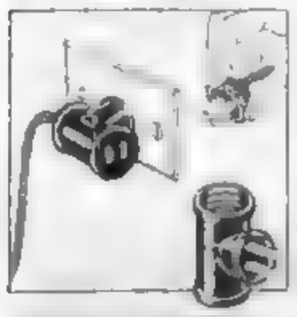
HEMCO TWIN LITE—Doubles outlet plug. Highest quality. Small size and prongs fit original socket openings under shades. Latest type. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.



HEMCO TRIP-LITE—The three outlet plug. Outlets specially threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holders. Formerly sold at $1.00—Now $1.00.



HEMCO TACH LITE—The side outlet plug. All metal plug to be used in certain positions. Outlets, as shown, threaded to take any standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.



HEMCO TEE PRONG—The plug for flush wall receptacles. Has flat two slotted outlets to take any standard parallel blade attachment plug. Very small size, neat and unobtrusive. Sold everywhere at 50c.

HEMCO TEE LITE—Similar in design to the Hemco Tee-Prong, except that standard screw shell outlets are provided instead of slots. Takes any standard attachment plugs. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.

—why accept a substitute?

Hemco Plural Plugs have risen to sales leadership through merit. They not only make the use of appliances more convenient and extend the lighting possibilities of the home, but they serve practically indefinitely without attention.

Molded in one piece of Bakelite, they are shockproof, heatproof and moistureproof. They stand long use and much abuse. They will not mar, chip or crush if dropped. They are of light weight and conveniently small to fit under shades and into corners.

And now, with the new prices in effect, you not only obtain highest quality when you demand Hemco, but you make an actual saving in first cost. More than twenty thousand dealers have just the model Hemco you require. Insist on the genuine—the orange and black box and the Hemco trade mark are your protection.

The Hemco Vitalizer will keep your radio tubes like new

Are you getting the greatest volume and distance from your radio set? If not, look to your tubes.

With the aid of the HEMCO TUBE VITALIZER, you can keep them always at maximum efficiency by occasional rethoriation of the filament.

An entirely new idea in construction has made this rejuvenator available to everybody *at practically the price of one good tube.*

Ask your dealer to show you one today.

$2.85

HEMCO ELECTRICAL CONVENIENCES FOR EVERYBODY

George Richards & Co., 557 West Monroe Street, Chicago

Atterman Block, he thought, today, although the way things were booming it would be worth a million before long undoubtedly. So he took his hat and went away, saying he was sorry her father was laid up and urging her to call on him for help if she needed any.

Shortly after noon Mrs. Clinchfield called up and said Zerk was still unconscious, but that everyone said he would probably get well and be all right in due time. She gave Doris some instructions about meals and the house, and then she told her about the telephone messages. She remembered the details of a few of them and gave these to Doris.

When the afternoon mail arrived there were letters confirming nearly everything. It seemed to Doris that her father and she had managed to buy nearly every corner in Westcote, as well as securing assignments of shares in three important real-estate syndicates. In this awful but absurd situation she did not know what to do, until she remembered Ed Blane. She called the office of Carlson & Rodgers and asked for Mr. Blane, and when she had explained a little of what her trouble was he said promptly that he would come up immediately.

Ed Blane laughed when he saw Doris' frightened face.

"Now see here," he said, "don't you worry about this. We can straighten it out. Just suppose you read me the letters you wrote, first, and then we'll know where we're at."

He took the letters that had come by mail and read them.

"Now just what did you write to Obermann, Welsh & Browning?" he asked and when Doris had read what Zerk Clinch had dictated he whistled.

"Happy days!" he exclaimed. "That's one we won't do anything about. All that means is that your father is at least ten thousand dollars better off than he was, and if that Grace-property deal turns out the way we all think it will, his participation ought to be nearer thirty thousand dollars than ten thousand. We won't do anything about that one. Your father's name is worth anything Obermann would give for it, that's sure. Your father is known in New York—all over America, for that matter. And it's a clean deal. Next?"

Doris read the letter to Hertmeier, and Mr. Hertmeier's letter acknowledging the telephone conversation in which he had said he had bought for Mr. Clinchfield the Zeller corner for twenty-two thousand dollars, five hundred dollars to be paid in cash.

"And we won't do anything about that one either," said Ed Blane promptly. "At twenty-two thousand dollars that corner is the biggest bargain in Westcote; I would guarantee to sell it myself for thirty thousand dollars inside of a month."

"But," said Doris with distress, "I don't think papa has five hundred dollars."

Ed Blane frowned.

"Yes, that's one trouble about not having ready money," he said, and then he brightened. "But see here!" he said. "Your father has something just as good as cash—he has this participation in the Grace-property syndication. Now"—he hesitated, but went on—"now I don't know whether you know me well enough to trust me ——"

"Oh, I'd trust you with anything -anything!" cried Doris.

"Well, then," said Ed Blane, "your father being laid up and everything, I'd suggest this—you let me finance this purchase for him and I'll take one-twentieth of his Grace-property participation and pay Zeller his five hundred dollars."

"Oh, would you? Do you think that would be the best thing to do?" cried Doris. "I'd be so awfully grateful if you would straighten it all out for me, Mr. Blane."

"Nothing I'd like better," he assured her, and they went on to the other letters.

There was, of course, the fact that anything in real estate in Westcote was worth more today than it was yesterday, and worth more tomorrow than today; but Ed Blane knew Westcote realty thoroughly, and he saw that every piece Zerk Clinch had "bought" was an excellent speculative purchase at the price.

That evening the Westcote Eagle seemed to be mostly about or by Zerk Clinch—"our esteemed and famous fellow townsman, Xerxes Clinchfield." There was, of course, his syndicated poem of happiness, but there was also item after item of real-estate news. It appeared that Zerk Clinch had bought innumerable pieces of Westcote property, all corners. It seemed that Zerk Clinch was trying to get a corner on corners. It was announced that Zerk Clinch had partaken of the three largest syndications then under way. It seemed that Zerk Clinch had suddenly become the most important figure in Westcote real-estate affairs.

"That means something," said hundreds who did not know what it meant. "Zerk, you know, knows a lot of the New York fellows. He knows something we haven't even guessed yet." And the next day the New York papers took up the news, because everyone had heard of Zerk Clinch. "Poet Becomes Biggest Westcote Property Owner" the headlines said. Prices of Westcote property did a month's jumping in one day.

"I don't know," Doris said when agents called her on the telephone; "you'll have to see Mr. Ed Blane; he's handling father's property for him." And Ed Blane had to come to the house several times a day for hurried consultations. Now and then he came at lunchtime and had lunch there. Mrs. Clinchfield took a room in New York to be near Zerk. It was a full month before Zerk Clinch could be brought home. He was pretty well physically, but his nerves were still jumpy and he seemed greatly depressed, as any poet who writes daily poems is apt to be when he has had to let his syndicate slide for a month without a single poem and has been accumulating tremendous hospital and nurse and doctor bills instead.

"Papa," Doris said when she and Ed stood by his bed in the sunny room, "this is Ed—Ed Blane."

"Hello, Blane," said Zerk Clinch, holding out a thin hand. "Knew you at the country club, didn't I?"

"Yes, papa," said Doris hastily. "And what I wanted to tell you—what we wanted to tell you—is that we're going to be married. I mean, we are if you don't object, papa. Mamma says we can."

Zerk looked up at them.

"It's all jake with me, Dorrie," he said, smiling a little pathetically.

"You dear!" Doris cried, and she kissed him and arose just where Ed's arm was waiting for her. "We're going to be so happy! And, papa ——"

"Yes, Dorrie?"

"Do you think you're able to dictate a letter to me to Obermann, Welsh & Browning saying you will buy the northeast corner of William and Spruce Street, one hundred by one hundred and eighty, for thirty-six thousand, five thousand cash and balance on mortgage?" Doris asked. "Because Ed thinks it is a wonderful buy, papa."

"You poor kid!" said Zerk Clinch. "Your worthless old father had to go and get himself knocked out and hold up your education."

"What do you mean, papa?" Doris asked.

"You're just where you were," said Zerk Clinch; "taking fool letters from me for practice."

"But I'm not where I was!" exclaimed Doris. "I'm not going to be a private secretary; I'm going to be married. And this isn't a practice letter; it's serious. Ed says you ought to buy the corner."

"Ed," said Zerk Clinch soberly, "I don't want you to have any wrong ideas, no matter where you got them, or how. I'm not worth a cent, and that's a fact."

"Why, papa!" cried Doris. "Hasn't mother told you?"

(Continued on Page 153)

Armstrong's Corkboard is made of pure cork in boards 12 inches by 32 or 36 inches—from 1 to 3 inches thick.

Do You Have to Dress in the Bathroom?

WINDOWS down and furnace drafts open, yet the bedrooms are still cold. Is your house like this? Don't blame the furnace. If the walls and roof were insulated properly, the whole house would come up to a comfortable temperature quickly.

Quick heating is just one of the advantages of insulating your house with Armstrong's Corkboard. Uniform heating is another, and economical heating a third. Armstrong's Corkboard makes walls and roofs practically impervious to heat, and stops the wasteful leakage that makes average houses so difficult and expensive to keep comfortably warm. Lined with Armstrong's Corkboard, 1½ inches thick on the exterior walls and 2 inches thick on the roof, the house is protected against outside temperatures, winter and summer, to a degree that cannot be accomplished with ordinary building materials.

Armstrong's Corkboard can be easily erected in any type of construction, and at a cost within the range of the moderately priced home. For cork insulation makes possible economies that cannot be realized in an uninsulated house—a material reduction in the size of the heating plant that cuts the net cost of the insulation to a very low figure, and fuel savings that repay the cost entirely in a few years.

Would you like to know more about the use of Armstrong's Corkboard in dwelling construction? Just mail the coupon to Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company *(Division of Armstrong Cork Company)*, 194 Twenty-fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. In Canada, McGill Building, Montreal. In London, Armstrong Cork Company, Ltd., Sardinia House, Kingsway, W. C. 2.

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Armstrong's
Nonpareil
Corkboard Insulation
for Residential, Commercial and Industrial Buildings

An Excellent Nonconductor of Heat. Armstrong's Corkboard contains millions of microscopic cells, each one sealed by nature and containing entrapped air—the best insulation known except a vacuum.

Nonabsorbent and Sanitary. Armstrong's Corkboard will not absorb moisture and needs no furring strips. It does not mold, rot or provide harboring places for rats, mice or vermin. It lasts as long as the house

Structurally Strong and Easy to Install. Armstrong's Corkboard is strong in structure and is easily nailed in place in frame buildings or readily set in Portland cement mortar against brick or tile.

An Excellent Base for Plaster. Armstrong's Corkboard takes and holds plaster permanently. No lath is required since the plaster keys firmly into the surface of the corkboard.

Slow-Burning and a Fire Retardant. Armstrong's Corkboard is slow-burning and a positive fire-retardant. It does not smolder or carry fire.

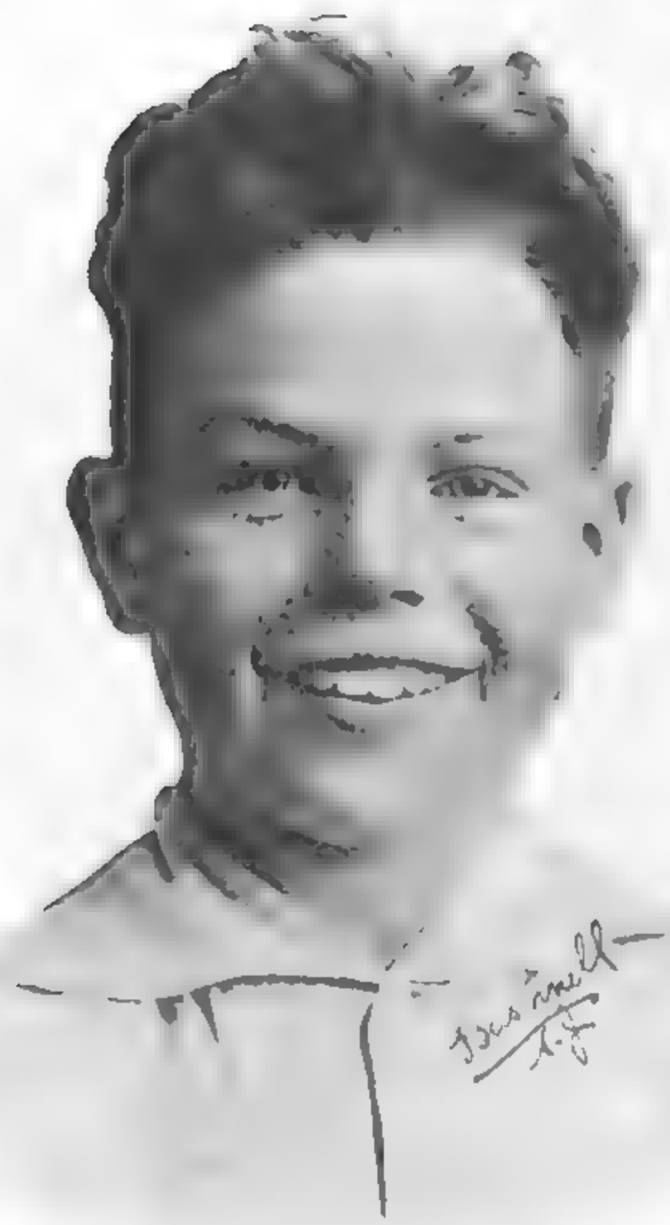
Reasonable in Cost. Armstrong's Corkboard is not high priced and is economical to install. Furthermore, its use makes possible a considerable reduction in the size of the heating plant and effects savings of 25% to 30% in fuel.

Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company,
194 TWENTY-FOURTH ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.
or MC GILL BLDG., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

GENTLEMEN—You may send me complete information about the insulation of dwellings with Armstrong's Corkboard.

Name

Address



"What Can I Do With My Boy?"

How often you have asked yourself that question!

What *can* you do? His overflowing energy—how direct it into channels that lead somewhere? His ambition—how arouse it? Persistence—how develop it? How help him to put into practice your high ideals of honor and business responsibility? How give him a running start in life?

We offer you a program for your boy from grammar school age through college. It has been tested during twenty-five years of friendly contact with boys in co-operation with their parents, teachers and leaders in boy organization work.

Consider Leslie Lantz, School Boy

Leslie is square built and manly—leader among his chums. Mischievous? Look at that grin. Healthy? The picture tells its own story. Headed somewhere? Read this portion of a letter to us from Y. M. C. A. Secretary Herbert Kruis:

> "May we advise you that Leslie Lantz has honored this Association by becoming a member of it? Courtesy, honesty and industry are not easy to inculcate in the same boy. When you find them manifested as we did today, it is worth a year's work. We have no doubt that he will become a leader among our boys as he has among yours."

Leslie is a leader among our boys. More than 35,000 boys now deliver *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* outside of school hours to regular customers. Leslie is one of more than 800 such boys who have earned the rank of "Master" in our "League of Curtis Salesmen." For every "Master" who has finished school and is ready to undertake permanent work, we guarantee, upon request, to secure a desirable position with a responsible employer.

While earning the rank of "Master," Leslie has received many prizes and has earned more than $150.00 in cash. Among his special awards are his paid-up membership in the local Y. M. C. A. and his first payments on a share of Building and Loan stock.

We are proud of our boy salesmen—almost as proud of them as are their parents and teachers and the friends they make among their customers, their Y. M. C. A. leaders and the banking officials with whom we put them in contact. Spare hours, otherwise wasted, become among the most fruitful in the day for any bright Curtis boy—hours filled with experience in the practical USE of good English, arithmetic, neatness, courtesy, punctuality, integrity, and other old-fashioned but vital essentials of leadership.

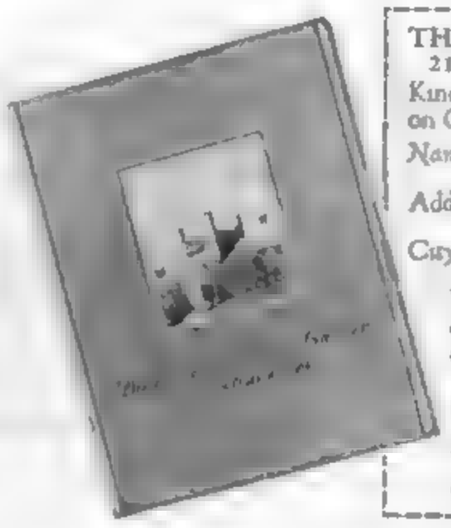
$250,000.00 for College Loans to Boys

Leslie Lantz is now a candidate for the highest or "Graduate" degree in The League. Under the terms of the Curtis College Loan Plan, each Graduate may borrow, when and if he needs it, up to $1500.00,* without collateral security, but with the greater security of the boy's *character*, as developed in home, school and his work with us.

To any parent, educator or business man who has at heart the future of any boy of grammar school age, anywhere in the U. S. A., we will, upon request, send the booklet, "Building a College Career on Character," including details of our College Loan offer. No charge or obligation. Simply use the coupon at the right.

*For this purpose, we have appropriated a total of $250,000.00 exclusively for such College Loans to Curtis Boys.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kindly send me the booklet "Building a College Career on Character."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Without mentioning my name, you may send the details of your plan to the boy whose name and address I have entered below.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 150)

"I didn't dare," said Mrs. Clinchfield. "I was afraid it would be bad for him."

"Why, papa!" cried Doris again. "You're worth over three hundred thousand dollars! You see ——"

It took a long time to explain to Zerk Clinch. He could not believe it even then until Doris showed him his bank book, but finally he had to believe.

He sat up in bed.

"Take this, Miss Clinchfield," he said gayly. "Ready? 'Obermann'—with two *n*'s—'Welsh'—with an *s*—'& Browning. Dear Sirs: Regarding the property on the northeast corner of William and Spruce streets, one hundred by ——'"

"You'll have to go a little slower, papa," said Doris; "I've almost forgotten my stenography."

THE WHOLE CASE OF THE WORLD COURT OF JUSTICE

(Continued from Page 27)

United States and other nations in relation to this Court. The question of jurisdiction is a question relating to the development, not to the judicial entity of the Court. Given the Court, by the voluntary agreement of the nations its jurisdiction could by agreement be extended. A criticism directed against this Court because of its present lack of jurisdiction is, therefore, not a conclusive criticism. It could with equal justice be brought against any international court that could be formed, so long as the great powers continue to trust in their strength rather than in their right; and they will trust in their strength, and not in their right, so long as their rights are not clearly defined in the law. In time this Court may be provided with an adequate law, which will secure for it the confidence of the world and thus enable the nations with assurance to intrust all justiciable causes to the jurisdiction of a court whose decisions are made under a rule of law.

The Court as an Advisory Agent

A MORE real embarrassment confronting the United States in considering adherence to the Protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice arises not so much from the imperfections of the Court, which might perhaps be overcome through further development, but from a peculiarity in its organization which renders it doubtful whether it really aims to be a world court of justice or something different.

If the Permanent Court of International Justice were indisputably a world court of justice, however imperfect, it would be in the line of American tradition to become an immediate participant in its organization and maintenance. The question therefore arises, Is this Court in reality a world court of justice, or is it merely an organ of the League of Nations designed to serve its distinctive purposes?

There is a peculiarity in the functions of this Court which has given rise to the suspicion that it is not so much designed to be a court of justice as a shield for the political and military procedure of the League, by giving its actions the *éclat* of judicial approbation.

Why, it is asked, after emasculating the Court by giving it no jurisdiction of a judicial character, was this sentence inserted in Article 14 of the Covenant:

"The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly"?

Very innocent, in appearance, is this nonjudicial function. May not the League seek legal advice? Certainly. But why should it seek it from its own Court? In doing so, is it not charging its Court with a protective rather than a judicial function? Is it not preparing the way to say to the Court: "We have given you no power to cite us before you, but we reserve the power to cite you before us, to defend our procedure before the world by covering it with the ermine of your prestige as a court"?

Thus far, at least, the advisory opinions of the Court have greatly outnumbered its decisions. Of nine questions before the Court in its first two years of existence, eight were on request of the Council. And it is the Council or the Assembly alone that can thus interpellate the Court. No wrongdoer can be brought before it without his consent; but the Court, upon mere inquiry by the Council, can render an opinion without hearing a case!

While this peculiarity appears to demand examination, it may not be decisive against the organization of the Permanent Court of International Justice. It is not the first time that courts have been charged with advisory powers. When the exercise of these powers is inspired by the desire of the judges themselves to prevent injustice, this function may be very useful to society. It is always possible that the Court may refuse to express an opinion, and there is no power in the Statute of the Court that can compel it to express itself.

The desirability of permitting or suppressing this advisory function may very well be determined by the use actually made of it; and it is certain that the more widely the existence of the Court rests upon a foundation of diversified, as distinguished from exclusive, political support—that is, the less upon the will of the League of Nations for its maintenance—the more reluctant will it be to depart from the strictly judicial character upon which its strength and dignity depend.

The Problem of the Protocol

It can hardly be doubted that, whatever else it may be, the Permanent Court of International Justice is intended to be, for those who voluntarily seek it, a real court of justice. Were it not so, it could not command the respect of those who have actually created it. But there remains a legitimate question, worthy of most careful consideration: Is this Court really a world court?

If anywhere, the definitive answer to this question is to be found in the act which, as the result of long preparation, finally created the Permanent Court of International Justice. This act, called the Protocol, has been differently described and interpreted. In the literature of propaganda issued to favor the signature of this Protocol by the United States, a legend has been promulgated that the Protocol is "a special and independent treaty signed by the various sovereign nations," without any relation to the League of Nations, and therefore a world court, and not a league court. To give this legend—I forbear from using a stronger term—the general credence at which the propaganda aims, it is asserted that the Statute of the Court in question "was referred to the various sovereign nations, for their acceptance or rejection, by a special independent treaty, or Protocol. It has been signed by forty-seven states, of which thirty-six have completed their formal ratification. This ratification by the nations is the authority in virtue of which the court actually came into being and is now working."

Is this widespread representation the truth, or is it not? The answer is found in the Protocol itself.

It is interesting to note that the text of this document has not been generally circulated with the statements above quoted, has never been seen by hundreds of thousands of those who have believed these statements, and an earnest seeker after truth, in average circumstances, looking for

for Instant Sleep

when you go to bed

for Vigorous Days

Now from Switzerland—a new safe way to the restful nights that give you all-day vigor. See what 3 days will do

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way to overcome this. A way *(without drugs)* to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, nursing mothers, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and lack of ambition during the day. After I had used the sample I had more rest at night. During the day I had more ambition and felt 100% better. (Signed) *Merlin Schoeller*, Jefferson, Wisc.

I took Ovaltine and am well pleased with results, so that I am on my second 8-ounce can. Could not sleep at nights was more tired on arising than when I went to bed but since taking Ovaltine can sleep all through the night and get up mornings feeling refreshed and full of pep as the saying goes. Will recommend Ovaltine to my friends. (Signed) *George F. DuBois*, 17 Blake Street, Keene, N. H.

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1116
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day trial

"There's where my foot hurts."

Better even than sympathy—

Shoes that will relieve your foot troubles

You spend about two-thirds of your life with your shoes on. If your feet tire easily, if your arches have started to weaken, if your great toe points northeast when it should be going due north, your shoes are "getting" you. They will handicap you in the progress you hope to make in 1926.

Can you bend your shoe like the shoe illustrated above? Your foot is flexible and if you are wearing the usual rigid arch shoe your feet are not getting the exercise and freedom that Nature requires. Give Nature a chance and weakened feet will "come back." All they need is freedom to exercise, in comfortable shoes that are built with consideration for the natural shape and functions of a man's feet.

The Cantilever Shoe is flexible from toe to heel, like the foot. The snug fitting arch of the shoe supports the foot arch without restricting the natural exercise of the foot muscles, upon which the strength of the arch depends. You will enjoy this natural, flexible kind of support. Circulation is free. There is no painful pressure on the bones, nerves and blood vessels. Your foot feels at home.

Wear Cantilevers this year and you will find your feet carrying you along like flexible, shock absorbing springs.

Cantilever Shoes are dignified and good looking. Fine quality leathers and high grade workmanship make Cantilevers wear well. They are reasonably priced. These comfortable shoes are sold from coast to coast. If you do not know the address of a convenient Cantilever dealer, write the Cantilever Corporation, 402 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. In many cities you will find a Cantilever Shoe Shop listed in the local phone book.

Cantilever Shoe

for Men and Women

Supports the foot, with flexibility

a copy of the Protocol for his information, would not know where to find it.

The full text of this document reads as follows:

"PROTOCOL OF SIGNATURE RELATING TO THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

December 16, 1920

"The members of the League of Nations, through the undersigned, duly authorized, declare their acceptance of the adjoined statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, which was approved by a unanimous vote of the Assembly of the League on the 13th December, 1920, at Geneva.

"Consequently, they hereby declare that they accept the jurisdiction of the Court in accordance with the terms and subject to the conditions of the above-mentioned statute.

"The present protocol, which has been drawn up in accordance with the decision taken by the Assembly of the League of Nations on the 13th December, 1920, is subject to ratification. Each Power shall send its ratification to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations; the latter shall take the necessary steps to notify such ratification to the other signatory Powers. The ratification shall be deposited in the archives of the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

"The said protocol shall remain open for signature by the members of the League of Nations and by the states mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant of the League.

"The statute of the Court shall come into force as provided in the above-mentioned decision.

"Executed at Geneva, in a single copy, the French and English texts of which shall both be authentic.

"Optional Clause

"The undersigned, being duly authorized thereto, further declare, on behalf of their Government, that from this date, they accept as compulsory, *ipso facto* and without special convention, the jurisdiction of the Court in conformity with Article 36, Paragraph 2, of the statute of the Court, under the following conditions:"

[Official text issued by the League of Nations, quoted in American Journal of International Law, April, 1923, pp. 55, 56.]

With this text before him, it is desirable that the reader should himself answer the question whether or not this is a world court, or only the court of the League which has brought it into being.

To aid his inquiry, it may be observed that Article 14 of the Covenant, in authorizing the formation of plans for a court, provides that the Council, after formulating them, shall "submit the plans to the members of the League for their adoption," but names no others. The Protocol is evidently the formula chosen for this submission and adoption.

Examining the Protocol itself, it may be observed: 1. That the only nations mentioned in this Protocol are the members of the League of Nations and "states mentioned in the Annex"; 2. That the Statute of the Court was never approved by any other nations than those voting in the Assembly of the League on December 13, 1920, at Geneva; 3. That the present Protocol was drawn up in accordance with that decision alone; 4. That the Statute of the Court was submitted for approval to no nations who were not members of the League; 5. That the ratifications are to be sent to the secretary-general of the League; 6. That the secretary is not authorized to notify the ratifications to any nations that are not members of the League; 7. That the ratifications shall be deposited in the archives of the League; 8. That the Protocol after adoption remains open for signature only to members of the League and states mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant of the League; 9. That the Statute of the Court shall come into force as provided in the decision of the Assembly of the League; 10. That the Protocol, executed at Geneva, in a single copy, the French and English texts of which shall both be authentic, remains in the archives of the League, but no provision is made, in compliance with Article 18 of the Covenant, for the registration of this Protocol as an international treaty. It is merely deposited as an agreement between the members of the League.

Is the Protocol a Treaty?

The general public does not burden itself with diplomatic distinctions. When it is told that a document is a treaty, it believes it, even though it is called a protocol. The difference does not seem alarming.

But why refer to it as an independent treaty?

Even the most innocent portion of the public, if it had been informed, would distinguish between a treaty open to and actually signed by various nations and a document only supplementary to a treaty which the United States had declined to ratify, and executed only by those who had ratified the treaty.

Was it in good faith that those who knew obscured the fact, or was it obscured because those who spoke of a treaty and various nations did not know?

In the general usage of diplomatic intercourse, a treaty is one thing and a protocol is another.

In his authoritative work, A Guide to Diplomatic Practice, Sir Ernest Satow explains the word "protocol" as "derived from the Low-Latin *protocollum*, the 'first glued-in,'" having reference to a subordinate document attached to a book or original document to which it stands in the relation of a supplement. The word is also sometimes applied to a preliminary document meant to serve as an agreement regarding subsequent procedure. Defining the word, Sir Ernest writes:

"Used to denote the form taken by an international compact, the word may be regarded as describing a somewhat informal record of an agreement between the High Contracting Parties."

It is precisely in this sense that the word "Protocol" is used in the present instance. It is a final agreement upon a result which all the actual signatories had negotiated and planned together, marking the termination of a course agreed upon from the first. Specifically it is simply the acceptance of a result which all the signatories had labored together to produce—namely, the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, as already prepared by themselves in the Council and formally adopted by themselves in the Assembly.

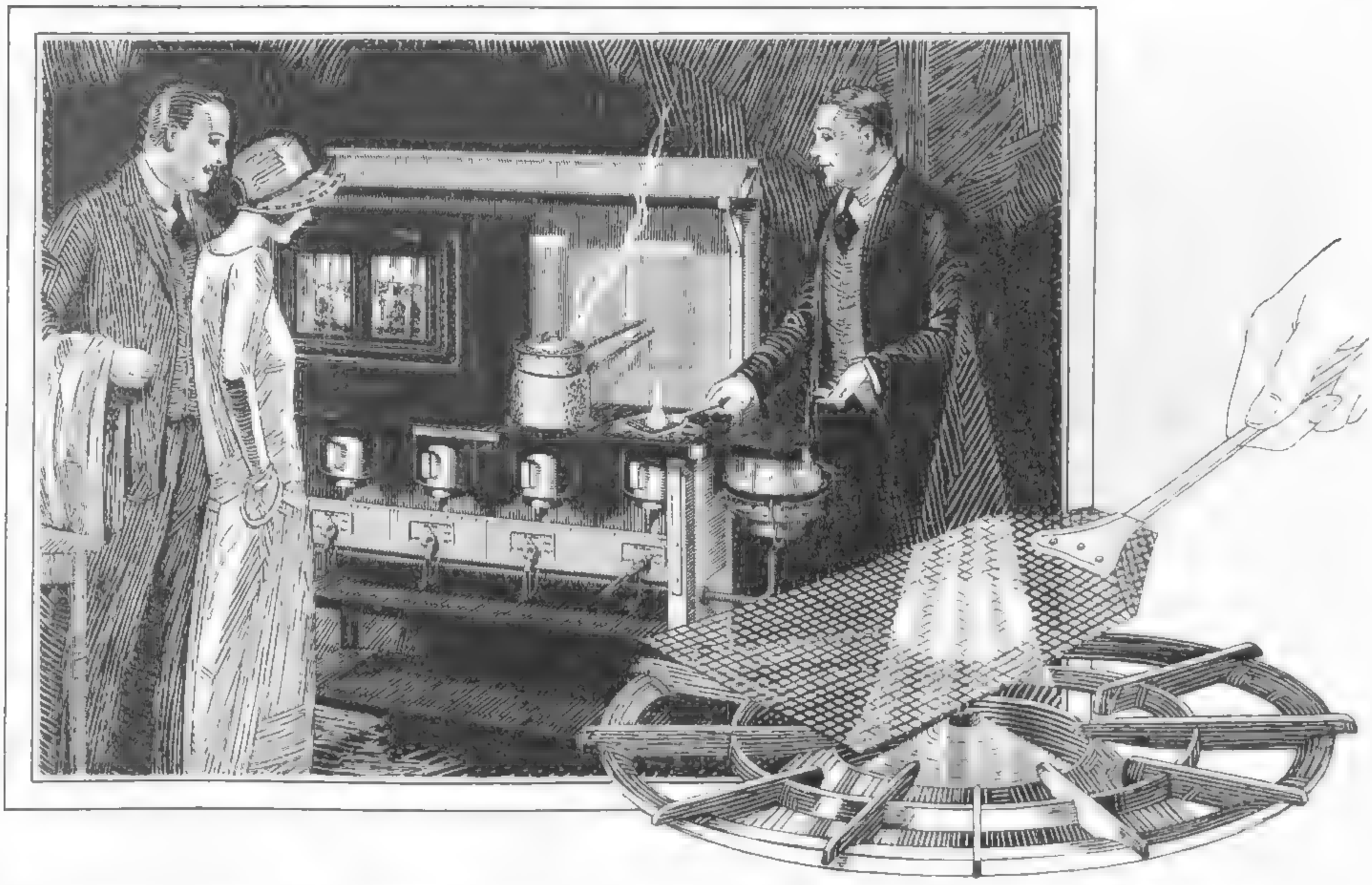
It is astonishing that anyone should disfigure this document for the purpose of imposing it upon the public by calling it "an independent treaty signed by various nations." There is not in the history of diplomacy a more palpable endeavor to put over something by changing its name.

The secretariat of the League of Nations never thought of putting forth the substance of the Protocol as "an independent treaty signed by various nations." That was reserved for American ingenuity.

If we make all due allowance for ignorance, and suppose that to certain minds any international agreement may be properly regarded as a treaty, it does not require much research to arrive at the conclusion that the document in question has not the origin or nature of an independent treaty. It depends not only for its origin but for its aim upon a series of operations necessary to the execution of Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. So far is this Protocol from being an independent treaty that it is clearly only a supplementary step in the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, of which Article 14 of the Covenant is a part.

No plenipotentiaries are named, no seals are attached. The document is merely

(Continued on Page 157)



Everyone knew that some day a better oil stove would be developed

THAT day is here. The stove is here. It's the NESCO, the oil cook stove that cooks with gas.

This beautiful new-day stove brings all the cool comfort and convenience of gas-cooking to homes without gas. Using ordinary kerosene fuel, it makes and burns its own gas. No priming. No wick trimming.

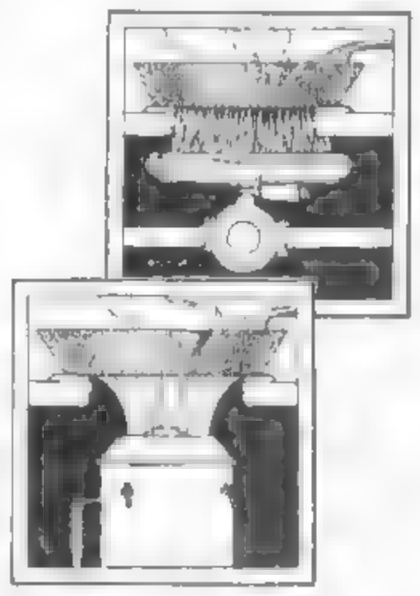
The NESCO lights like an ordinary oil stove but in a few moments the true blue gas flame develops —hotter, smokeless, sootless, odorless—and with the intense heat so necessary for quick and satisfactory cooking results; a heat that fries, bakes, boils and broils with the speed of a gas range but with oil stove economy. You'll get 24 hours per burner on a gallon of kerosene.

So intense is the heat that a fly swatter held over a NESCO Oil Stove burner at the cooking level glows red hot in an instant. This wonderful NESCO burner is enthusiastically endorsed by thousands upon thousands of housewives. Over a million are in use.

There is a NESCO Stove for every kitchen and for every purse. Each is substantially built, handsome in appearance, and will harmonize nicely with the furnishings of any kitchen.

Ask your NESCO dealer to show you a model suitable for your cooking requirements.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., INC.
Advertising Dept., 425 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Branches at: Milwaukee, Chicago, Granite City, Ill., St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore.
Licensed Canadian Manufacturers: Dominion Stove and Foundry Company, Penetanguishene, Ontario, Canada.



The intense heat of a gas stove burner is due to the flame striking and spreading under the entire base of cooking utensil. So does the blue gas flame of the Nesco Burner strike and spread under the entire base of the utensil, producing an intense gas flame cooking heat.

Nesco's patented Rockweave Wick of woven asbestos. Non-burning. No trimming. Flexible. Long lasting.

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OIL COOK STOVE

With the Blue Gas Contact Flame

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Please send me free, full details of the Ten Day Money Back Trial Plan, together with booklets "Cooking With Ar[illegible] Stove" and "What Women Say"

Name .....

Address .....

Your Hardware Dealer's Name .....

"Well-our Spencer saved us another $80 this year— that's more than $600 in all"

AND THIS in a comparatively small house! The owner of a larger house figured it out like this:

"I formerly burned 25 tons Nut at $14 50 . . . $362.50
"I now burn 25 tons No. 1 Buck at $7 50 . 187.50
"Saving per year . . . $175 00

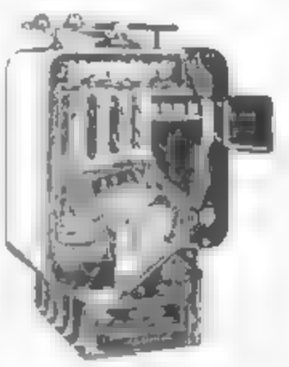
The beauty of it is that *every* Spencer owner knows *exactly* what he saves He has the satisfaction of seeing his heating plant pay for itself while it is still comparatively new. It isn't a question of unprovable claims or theories; just plain, hard facts and figures represented by the average $6 difference in actual cost between No. 1 Buckwheat and the larger coal sizes ordinarily used

Yet this is only one of the many outstanding advantages that have won so many thousands of friends for Spencer Heaters during the past 30 years

With its automatic magazine feed, the Spencer needs attention only once in 12 hours in cold weather; usually only once in 24 hours in mild weather A fuel bed of even thickness, with banking eliminated, means steady, reliable heat all the time—all night as well as all day—a warm house in the morning.

There are types and sizes of Spencers suited to every heating need, from the small home to the large building. Sold and installed by heating contractors.

STANDARD HEATER COMPANY, *Williamsport, Pennsylvania*
SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



SPENCER
Single Grate Heater

Description literature will be sent upon request, or, if you have a special problem, we will gladly give you the benefit of our experience.

St. Thomas School, Brooklyn, N. Y., kept warm at low fuel cost by two Spencer Tubular Steel Steam Heaters, installed 1916.

Spencer Features!

THE following features are fully described in literature your request will bring you:—

Saves $4 to $7 in the price of every [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, [illegible]

Proven by [illegible]

[illegible] red by a responsible [illegible]

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Residence of Mr. E. P. Franke, Ten Hills, Baltimore, Md. One of Baltimore's hundreds of Spencer Heated Homes.

Otis Building, Philadelphia, one of many Spencer Heated office buildings

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal - $4 to $7 less per ton --- Less attention required

(Continued from Page 154)

signed by the members of the League of Nations, in whose name alone it is drawn, and deposited in its archives.

Why the United States is in the Annex

This last statement, that the Protocol is a supplementary document necessary to the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, is the only explanation of the exceptional right of the United States of America, from the point of view of the League, to be a signatory of this Protocol.

This right arises exclusively from the fact that the United States is "mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant."

What then is the Annex to the Covenant? It is a list of those nations whose representatives signed the Covenant of the League at Paris as a part of the Treaty of Versailles. In drawing up this Protocol it was not any special grace toward the United States, Hejaz and Ecuador alone that admitted them to the privilege of signature to this document

Being "Original Members of the League of Nations, Signatories of the Treaty of Peace," as the Annex is defined in the Treaty of Versailles, these three nations could not be ignored. They were at that time waiting, as it were, in the vestibule of the League; and therefore it was prescribed that "the said Protocol shall remain open to them for signature."

On the slender ground that the Protocol remains open to the signature of these nations, the legend of the Protocol was made to say that when the Council and Assembly of the League "proceed to the election of judges for the Court, they sit and act, not as a League, but as electoral agents for the nations."

"For the nations!" What nations, except the members of the League? What other nations have ever authorized the Council and the Assembly to sit and act for them?

The Solutions of the Problem

To every person who has examined this subject it is so obvious that the Permanent Court of International Justice is merely the League's Court, and not a World Court, that the question has become acute. If the United States decides to participate in this organization of the Court, how can it do so, with dignity and without self-stultification, without becoming at the same time a member of the League?

For those who believe that the United States, notwithstanding all that has happened, is still in the Annex, waiting to enter the League, and should not hesitate to cross the sill into the League, there is of course no problem, and hence there is required no solution.

But on the other hand, for those who think the United States has done well not to join the League, and that it does not properly belong even in the Annex, the problem of how to participate in the Permanent Court of International Justice, and to make it appear a World Court when, even with the United States as a signatory of the Protocol, it would still be the League's Court, the problem is grave and the solution is difficult.

If the Court is in fact, as the Official Journal declares, "a most essential part of the organization of the League of Nations," how can the United States become a part of a part without becoming a part of the whole?

It should further be considered that, were the United States to sign the Protocol, that action alone would give it none of the privileges of the Court that it does not now possess as an outsider. Unless something is done to alter the Protocol or to construe the Statute of the Court which the Protocol is drawn to accept, the United States would have no voice even in the election of judges, which by the Statute is confided solely to the Council and Assembly of the League, to which there is no admission provided except through entrance into the League as a member.

All the solutions of this problem are forced to recognize this condition of fact. Whoever wishes to enter the Court officially without also entering the League is obliged to face it. What then is the solution?

The Harding-Hughes Reservations

On February 24, 1923, President Harding sent to the Senate a message in which he recommended participation of the United States in the Permanent Court of International Justice. [Congressional Record, 67th Congress, 4th session, Vol. 64, No. 74, p. 4508.]

This message was accompanied by a letter under date of February seventeenth addressed to the President by the Honorable Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, descriptive of the Court and commending adhesion to it upon the following conditions and understandings, to be made a part of the instrument of adhesion:

"1. That such adhesion shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations constituting Part 1 of the Treaty of Versailles.

"2. That the United States shall be permitted to participate through representatives designated for the purpose and upon an equality with the other states, members respectively of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, in any and all proceedings of either the Council or the Assembly for the election of judges or deputy judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice or for the filling of vacancies

"3. That the United States will pay a fair share of the expenses of the Court, as determined and appropriated from time to time by the Congress of the United States.

"4 That the Statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice adjoined to the Protocol shall not be amended without the consent of the United States.

"If the Senate gives its assent upon this basis, steps can then be taken for the adhesion of the United States to the Protocol in the manner authorized. The attitude of this Government will thus be defined and communicated to the other signatory Powers whose acquiescence in the stated conditions will be necessary."

This statement requires no interpretation. It frankly recognizes that the signature of the Protocol open to the United States is impossible without implying on the part of the United States some legal relations and the assumption of some obligations to the League of Nations under the Covenant of the League constituting Part I of the Treaty of Versailles. It recognizes also that, without the permission stipulated in the second paragraph of these reservations, the United States would have no part in the election of judges or deputy judges or the filling of vacancies.

Correspondence followed between President Harding, Senator Lodge, then chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and Secretary Hughes [Congressional Record, 67th Congress, 4th session, Vol. 64, No. 80, p. 5136] regarding the intentions of the President as to compulsory jurisdiction, the recognition of Part XIII—on labor—of the Treaty of Versailles, and what reservations, if any, had been made by those countries that had adhered to the Protocol. The answer given to this question was that the Secretary of State was "not advised that any other state has made reservations on signing the Protocol." [The Harding-Hughes reservations and the correspondence may be found also in the American Journal of International Law for April, 1923.]

President Harding's message to the Senate produced at the time a variety of reflections. To many it was a friendly gesture to the League. To others it was a positive assurance of peace. To others it was an

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The Tourist Style S-104—Most Styles $10

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Here's Extra Cash—
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When You Want It

This small advertisement merely sketches our offer. The coupon brings the details.

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WHEN you want money, you want it quick. Here's the way. You can make every spare moment pay. In your neighborhood the favorite reading is in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*. Many of your friends subscribe. They'll renew through you. Many others will subscribe if you, as our subscription representative, ask them. *When you want more money, go to them.* We pay a cash commission for every order—monthly bonus besides. Work when you please, where you please. Be your own boss. Set your own profit figure. Odd moments pay $1 50 an hour or more. Full-time pays up to $6000.00 a year—and it comes to you when you want it. Establish this business of your own. Reap the profits for yourself.

1. Earn As You Learn
No experience needed to earn cash profits *now*.

2. Where Shall You Work?
Where you please! You fix the limits of your own territory.

3. Continuous Profit
Year after year you profit from this year's business.

4. It's Up To You
When you work, where you work, how much you earn—you decide.

Mail This Coupon NOW!

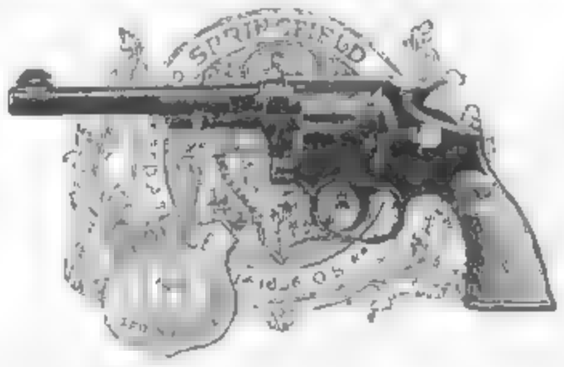
The Curtis Publishing Company
913 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like full details of your offer. I'll accept only if it looks good to me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



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indirect step toward a World Court of Justice when it might have been bolder to take a direct step. To still others it seemed a retreat and a humiliation.

The subject had a political angle. For a time it looked as if the President's party might be divided. Had he not characterized the League of Nations as "a political and military alliance" with which the United States should not be in any way associated? And now he was proposing participation in a court that was claimed as an "essential part of the League's organization."

President Harding was deeply moved by this division of opinion in his party. At St. Louis, on June 21, 1923, he laid down two conditions which he regarded as indispensable: "1. That the tribunal be so constituted as to appear and to be, in theory and practice, in form and substance, beyond the shadow of a doubt, a World Court and not a League Court; 2. That the United States shall occupy a plane of perfect equality with every other power.

"There admittedly is a League connection with the World Court," he said, "and though I firmly believe we could adhere to the Court Protocol with becoming reservation, and be free from every possible obligation to the League, I would frankly prefer the Court's complete independence of the League."

Referring to the fact that the United States, voting for judges with the Council and the Assembly, as a candidate for adhesion admitted from the Annex—a kind of halfway Covenanter—as the reservation proposed, might find its single voice overwhelmed and submerged by the united will of these bodies, acting not only as members of an electoral body, but organically, with the interest of the League in view, President Harding, somewhat startled, said:

"I am not wedded irrevocably to any particular method. . . . Granting the noteworthy excellence, of which I, for one, am fully convinced, of the court as now constituted, why not proceed in the belief that it may be made self-perpetuating? This could be done in one of two ways: By empowering the court itself to fill any vacancy arising from the death of a member or retirement for whatever cause, without interposition from any other body; or by continuing the existing authority of the Permanent Court of Arbitration to nominate and by transferring the power to elect from the council and assembly of the League to the remaining members of the court of justice." [American Journal of International Law, July, 1923, p. 536.]

It was this suggestion, that the United States might possibly commit its rights and interests to the decisions of a self-perpetuating foreign tribunal, which more than anything else caused the country to realize with what slight consideration the gravity of the whole commitment had been weighed. The public interest in the proposal to adhere to the Court, even with reservations, languished to a point where its advocates found it necessary to set in motion an extensive organized propaganda, similar to that which had been undertaken in behalf of the League of Nations, and nourished in large measure from the same sources.

The Total Separation of Court and League

The people of the United States had become familiar with the idea of reservations in the endeavors to render acceptable some mode of entrance into the League of Nations. The method had proved futile, but this was not its only ground of condemnation.

To make reservations about entering a political and military alliance was one thing, but to make reservations about participating in a legal tribunal of justice seemed quite another. The bare fact that reservations were admittedly necessary gave rise to much hesitation. If there were dangers in adhering to the League's Court, why venture at all upon an enterprise that required great caution? Would the reservations be adequate for protecting the interests of the United States? But, adequate or inadequate, was it not a national humiliation and a reflection upon the character of a court to approach it with open misgivings and distrust?

The Senate, being in doubt, permitted the Harding recommendation to repose in its archives. The Committee on Foreign Relations, although containing a majority of members of the President's party, was absorbed by other matters. Letters and telegrams from various parts of the country, inspired by organized societies, urging the senators to sign on the dotted line, became so numerous and so urgent that the lot of a senator was felt to be unenviable.

Something must be done. Had not President Harding said, in so many words, "I would frankly prefer the Court's complete independence of the League"? Why not then propose such a total separation?

On December 10, 1923, Senator Lenroot offered in the Senate a resolution to this effect:

"Resolved, that the Senate advises and consents to the adhesion on the part of the United States to the protocol of December 16, 1920, accepting the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, but not the optional clause for compulsory jurisdiction; provided, however, that such adhesion shall be upon the following conditions and understandings, to be made a part of the instrument of adhesion:

"1. That such adhesion shall not be taken to involve any legal relationship on the part of the United States to the League of Nations, or the assumption of any obligation by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations, constituting a part of the Versailles Treaty.

"2. That such adhesion shall not take effect until the Statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice is amended so as to provide:

"That all independent States having diplomatic representatives accredited to The Hague, which have not adhered to the protocol of December 16, 1920, accepting the statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, shall be permitted to so adhere.

"That in lieu of elections of said judges and deputy judges in the future by the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, such elections shall take place in the following manner:

"The States adhering to such protocol shall be divided into two groups, the first group to be known as Group A and to consist of the following States: The British Empire, France, the United States, Italy, Japan, Germany and Brazil. All the States adhering to such protocol shall constitute the second group, to be known as Group B; provided that if Germany shall not have adhered to such protocol when the said statute shall have been amended as herein provided, Belgium shall be substituted therefor in Group A.

"The diplomatic representatives of the States adhering to said protocol, accredited to The Hague, and the Netherlands Minister for Foreign Affairs shall act as electors for the election of judges and deputy judges of said court. The electors representing the States in Group A shall perform the duties and exercise the powers conferred upon the Council of the League of Nations pertaining to such court in such statute, and the electors representing the States in Group B shall perform the duties and exercise the powers conferred upon the Assembly of the League of Nations pertaining to such court in such statute.

"That all notices of election and other duties now imposed upon the secretary-general of the League of Nations, pertaining to said court, shall be transferred to and performed by the registrar of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

"That the expenses of the court shall, instead of being paid by the League of Nations, be paid by the States adhering to the

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(Continued from Page 158

said protocol in such manner as may be determined by the electors of the States entitled to participate in the election of judges.

"That the court shall be open to all independent States, and when a State not adhering to said protocol is a party to the dispute the court will fix the amount which that party is to contribute to the expense of the court.

"That the option provided for in Article 36, Chapter 2, of said statute, shall be open to all States adhering to said protocol.

"3. That the Statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice adjoined to the protocol shall not be amended except as herein provided without the consent of the United States.

"That the President of the United States, when he is satisfied that the said statute has been amended, as herein provided, shall, by proclamation, so declare, whereupon the adhesion of the United States to the said protocol shall become effective."

[Congressional Record, 68th Congress, First Session, Vol. 65, No. 5, p. 152.]

The World Court Proposed by Senator Lodge

The proposal to separate the Permanent Court of International Justice entirely from the League of Nations having led to no action, and the propaganda for adherence to the League's Protocol still continuing, on May 5, 1924, Senator Lodge, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, presented to the Senate a "Plan by which the United States May Coöperate with other Nations to Achieve and Preserve the Peace of the World," prepared under his direction by an experienced American jurist, the Honorable Chandler P. Anderson. [Senate Document No. 107, 1924.]

The purpose of this plan was set forth as follows:

"The aim of this plan is the organization of the world for peace through the development and enforcement of law, as approved by past experience, and the timely submission of international disputes to the great court of public opinion, the decisions of which constitute the real sanction for the enforcement of law."

The entire substance of the plan may be most briefly stated in the form of the conclusions with which the document closes, as follows:

"1. The United States should resume its former position of leadership in the development of international law and the organization of the world for peace on the basis of respect for law and the jural equality of all nations.

"2. To this end the United States should take appropriate steps for convening the third Hague peace conference:

"(a) To reaffirm and further develop the world organization for peace embodied in The Hague Convention of 1907 for the pacific settlement of international disputes; and

"(b) To make more effective all the modes of procedure, therein provided, for the amicable adjustment of international disputes; and

"(c) To transform the present league court into a world court of justice as a part of The Hague peace organization; and

"(d) To formulate and agree upon further rules and principles of international law which should be embodied in the code of the law of nations; and especially

"(e) To define 1) justiciable questions which all nations should agree are subject to arbitration, and 2) unjustifiable wars and the legal restraints which should be imposed upon the sovereign right of a nation to declare war, the violation of which all nations should agree would constitute an international crime.

"3. Pending the meeting of another Hague conference, the United States should enter into preliminary agreements with the other great powers defining justiciable questions and unjustifiable wars and stigmatizing such wars as international crimes, and imposing the legal restraints above suggested upon the legality of war."

The Reorganization of the Court Proposed by Senator Pepper

No action having been taken in the Senate upon Senator Lodge's proposal for a World Court, on May 16, 1924, a resolution was presented to the Senate from the Committee on Foreign Relations by Senator Pepper, of that committee, for the remodeling of the Permanent Court of International Justice in such a manner as to convert it into a World Court without destroying its identity, and yet entirely separate the Court from the control of the League of Nations. The execution of this plan involved a rewriting of the Protocol and a thorough revision of the Statute of the Court, for which a form was definitely drawn up, in which all the details of amendment were distinctly set forth. In this new form of the Protocol, to be signed by all members, old and new, it was specified that:

"The present Protocol shall be deposited, after ratification, with the secretary-general of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

"The said Protocol shall remain open for signature by all nations generally recognized by treaty or diplomatic relations with the signatories.

"The signature of the United States of America shall be understood to be affixed, subject to the declaration that the United States disclaims all responsibility for the exercise by the Court of the jurisdiction to render advisory opinions, and subject to the further declaration that the United States intends to adhere to the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy and assumes no obligations inconsistent therewith.

"The adjoined statute shall come into force as an amendment of or substitute for the existing statute as soon as all the signatories of the Protocol of 16 December, 1920, shall have deposited their assent thereto with the secretary-general of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague in a single copy, the French and English texts of which shall both be authentic.

"Third, that the adjoined statute referred to in the Protocol shall be the present statute of the court amended in such a way as to confirm the existence and competency of the Permanent Court of International Justice but to disassociate it from the League of Nations and constitute it a World Court. The specific amendments to be assented to by the signatories to the Protocol before the United States of America is authorized to become a signatory are those set forth in the annex to this resolution which is incorporated herein and made a part hereof.

"Fourth, that the signature by the United States herein referred to is a signature to the Protocol as set forth in this resolution, but not to the so-called optional clause referred to in Article 36, Paragraph 2, of the Statute of the Court.

"Fifth, that the Senate advises the President that a Third International Conference similar to the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 be called not later than the year 1926 for purposes which shall include the giving of effect to the recommendations of the Committee of Jurists upon the basis of whose report the Court was established, regarding the clarification and further development of international law and the codification thereof."

This proposed reorganization of the existing court was intended not to destroy the League's Court, but to transform it in such a manner as to make it no longer the League's Court, but in a true sense a World Court, in which all nations regarded as civilized and responsible nations might have a part on terms of equality.

The Discouragement Following These Efforts

It was not without a certain feeling of discouragement that the friends of these

[illegible] efforts to reorganize the League's Court, so as to make it a veritable World Court of Justice, found their endeavors reproached with the accusation of a lack of sincerity. It was a cruel and wholly unjustified reproach.

But the attack on these efforts was something more and worse than individual reproach. The method of dragooning senatorial action by public importunity and condemnation, if applied to the executive and judiciary departments of the Government, as in this case it was applied to a legislative department, would result in the entire abolition of orderly constitutional procedure. To be in any sense responsible, the action of the Senate, and of individual Senators as well, must be free from every kind of organized popular constraint. This is the very essence of representative government.

There is clearly a wide difference between that importunity which consists solely of mere mass influence on the one hand, and the presentation of reasoned argument for or against public policies on the other. It is the undoubted privilege of citizens and of the press to support or to criticize public measures, no matter who advocates or who opposes them, but this is a quite different pressure from urging upon elective officers the uncontracted preferences of portions of the public by the parade of formidable petitions.

There can, of course, be no doubt regarding the sincere intentions of many of those who have participated in this urgent pressure for immediate action in a predetermined sense. They were no doubt deeply interested in the cause of peace. Quite naturally they were anxious to have something done. But there was no occasion that anything should be done hastily. As we discovered in the prolonged discussion of the proposal to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, especially with regard to its first and third parts, such occasions, if properly used, afford immense opportunities for general education in foreign affairs and the general comprehension of the import of public policies. But this implies that these policies should be freely discussed from all points of view; and, so far as they are technical questions, that they should be discussed even from a technical point of view. There has never been anywhere a complete examination of this subject. The whole question, up to the present time, has received little attention in the Senate and little real analysis in the press.

The Logic of the Situation

What then is the actual situation? The different proposals relating to a World Court of Justice are in substance:

The Harding-Hughes Reservations;

The Lodge World Court Plan, and

The Plan for Reorganizing the Permanent Court.

These all agree in one thing—namely, that the United States should not sign the Protocol of the Court of December 16, 1920, as it is.

The first plan seems to imply that it should be signed only upon certain conditions and understandings called reservations. The second and third plans oppose signing that particular Protocol at all.

The first question, therefore, to be resolved is, should the League's Protocol be signed?

Against signing it is the fact that, no matter what reservations are made, it is effective only for those nations that are members of the League or signatories of the Treaty of peace mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant. The United States cannot sign the Protocol as a member of the League, and to sign as "mentioned in the Annex" implies that the United States still has the relation of a halfway adherent to the Treaty of Peace which it did not ratify and quite certainly never will ratify.

What then remains? The Protocol of the League is the League's own Protocol, prepared as a supplement to the Treaty of Versailles and in particular to Article 14 of the Covenant. The United States, if it adheres to the Permanent Court of International Justice, should have the privilege not of participating in an act provided for by a treaty it has not ratified, but of adhering to a court already in existence, made broad enough to include all sovereign states, as the signatory of a protocol in which the United States is an equal. It should sign with its peers as a peer.

As the members of the League have signed a Protocol appropriate for them as members, the United States, if it adheres to the Court, ought to sign a protocol appropriate for it, as a non-member of the League—a protocol in which the League of Nations, as such, has no part. Its right to join with the present members of the Court as an adherent of the Statute of the Court should not be derived from its repudiated signature to a treaty it did not ratify—that is, as a quasi member of the League—but from the fact that a court actually exists in which a great number of the civilized nations of the world are represented, and from which other sovereign states should not be excluded.

No one can sustain the thesis that this Court which these nations have established should be destroyed or that members of the League of Nations should not be members of a World Court. The thesis that can be sustained is that the United States cannot, without compromising itself, join this Court while it is only the League's Court.

A Protocol of Peers

The reason for joining the Permanent Court of International Justice should not be that the United States and other nations signed together a treaty that has not been ratified by the United States and certain other nations, but that the United States and certain other nations are independent sovereign states. The Protocol of December 16, 1920, was signed by members of the League of Nations because they were members of that League. It was sufficient to constitute a League Court, but it is not sufficient to constitute a World Court. There can probably be no other international court of which the states signing the Protocol will become members. It is necessary therefore, if there is to be a World Court, to deal with these states. But they should be dealt with, not as members of the League of Nations, but as separate sovereign states. It is idle to think of breaking up their constructive work. What is needed is to enlarge and develop it. For this all responsible sovereign states are necessary. There should be therefore a protocol which all responsible sovereign states can sign with equal privileges. Such a protocol should contain the following agreements, to which the signers of the existing Protocol should consent by signing with the United States and other nations:

1. That all sovereign states may be admitted on equal terms without reference to whether they have or have not either signed or ratified the Treaty of Versailles;

2. That states thus adhering to the existing Statute of the Court should have equal representation in the electoral bodies named in Articles 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12 and 32 of the Statute of the Court, without implying any legal relation or obligation to these bodies other than those prescribed for them in the Statute of the Court as coequal for the purposes of the Court.

3. That changes shall not be made in the Statute of the Court without the consent of the adherents.

4. That the charges for maintenance of the Court shall not be different for the adherents from those borne by the signatories of the Protocol of December 16, 1920.

5. That the decisions of the Court do not bind any states except the actual litigants, and the opinions of the Court bind no one.

6. That the signatories of the Protocol do not oppose the convocation of future conferences at The Hague for the revision and amelioration of international law, the engagements of which do not become binding upon any state until it has itself ratified them.

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Such a protocol, open to all adherents, would preserve the rights of all. It would include the formal consent and agreement of the signatories of the Protocol of December 16, 1920, on the one hand, and on the other, the acceptance of the jurisdiction of the Court, in accordance with the terms and subject to the conditions of the Statute of the Court, by the adherents to the Statute, with all the rights, powers, privileges and immunities of the signatories of the Protocol of December 16, 1920. Such a protocol would constitute a real World Court. Although all the members of the League of Nations would be, or might become, participants in the Court, it could no longer be reproached with being merely the League's Court.

No Halfway Covenant

Though signature of the Protocol of December 16, 1920, is impossible for the United States without reservations which would take back with one hand what was granted by the other, and imply that this engagement was open to it only as a halfway covenanter who had signed the Treaty of Versailles but had refused to ratify it, the signature of a protocol in which the existing Court would be opened to sovereign states without this embarrassment would secure without reservations, and with the formal consent and agreement of the present members of the Court, a perfect equality and a wholly adequate safeguard.

The Statute of the Court has never been the object of criticism in this country, as a structure of jurisprudence, except from the fact that it was originally created as a closed and impenetrable organization under the name of a Court of Justice. Those who have created it have the unquestioned right to open it to adherents by the broader construction they might place upon its provisions. [See Satow's Diplomatic Practice, Vol. II, p. 223, for a similar explanatory protocol.]

A simple resolution of the Senate declaring its disposition to ratify a new protocol to be signed by the signatories of the Protocol of December 16, 1920, and future adherents to the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, would no doubt solve the problem of transforming the present tribunal into a real World Court and would be in accord with good practice.

Would such a proposal be accepted or rejected?

That would depend upon whether the signatories of the Protocol of December 16, 1920, really mean to make the Permanent Court of International Justice a mere organ of the League of Nations or a true World Court. Before approaching them with an application for membership in the Court they have organized in one hand, and a dossier of reservations implying doubt of our position and reflecting upon their control of the Court in the other hand, would it not be more courteous and more honorable to inquire through their common registrar, the secretariat, whether such a protocol of adherence as here suggested would be acceptable?

It would certainly be both an expression of loyal comity and an act of dignity on the part of the United States, before deciding upon a unilateral resolution of adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice, accompanied with reservations, to seek a test of the ultimate intentions of the signers of the Protocol of 1920 by an amicable inquiry as to their disposition regarding a real World Court.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Hill.

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WHAT is the very next thing you are going to buy? No matter WHAT it is, there was a time in your life when you never dreamed you would be buying anything of the sort. And there was a time when you had never even heard of the place where you are going to make your next purchase.

If you check over the last five important purchases you have made you will be amazed to discover how short a time it has been since you would have considered them either outside your needs or beyond your pocketbook.

How many men are playing golf today who would have scoffed at the notion ten years ago?

How many women will buy permanent waves this week who six years ago didn't know what a permanent wave was?

How many baby carriages will be sold this year to people who would have been horrified at the thought of buying one in 1922?

Since yesterday your needs have not changed perceptibly, but you will find it hard to say what you will be buying two years from today.

Right now you are somebody's customer in the making. Every man is. Every woman is.

Your own life is doing much to decide what you will be a customer for, but printing on paper is doing most to decide whose customer you are going to be.

You are not likely to become the customer of some one whose name or whose goods you never see in print.

You don't know it—you may deny it, but the booklets and the catalogs and the circulars that you think you throw away are helping to shape your future needs and laying a path for your footsteps on your future shopping tours.

We hope and believe that you will be a very well satisfied customer of those firms who are today using good printing and good paper to attract your future trade. We hope you will be very happy with all those desirable things which Destiny in the shape of a printing press will inevitably persuade you to buy. As for those things about which no printing ever reaches you—they are for the most part things that you will probably never have, and will certainly never miss.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on how to cooperate with a good printer to secure business from the customer who can be made yours is contained in a series of books being issued by the S. D. Warren Company. They discuss ways and means for increasing business through the intelligent use of printed paper.

Books in this series that are already published and in print, as well as those to be issued, can be obtained from any paper merchant who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by addressing the S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

Save 25% on Riddle Fitments

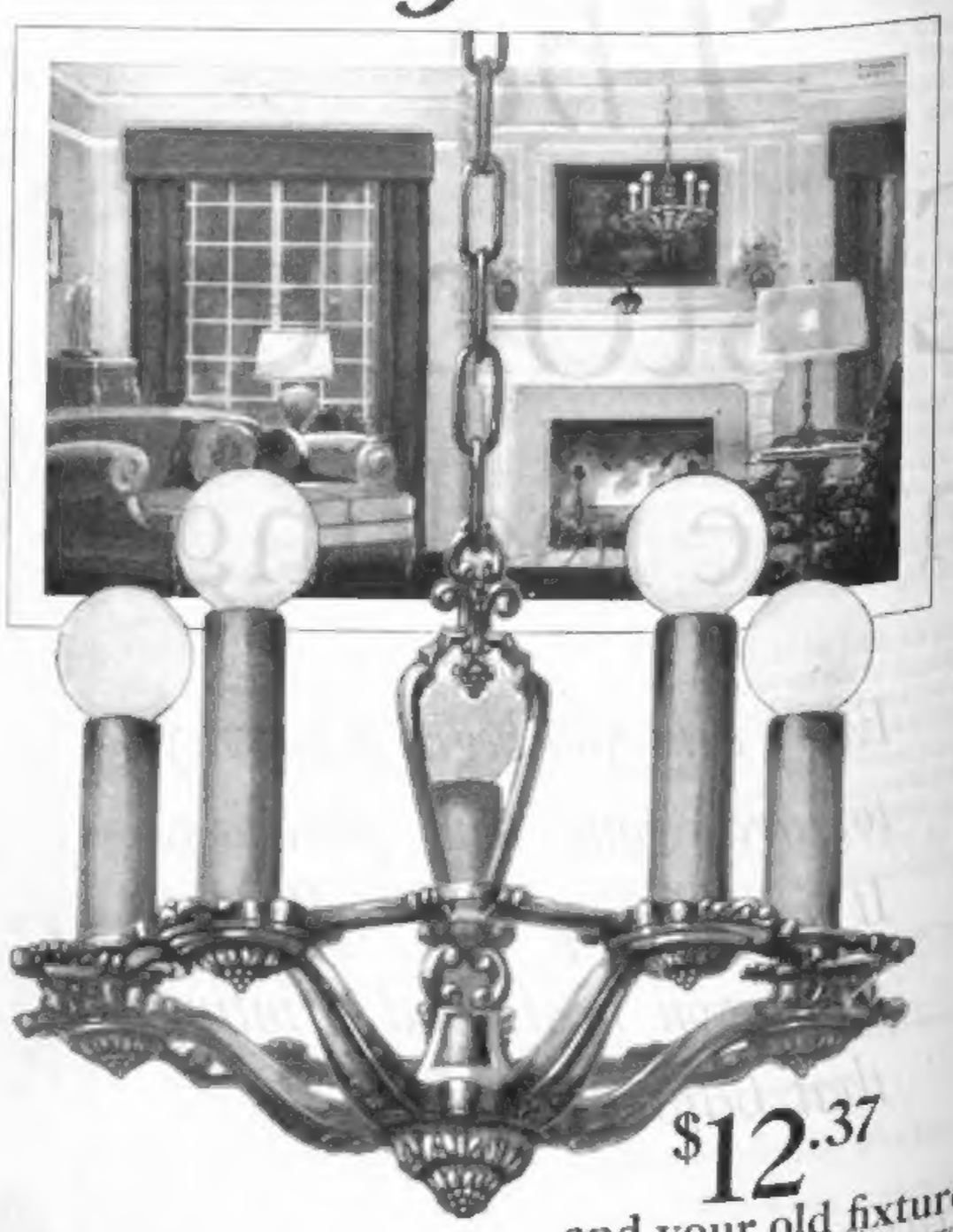
Trade in your old lighting fixtures

Riddle dealers are authorized to make a 25% allowance

$9.37
and your old fixture
will buy this $12.50 Riddle Fitment, No. 2507.

$3.75
and your old fixture
will buy this $5.00 Riddle Fitment, No. 2511.

No matter what kind of lighting fixtures you have—living room or dining room fixtures—hall lights—bedroom pieces—outdoor fixtures—ceiling fixtures or wall brackets—(only kitchen and bathroom excepted)—you can now trade in any single piece or all your fixtures and secure a 25% allowance on each and every new Riddle Fitment to replace an old fixture.



$12.37
and your old fixture
will buy this $16.50 Riddle Fitment, No. 2510.

Nothing Like It Ever Known

There never has been such an opportunity to beautify your home with decorative lighting at such low cost. And the lighting equipment is so important. Nothing in the home is more quickly observed by your friends. And yet thousands of homes outfitted in the best of good taste, with modern draperies, floor coverings and furniture, still contain old-fashioned lighting fixtures . . . . In order to make it possible for such homes to re-fixture with Riddle Fitments, we have authorized our dealers to make this unusual replacement allowance of 25%, thus reducing the usual low price of Riddle Fitments to even less than the cost of ordinary lighting fixtures. This allowance applies to any Riddle Fitment you may choose. A few fitments are shown on this page, illustrating how the trade-in allowance works out. There are many other beautiful styles in hanging and drop light pieces, close-up ceiling fitments, one and two light wall brackets. Styles for living room, dining room, halls, bed chambers, porch and doorways—all reflecting the superior artistry of the Riddle designers and the perfection of production for life-time use that have made Riddle Fitments so widely accepted as the standard of residential lighting . . . . If you are not acquainted with a nearby Authorized Riddle Dealer, write us for his name and folder illustrating Riddle styles.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

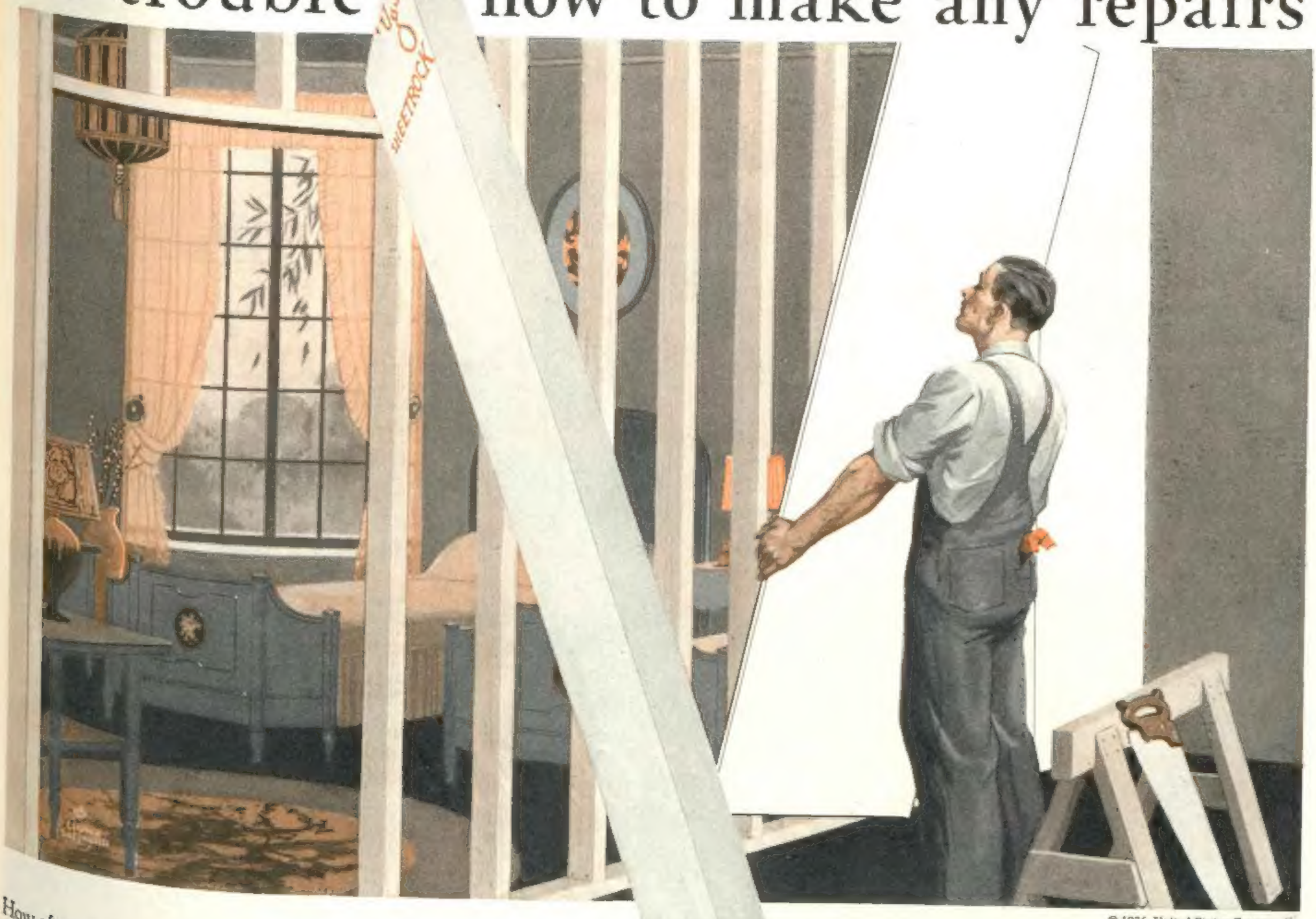
Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

The beautiful color decoration of Riddle Fitments is guaranteed permanent under all conditions. All fitments adapted to all new glass shades.

THE STANDARD OF RESIDENTIAL LIGHTING

No trouble now to make any repairs



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How often things around the house that ought to be fixed-up are let go simply because everyone dreads a repair job!

You have no trouble, no hard work, when you use Sheetrock, the *fireproof* wallboard. Here is a clean, smooth, solid sheet of purest gypsum plaster, bonded in a specially processed covering, all ready to nail to the joists or studding. You can put it up right over the old wall or ceiling.

Sheetrock is light and easily handled. It saws and nails like lumber. It has the patented U S G Reinforced Edge for extra nailing strength and perfect union. It takes any decoration to suit your taste or purposes—wallpaper, paint, panels, *Textone*.

Repairs made with Sheetrock are done once and for all. Sheetrock makes *permanent*, tight-jointed, non-warping walls and ceilings. Sheetrock is *fireproof*. Sheetrock *insulates*.

You can get any quantity of Sheetrock you want from your dealer in lumber or building supplies.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY

General Offices: Dept. 30, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago

SHEETROCK

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Valuable book of prize plans—"Fireproof Homes of Period Design"—sent for $1 and this coupon addressed to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

(Please send check, currency or money order)

U S G PRODUCTS

Check Uses Interested In S.E.P. 1-16-26

Send me information about Sheetrock in new construction ☐; alterations ☐; repairs to home ☐; garage ☐; office ☐; store or warehouse ☐.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

Clean your

Laundry Equipment

with Old Dutch

A little Old Dutch on a damp cloth will instantly remove that troublesome ring of scum the washing leaves at the water line in your washing machine, tubs or boiler. Nothing else will entirely remove it so easily and quickly. And it must be removed to prevent the annoyance of unsatisfactory results and spots on the clothes.

Clean your laundry equipment with Old Dutch after each using. It will be super-clean and you will have better results.

Old Dutch contains no hard, scratchy grit. Its efficiency is due to distinctive quality and character. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They make complete contact with the surface, erasing all impurities without leaving scratches which easily collect and hold dirt.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch for *Healthful Cleanliness*—thorough, safe, economical, use it every day, everywhere. Keep a can in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

Goes farther—lasts longer

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